

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in Thy hand !
 I know not what a day
 Or e'en an hour may bring to me ;
 But I am safe while trusting Thee,
 Though all things fade away.
 All weakness, I
 On Him rely,
 Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand !
 Pale poverty or wealth,
 Corroding care or calm repose,
 Spring's balmy breath, or winter snows,
 Sickness or buoyant health—
 Whate'er betide,
 If God provide,
 'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand !
 Should friendship pure illume,
 And strew my path with fairest flowers,
 Or should I spend life's dreary hours
 In solitude's dark gloom.
 Thou art a Friend
 Till time shall end,
 Unchangeably the same. In Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand !
 Many or few my days,
 I leave with Thee ; this only pray,
 That by Thy grace, I, every day
 Devoting to Thy praise,
 May ready be
 To welcome Thee,
 Whene'er Thou comest to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand !
 Howe'er those times may end,
 Sudden or slow my souls release,
 Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
 I'm safe with Christ, my Friend.
 If He be nigh,
 Howe'er I die
 'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.