

TRUST ON.

Trust on; is not the Savior at thy side,
In darkest hour thy faltering steps to guide?
Take thou the hand outreaching now to thee;
He bids thee walk in faith; so let it be.

Trust on; though thorns may thrust thy weary
feet,

Yet pain or bliss with Jesus will be sweet;
If thou believe, it shall be well with thee;
If He would test thy faith, so let it be.

Trust on; no trial can thy way befall
But He, thy Lord and Saviour, knows it all;
And if, to make His love more pure in thee,
Thou need'st His chastening rod, so let it be.

Trust on; as clouds of evening glide away,
And leave the calm reflection of the day,
Soon shall thy waiting eyes His glory see,
And though through clouds it come, so let it be.

Fanny Crosby, 1891