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(Guitar: Capo 1)



2. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine." "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne." "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"