

When, Overwhelmed with Grief

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: John Goss, 1872.

When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heavn I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
Thats high above my head
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever Ill abide;
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.