

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord Who rises  
With healing in His wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
'E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may—
- 3 'It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He Who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.'
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.