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The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

If God succeed not, all the cost
 And pains to build the house are lost;
 If God the city will not keep,
 The watchful guards as well might sleep.

What if you rise before the sun,
 And work and toil when day is done,
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,
 To shun that poverty you dread.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest:
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our sovereign make them so.

Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends:
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,
 When they are seasoned with his love!

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)