

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come:
Earth is our lodge, and Heaven our home.

- 2 All things are ours—the gifts of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait Thy daily will:
Thou shalt divide my portion still,
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and Heaven reveal the rest.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748