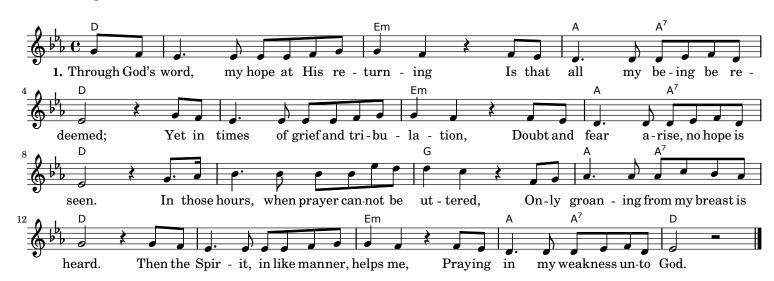
Through God's word, my hope at His returning

Comfort in Trials — By God's Sovereignty

1210

(Guitar: Capo 1)



- 2. Lord, my prayer is not for deeper suffering,
 But that from each trial I'd be free.
 Let the cup of bitterness be taken;
 Yet, Thy will, not mine, dear Lord, must be.
 Even now, though trials sore surround me,
 Still within my heart there is a peace,
 For the love of God outpoured within me
 Floods my heart and bids my doubting cease.
- 3. Blest assurance! God has fully ordered Every matter by His sovereign hand; Every person (though we see so dimly), Every thing's according to His plan. Every trial is but the Father's answer To the groaning of the Spirit's prayer; May He gain in every tribulation, Until we Christ's glory fully share.

- 4. How could God from all His dealings spare us,
 After He spared not His only Son?
 Could the Potter's hand upon the vessel
 Ever leave the shaping work undone?
 For the center of God's heart's desire
 Is that many brethren we will be
 Unto Christ, His precious First-begotten,
 And to Him, conformed we'll fully be.
- 5. Heirs of God! Joint-heirs with our Lord Jesus!
 What a hope of glory this for us!
 Though the suff'rings presently seem grievous,
 Greater far the glory then for us!
 Yea, in all these things we more than conquer,
 Through the One whose love has us possessed;
 Soon the day for which waits all creation,
 When the sons of God are manifest!