

NATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow, Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows; Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow; Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

2 When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us, When the vain cares that vex our life increase, Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us, And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

3 Nought shall affright us, on thy goodness leaning; Low in the heart faith singeth still her song: Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning, And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

4. Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows: Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;

Yet shalt thou praise him, when these darkened furrows, Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.



The following are also suitable:

696

394 God moves in a mysterious way. 435 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation. 455 O let him whose sorrow.

482 Still will we trust.

513 When our heads are bowed with woe. 557 From foes that would the land devour. In moderate time = 80. Welsh Hymn Melody. Harmonized by DAVID EVANS.

Note. This hymn may also be sung to Vater unser (No. 462).

Strong captains to defend the right.

LLANGOEDMOR. (888.D.)

In darker years and sterner days, And armedst Israel for the fight; Thou madest Joshua true and strong, And David framed the battle-song.

2 And must we battle yet? Must we, Who bear the tender name Divine, Still barter life for victory. Still glory in the crimson sign?

The Crucified between us stands. And lifts on high his wounded hands.

A. C. Benson. LORD of hosts, who didst upraise; 3 Lord, we are weak and wilful yet, The fault is in our clouded eyes; But thou, through anguish and regret. Dost make thy faithless children [dost approve Through wrong, through hate, thou The far-off victories of love.

> 4 * And so, from out the heart of strife. Diviner echoes peal and thrill; The scorned delights, the lavished life, The pain that serves a nation's will: Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries, And love is crowned by sacrifice.

5. As rains that weep the clouds away, As winds that leave a calm in heaven, So let the slayer cease to slay;-The passion healed, the wrath forgiven, Draw nearer, bid the tumult cease. Redeemer, Saviour, Prince of Peace!

