













2. On the Lord depending,
wait thou, my soul,
all to him commending,
trust his sure control;
hearts here may break,
God doth not forsake,
greater than thy Helper none thy need shall make.
Faithful for ever,
near for redress,
God will fail thee never,
he waits to bless.

3. On the Lord depending,
wait thou, my soul,
all to him commending,
trust his sure control;
our pilgrim way
lasteth not for aye;
Christ shall hush our weeping – calling us away
past every sorrow,
every distress –
joys eternal follow,
God waits to bless.

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