

AND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for Thee?  
It is but right, since Thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go! one look from Thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of honour, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear,  
Compared with Thee, my sovereign Lord,  
Supremely high and dear!
- 4 Saviour of souls, should I from Thee  
A single smile obtain,  
Though destitute of all things else,  
I'll glory in my gain.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95*