

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!