

WHEN Satan my accuser
Has so oppressed my heart,
That all my joys are smitten
And sacred hopes depart;
And when I dwell in darkness,
As those whose souls are dead,
And sorrows overwhelming
Invade and rule my head . . .

- 2 Then in my desolation
I muse on days gone by:
Review God's gracious blessings,
His power from on high,
His hand of lovingkindness
That saved a wretch like me,
And brought me out of bondage
The path of life to see.
- 3 Reflecting on the goodness
And mercies of the Lord,
Then tracing all the wonders
Discovered in His Word;
And thinking of the trials
Once brought to Him in prayer,
And all His answering kindness,
I feel, once more, His care!
- 4 How can I doubt my Saviour?
I stretch my hands again,
And thirst for further tokens
Of my eternal gain;
O Lord, I'll trust Thy promise,
Thy faithfulness and love;
Come, lead me ever onward
To Thy dear land above.