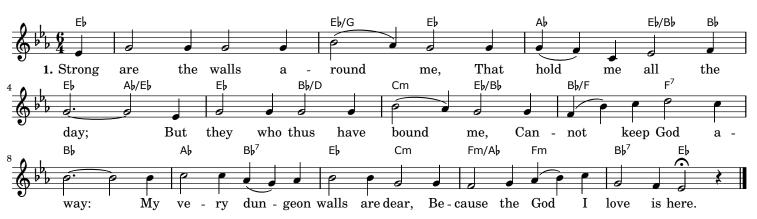
Strong are the walls around me

Comfort in Trials — By Enjoyment in Suffering



- 2. They know, who thus oppress me, 'Tis hard to be alone; But know not One can bless me, Who comes through bars and stone; He makes my dungeon's darkness bright, And fills my bosom with delight.
- 3. Thy love, O God, restores me From sighs and tears to praise; And deep my soul adores Thee, Nor thinks of time or place: I ask no more, in good or ill, But union with Thy holy will.
- 4. 'Tis that which makes my treasure, 'Tis that which brings my gain; Converting woe to pleasure, And reaping joy from pain. Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall, To know that God is All in all.