





- 2. When a thousand griefs and troubles leave no rest by day or night, when the storm its force redoubles, and is almost at its height, patiently abide his will at whose word the waves are still.
- 3. Every vessel must be drainèd, cups of joy and cups of grief, trust in God with faith unfeignèd, look to him for thy relief: when all human counsel fails, then it is that God prevails.
- 4. When the flood is rising higher, till it overflows the brink, then the Comforter draws nigher, ah! much nigher than we think, for it grieves him to the heart to behold our bitter smart.

- 5. Ah! it is with no hard Master, no hard Lord we have to do; if we bear each new disaster with calm faith and patience too, we shall soon experience this: it will come, – that hour of bliss.
- 6. Dost thou, heart, demand some token that the Lord will give thee rest? Trust the word which he hath spoken, his own time must be the best; suffer, trust, and hope on still, end right well it must and will.
- 7. O the hour of our exemption from all pain, distress, and woe! O the hour of our redemption e'en from death, our last grim foe! sweet as sunshine after shower will be that all-glorious hour.

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