

When Gathering Clouds Around I View
by Charles Wesley

1 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 knows my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

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

3 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.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed;
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed - for thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.