DISCIPLINE



- 2. When the sun of fortune shineth long and brightly on the heart, soon its fruitfulness declineth, parched and dry in every part.
- 3. Then the plants of grace have faded in the dry and burning soil, thorns and briers their growth have shaded, earthly cares and earthly toil.
- 4. But the clouds are seen ascending, soon the heavens are overcast, and the weary heart is bending 'neath affliction's stormy blast.
- 5. Yet the Lord, on high presiding, rules the storm with powerful hand; he the shower of grace is guiding to the dry and barren land.
- 6. See, at length the clouds are breaking, tempests have not passed in vain; for the soul, revived, awaking, bears its fruit and flowers again.
- 7. Love divine has seen and counted every tear it caused to fall, and the storm which love appointed, was its choicest gift of all.

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