



O God, you are our God,
and so, though we may feel the stroke of evil,
we do not feel the sting,
for nothing can ultimately hurt us.

If we lose our name—it is written in the book of life.
If we lose our liberty—our conscience is free.
If we lose our belongings—
we possess the pearl of great price.
If we meet with storms—
we know where to put in for harbour.
When there is a storm outside,
you can make music within.

Our souls are safe, as in a garrison,
hid in the promises,
hid in the wounds of Christ;
hid in your eternal decree.
O God, you are our God, and all that is in you is ours.

You say to us: “All that I have shall be yours;
my wisdom shall be yours to teach you;
my power shall be yours to support you;
my mercy shall be yours to save you.”
We may lose everything else,
but we cannot lose you:
you are ours from everlasting in election
and to everlasting in glory.

Thomas Watson

