



[ Selected Stanzas ]

- 2 O Lord my God, o'erwhelmed in deep affliction,  
Far from Thy rest, to Thee I lift my soul;  
Deep calls to deep and storms of trouble thunder,  
While o'er my head the waves and billows roll.
- 3 Thou wilt command Thy servant's consolation,  
Thy loving-kindness yet shall cheer my day,  
And in the night Thy song shall be my comfort;  
God of my life, to Thee I still will pray.
- 4 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down within me,  
Why art thou troubled and oppressed with grief?  
Hope thou in God, the God of thy salvation,  
Hope, and thy God will surely send relief.