

Trust the Eternal
William McKenzie, 1895.
Franz Abt(1819-1885)

Trust the Eternal, when the shadows gather,
When joys of daylight seem so like a dream;
God the unchanging, pities like a father:
Trust on and wait, the daystar yet shall gleam.

Trust the Eternal, for the clouds that vanish
No more can move the mountains from their base
Than sin's illusive wreaths of mist can banish
Light from His throne or loving from His Face.

Trust the Eternal, repent in meekness
Of that heart's pride which frowns and will not yield,
Then to thy child-heart shall come strength in weakness,
And thine immortal life shall be revealed.