

# Hymn

When storms arise  
And darkening skies  
About me threat'ning lower,  
To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes;  
To thee my tortured spirit flies  
For solace in that hour.

Thy mighty arm  
Will let no harm  
Come near me nor befall me.  
Thy voice shall quiet my alarm;  
When life's great battle waxeth warm,  
No foeman shall appall me.

Upon thy breast  
Secure I rest  
From sorrow and vexation,

No more by sinful cares oppressed,

But in thy presence ever blest,

O God of my salvation!