

LORD, my times are in Thy hand,
All my way by Thee is planned;
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I'll live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, but Thy good will.

3 Vain ambitions—whisper not!
Happy is my humble lot;
Go, my anxious cares away!
I'm provided for each day.

4 Day by day the manna fell:
Help me learn this lesson well;
So, by constant mercy fed,
Grant me, Lord, my daily bread.

5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith; my mind subdued,
Full of love and gratitude.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855