DISTRESS L. M.

Anne Steele          Key of E Minor. Psalmist, hymn 1088

“Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.” – Ps. 107:6

1. So fades the lovely blooming flow’r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour.

2. Is there no kind, no healing art, To soothe the anguish of the heart?

3. Let gentle patience smile on pain, Till dying hope revives again,

So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die, die.

Spirit of grace, be ever nigh; Thy comforts are not made to die, die.

Hope wipes the tear from sorrow’s eye, And faith points upward to the sky, sky.