My God, I thank Thee

Frederick C. Maker, 1844-1927 Wentworth 84.84.84





My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splendor and of joy, Beauty and light; So many glorious things are here, Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to abound; So many gentle thoughts and deeds Circling us round, That in the darkest spot of earth Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy Is touched with pain, That shadows fall on brightest hours, That thorns remain; So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain. For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings, Hast given us joys, tender and true, Yet all with wings; So that we see gleaming on high Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store; We have enough, yet not too much To long for more: A yearning for a deeper peace Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls Though amply blessed, Can never find, although they seek A perfect rest; Nor ever shall, until they lean On Jesus' breast.

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