Thou Doest All Things Well
By:Rev. William M. Bunting (1805-1866)
Tune:In Memoriam
Comp:Sir Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)

1)Thou doest all things well,
God only wise and true;
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

2)With daily toil oppressed,
I sink in welcome sleep;
Or wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

3)Soon finds each fevered day,
And each chill night, its bourne;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return.

4)But be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,
Thou art my health, my sun, my song,
My glory, and my God.

5)Thy smiling face lights mine;
If veiled, it makes me sad;
Even tears in darkness, starlike, shine,
And morning finds me glad.

6)For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love.

7)Hours spent with pain- and Thee
Lost hours have never seemed;
No! Those are lost, which but might be
From earth for heaven redeemed.

8)Its limit, its relief,
Its hallowed issues, tell,
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well. Amen.