Though the clouds are lowering round me, though the storm-wind blow,
If with stern rebuke He chide me, and my spirit chill,
While the hail-stars cold are falling, pelted on my brow,
Sainted souls enthroned in glory passed along this way;

Unbelieving fears confound me, onward still I'll go.
In the rock-clefts I will hide me, and await His will.
"Fear thou not!" I hear Him calling, "I am with thee now."
Bonds and fire and scourgings gory, filled up all their day.

1. By His help I'll do my duty, ever trusting in His word;
2. All my care, and every burden, casting on the night-y Lord.

Words: Unknown
Music by J. H. Fillmore

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