

Trust

*The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust;
my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. Psa. 18:2*

1. Tho' the rain may fall and the wind be blow-ing, And cold and chill is the win-try blast;
2. When I feel the cold, I can say, "He sends it," His wind blows bless-ing I sure-ly know;
3. Oh, small were my faith should it weak-ly fal-ter, When now the ros-es have ceased to blow;
4. Now why should my heart be faint and fear-ing? The Might-y One rules a-bove the storm;

Tho' the cloud-y sky is still cloud-ier grow-ing, And dead leaves tell that the sum-mer has passed,
For I've ne'er a want but that He at-tends it; My heart beats warm, tho' the winds may blow;
And frail were the trust that now should al-ter, To doubt His love when the storm clouds grow;
For e-ven the win-try blast is cheer-ing, Re-veal-ing His pow-er to keep me warm;

Yet my face I hold to the storm-y heav-en, My heart as calm as a sum-mer sea;
The soft, sweet sum-mer was warm and glow-ing, So bright were the blos-soms on eve-ry bough;
If I trust Him once I must trust Him ev-er—His way is best, though I stand or fall;
No, nev-er a care on my heart is press-ing, And nev-er a fear can dis-turb my breast;

I am glad to re-ceive what my God hath giv-en, What-e'er it be.
I trust-ed Him when the ros-es were blow-ing— I trust Him now.
Through wind or storm He will leave me nev-er, For He sends all.
Yes, eve-ry-thing that He sends is bless-ing, For He knows best.