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

2. 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.

3. 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.

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

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

   Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825 - 64.