1

All my hope on God is founded;

He doth still my trust renew.

Me through change and chance he guideth,

Only good and only true.

God unknown, he alone

Calls my heart to be his own.

2

Human pride and earthly glory,

Sword and crown betray his trust;

What with care and toil he buildeth,

Tower and temple fall to dust.

But God’s power, hour by hour,

Is my temple and my tower.

3

God’s great goodness aye endureth,

Deep his wisdom, passing thought;

Splendour, light and life attend him,

Beauty springeth out of naught.

Evermore from his store,

New born worlds rise and adore.

4

Daily doth the almighty giver

Bounteous gifts on us bestow;

His desire our soul delighteth,

Pleasure leads us where we go.

Love doth stand at his hand;

Joy doth wait on his command.

5

Still from man to God eternal,

Sacrifice of praise be done.

High above all praises praising

For the gift of Christ his son.

Christ doth call one and all:

Ye who follow shall not fall.

Robert Bridges (1844-1930) alt.

based on Joachim Neander (1650-80)