

BELIEVER'S REPOSE—Continued

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On him I lean, who not in vain, Ex-per-ienced eve-ry hu-man pain; He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and trea-sures up my tears.

To fly the good I would pur-sue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still he that felt temp-ta-tion's pow'r, Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

Yet he who once vouch-safed to bear The sick-ning an-guish of de-spair, Shall sweet-ly soothe, shall gent-ly dry, The throb-bing heart, the stream-ing eye.

And from his voice, his hands his smile, Di-vides me for a lit-tle while,—Thou, Sa-vior, seest the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Laz-arus dead.