

- W**HEN fears arise and trials oppress  
To test our faith and love,  
'Tis sweet to think on all the grace  
That lifts our souls above.
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember that His blood  
My debt of sufferings paid.
- 3 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 4 Sweet on His covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend;  
Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end.
- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my end shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And take my spirit home.
- 6 There shall my disembodied soul  
Behold Him and adore;  
Be with His likeness clothed upon,  
And grieve and sin no more.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be?  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Directly, Lord, from Thee!

*From: 'When langour and disease invade,'  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*