

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 Mortal pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray our trust;
though with care and toil we build them,
tower and temple fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.

3 God's great goodness e'er endureth,
deep his wisdom, passing thought:
splendor, light, and life attend him,
beauty springeth out of nought.
Evermore from his store
newborn 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 earth 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.

Text: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), based on a text by Joachim Neander (1650-1680), as it appears in *The Hymnal 1982* (#665), set to the tune, MICHAEL, by Herbert Howells (1892-1983)