

- I**N the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er me roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports my fainting soul.
- 2 So, in darkest dispensations,  
Does my faithful Lord appear,  
With His richest consolations  
To encourage, strengthen, cheer.
- 3 In the sacred page recorded  
So the word securely stands—  
'Fear not, I'm—in trouble—near you,'  
'None shall pluck you from My hands.'
- 4 All I meet I find assists me  
In my path to heavenly joy:  
Where, though trials now attend me,  
Troubles never more shall cloy.
- 5 Blest there with a weight of glory,  
Still the path I'll not forget,  
But, exulting, say, it led me  
To my precious Saviour's seat.

*Samuel Pearce, 1766-99*