If in one terrible moment,

You took everything that I owned.

Everything you’ve given from heaven above,

And all I’ve ever known.

If you took away this ministry,

This influence this reputation.

My health, my happiness,

My hopes and expectations.

If you caused for me to suffer,

Or to suffer for the cause of the cross.

If the cost of my allegiance is prison,

And all my freedoms are lost.

If you took the breath from my lungs,

And made an end to my life.

If you took the most precious part of me,

And left trials and strife.

It would crush me, it would break me,

It would suffocate and cause heartache.

I would taste the bitter dark providence,

But you would still preserve my faith.

What’s concealed in the heart of having,

Is revealed in the losing of things.

And I can’t even begin to imagine,

The pain that kind of sting brings

But I came into this world with nothing,

And when I leave it’ll be the same.

In the giving and the taking,

I will give the praise to your name.

If I have you I could lose everything,

And still consider it gain.