

A poem by the Rev John Ryland (1753-1825) to encourage us...

### **SOVEREIGN RULER OF THE SKIES**

Sovereign Ruler of the skies!  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in your hand,  
All events at your command.

His decree, who formed the earth,  
Fixed my first and second birth;  
Parents, place of birth, and time—  
All appointed were by him.

He that formed me in the womb,  
Guides my footsteps to the tomb;  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health;  
Times of poverty and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief.

Times the tempter's power to prove;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love:  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly  
Till he bids, I cannot die:  
Not a single arrow hits  
Till the God of love permits.

O Most Gracious, Wise, and Just,  
In your hands my life I trust:  
Have I something dearer still?  
I resign it to your will.

May I always own your hand,  
Still to the surrender stand;  
Know that you are God alone,  
I and mine are all your own.

You at all times I will bless;  
Having you, I all possess;

What in truth a loss can be  
Since you will not part from me?