

'Twixt Gleams of Joy and Clouds of Doubt

John Shairp, 1871.

Henry Hiles, 1867.

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt our feelings come and go;  
Our daily state is tossed about in ceaseless ebb and flow.  
No mood of feeling, form of thought, is constant for a day;  
But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not, the same Thou art always.

Out of the weak, unquiet drift that comes but to depart,  
To that pure heaven my spirit lift where Thou unchanging art.  
Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp, let Thine almighty arm  
In its embrace my weakness clasp, and I shall fear no harm.

Thy purpose of eternal good let me but surely know,  
On this I'll leanlet changing mood and feeling come or go  
Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul, nor sad when clouds overcast,  
Since Thou within Thy sure control of love dost hold me fast.