

In All My Troubles, Sharp and Long
John Killinghall(?-1740)
Frederick Baker, 1876.

In all my troubles, sharp and long,
[Or, In every trouble, sharp and strong]
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm on Him,
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Savior's blood.

Loud alleluias sing, my soul,
To Thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.