



- 2. Tough oft with burning tears I've prayed that thou wouldst take this grief away, thou hast delayed; yet thou hast pledged thy word to keep to succour in the sorrowing day thine own who weep.
- 5. Ah! now, at last, he speaks. A thrill sweeps through my soul, and tides of love my being fill: – "Canst thou not bear the cross with me? I may not yet the thorn remove that woundeth thee;
- 3. Why tarriest thou? Long must I plead, with hope deferred, that thou wilt send the help I need? Hast thou thy words of love forgot, that, when o'erwhelmed I lowly bend, thou answerest not?
- 6. but thou shalt lean upon my breast, my strength shall make thy weakness strong; when most oppressed, then most by grace shalt thou partake; and from thy burdened heart a song of joy shall break!"
- 4. Be still, my soul, and meekly bear thy pain, nor yield one doubt a place, lest dark despair prevail thy steadfast trust to shake; though in thick shades he hides his face, the dawn shall break!

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