

**T**O God will I direct my prayer,  
And He will make my needs His care;  
I'll trust Him still through times of grief,  
Though troubles seem without relief.

- 2 At times when trials and sorrows fall,  
When faithless fears and doubts appal,  
I ask in fear and bitterness:  
Will God forsake me in distress?
- 3 Has God forgotten to be kind?  
Shall I His promise faithless find?  
Will He cast off, and nevermore  
His favour to my soul restore?
- 4 Recalling times when faith was bright,  
And songs of gladness cheered each night,  
Those blessed joys of long ago  
Make deeper still my present woe.
- 5 These doubts and fears which trouble me  
Are born of my infirmity;  
Though I am weak, God is most high,  
And on His goodness I'll rely.
- 6 I'll fix my gaze on things above  
And meditate upon Thy love;  
Recounting all Thy works and ways  
Until my heart responds in praise.