

# TRIAL'S HOUR. C. H. M. 8,6,8,6,8,8.

535

Col. D.H. Smith, 1850

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour, Bow, all re - signed be - neath His rod,  
2. O, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Tho' tri - als fix me there, Is still a pri - vi - lege most sweet,  
3. O, bless - ed be the hand that gave,—Still bless - ed when it takes; Bless - ed be He who smites to save,

And bless His spar - ing pow'r, A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress, A foun - tain in the wil - der - ness.  
For He will hear my pray'r; Tho' sighs and tears its lan - guage be, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me.  
Who heals the heart He breaks: Per - fect and true are all His ways, Whom heav'n a - dores and death o - beys.