

2. Oft now, while sin is plotting still, my soul is filled with terrors;
how oft its snares my heart beguile!
how many are my errors!
But I shall yet deliverance see,
from sin and its delusions free, –
in this my soul rejoices.

5. And when the future gives alarm of evils to oppress me; and anxious fears of coming harm thick gather to distress me; – eternity makes time so small, – its fleeting fears and sorrows all no longer raise my terror.

- 3. I see around me, day by day, those, Jesus, who despise thee: their heart of pride leads them astray, thy honours it denies thee: their scorn and pride will all be past, when thou shalt come the Judge at last, and saints shall shout thy welcome.
- 6. When Death, so dreaded from afar, comes nigh, my days to number, that, free from every earthly care, my head may sink in slumber, that peace and joy may banish fear, let then eternity appear, with views of future glory.

- 4. Oft, in the silence of the night, my soul her griefs is sighing; and morn, with its returning light, no respite is supplying: one gleam of heaven relief bestows, that home of rest no sorrow knows, but joys reign there forever.
- 7. Hope, Lord, makes every burden light, its strength from thee it borrows: that glory fit me for its sight, by all my pilgrim sorrows!
  May it in death my doubts dismiss, and form my endless store of bliss with thee, in life eternal!

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