

CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee  
For a season veil Thy face,  
Still I trust, and cannot doubt Thee,  
Jesus full of truth and grace;  
Resting on Thy words I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

2 O rebuke me not in anger!  
Suffer not my faith to fail!  
Let not pain, temptation, langour,  
O'er my struggling heart prevail!  
Holding fast Thy Word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

3 In my heart Thy words I cherish,  
Though unseen Thou still art near;  
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,  
Why should I succumb to fear?  
Trusting in Thy Word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*