

When Gathering Clouds Around I View

Robert Grant, 1806.

John Dykes, 1861.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures all my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe,  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Savior, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely passed,  
Through every conflict but the last;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear way.