

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8, 7.

277

J.J.R.

Jean J. Rousseau

D.C.

1. In the flood of trib - u - la - tion, While the bil-lows o'er me roll,
 Je - sus whis-pers con - so - la - tion, And sup-ports my faint-ing soul, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

D.C. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

2. Floods of trib - u - la - tion bright-en, Bil-lows still a-round me roar;
 Those that know not Christ ye fright-en, But my soul de-fies your pow'r. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.