

**W**AIT, O my soul, your Maker's will:  
Tumultuous passions, all be still,  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise:  
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs His work, the cause conceals;  
And, though His footsteps are unknown,  
Judgement and truth support His throne.
- 3 In Heaven and earth, in air and seas,  
He executes His wise decrees:  
And by His saints it stands confessed,  
That what He does is always best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
With reverence bow before His seat;  
And even though He shows His rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95*