

Fresh as the dew of the morning

Comfort in Trials — By the Lord of Hope

708

1. Fresh as the dew of the morn - ing, Bring - ing a sweet rest un - heard,
 Christ, in the gen - tle a - noint - ing, Whis - pers His com - fort - ing word:
 Stand till the tri - al is o - ver, Stand till the tem - pest is gone,
 Stand for the glo - ry of Je - sus, Stand till the king - dom is won.
Chorus
 (C) Lord of all hope, O how sweet is Thy voice,
 Mak - ing my heart in Thy pre - sence re - joice.

2. If in the test of my trouble,
 Faint be my spirit and heart,
 Faith, with the star of hope glimm'ring,
 Shall all be taken apart,
 May then Thy faith with Thy life-pow'r
 Over me hold its full sway
 That all Thy riches of glory
 Now I may share and for aye.

3. Lord, as the morning sun dawning,
 Chase all my darkness away,
 And with Thy kind wings of healing
 Turn all my night into day.
 Come Thou, O come, Lord of comfort,
 Come to my sad, weary heart,
 Come, O Thou blest hope of glory,
 Never, O never depart.