In Every Trouble, Sharp And Strong

DUNDEE

1. In ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong, My soul to Jesus flies;
2. His comforts bear my spirit up; I trust a faithful God;
3. Loud hal-le-lu-jahs sing, my soul, To thy Redeemer's name;

My anchor hold is firm in Him When swelling billows rise.
The sure foundation of my hope Is in a Savior's blood.
In joy and sorrow, life and death, His love is still the same.