

O my Lord, within my heart
pride will have no home,
every talent that I have
comes from You alone.

*And like a child at rest
close to its mother's breast,
safe in Your arms
my soul is calmed.*

Lord, my eyes do not look high
nor my thoughts take wings,
for I can find treasures in
ordinary things.

Great affairs are not for me,
deeds beyond my scope,
in the simple things I do
I find joy and hope.