

DISTRESS L. M.

“Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.” – Ps. 107:6

Anne Steele Key of E Minor.

Psalmist, hymn 1088

1. So fades the love - ly bloom - ing flow'r, Frail, smil - ing sol - ace of an hour,
2. Is there no kind, no heal - ing art, To soothe the an - guish of the heart?
3. Let gen - tle pa - tience smile on pain, Till dy - ing hope re - vives a - gain,

So soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleas - ure on - ly blooms to die. die.
Spir - it of grace, be ev - er nigh; Thy com - forts are not made to die. die.
Hope wipes the tear from sor - row's eye, And faith points up - ward to the sky. sky.