O FRIEND OF SOULS! HOW BLESSED THE TIME



- 2. The world may call itself my foe, or flatter and allure:
 I care not for the world, I go to this tried Friend and sure.
 And when life's fiercest storms are sent upon life's wildest sea.
 my little bark is confident.
 because it holdeth thee.
- 3. The law may threaten endless death upon the dreadful hill; straightway from its consuming breath my soul mounts higher still.
 She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain, and finds in him her home, whence she shall not go forth again, and where no death can come.
- 4. I do not fear the wilderness where thou hast been before: nay! rather would I daily press after thee, near thee, more! Thou art my strength, on thee I lean; my heart thou makest sing, and to thy pastures green at length thy chosen flock wilt bring.
- 5. To others, death seems dark and grim, but not, O Lord! to me:I know thou ne'er forsakest him who puts his trust in thee.Nay, rather, with a joyful heart I welcome the release from this dark desert, and depart to thy eternal peace.

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