

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!
- 3 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 4 He Who has made my Heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 5 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland, 1753-1825