



- 2. When tempests darken o'er my way, and winds are raging fierce and wild, in humble trust my soul shall say: O God, my Father, keep thy child!
- 3. Why should I e'er distrust thy care, though troubles all my steps beset? Why with sad heart my burdens bear, and all thy faithful love forget?
- 4. That love through many a year hath led from scene to scene my pilgrim feet; hath daily, as with manna, fed, and shown me fountains pure and sweet.
- 5. A thousand sacred memories rise of mercies that the days have crowned, when o'er me spread unclouded skies, and light and gladness smiled around.
- 6. My faith shall on thy promise rest, that thou my stay and strength wilt be; if thou but fold me to thy breast, no foe shall rend my soul from thee.
- 7. Forgiveness, peace, and life Divine, through Christ's dear cross thy grace hath given; and thou, I know, wilt call me thine, when breaks the blessed morn of heaven!

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