



Lord God, you and you alone  
should be the sole object of our trust.  
May there be but one string to the bow of our faith:  
that is you, our Lord.  
May we not rest in any thing other than you.  
Forgive us when we trust in our heads,  
for our own understanding is an unsafe place to lean.  
Forgive us when we trust in our hearts,  
for they are so deceitful and wicked.  
Forgive us when we trust in our vigour,  
for our hands will soon hang down and faint.  
Forgive us when we trust in any excellences,  
for the best of us in our best state is altogether vanity.  
Forgive us when we trust in riches,  
for riches are fair-faced nothings,  
taking flight like birds.  
Forgive us when we trust in human allies,  
for they prove not to be staffs but broken reeds.

But on this the arm of trust may safely lean:  
your almighty arm and power;  
and your infinite goodness, mercy, and bounty.

**Thomas Lye**