

# Let heathens to their idols haste

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #76

Let heathens to their idols haste,  
And worship wood or stone;  
But my delightful lot is cast,  
Where the true God is known.

His hand provides my constant food,  
He fills my daily cup;  
Much am I pleased with present good,  
But more rejoice in hope.

God is my portion and my joy,  
His counsels are my light;  
He gives me sweet advice by day,  
And gentle hints by night.

My soul would all her thoughts approve  
To his all-seeing eye;  
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,  
While such a friend is nigh.