

THE good I have is from Christ's stores supplied:
The ill is only what He deems is best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
But poor without Him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come, I to them all resign,
Content while I am His, and He is mine.

- 2 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
Just half discern Him, and just half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I then will love Him fully, praise Him more;
I'll feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847