

In the hour of my distress

In the hour of my distress,
when temptations me oppress,
and when I my sins confess,
sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
sick in heart, and sick in head,
and with doubts discomforted,
sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
and the world is drowned in sleep,
yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
either with despair or doubt,
yet, before the glass be out,
sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
and that opened which was sealed,
when to thee I have appealed,
sweet Spirit, comfort me.