

I WILL THEE SUSTAIN .

When in grief like a wave the mind is engulfed,
When kindness ' of friends scarcely stems the fierce tide,
And prayer though unuttered reaches out from the soul
To realms beyond where only thoughts can abide;
I hear Thy Voice whisper, saying, "I with thee remain,
I never will leave thee , I will always sustain!"

Though death reaches out with pain filled hands
And touches sore nerves all shatter'd and torn
When life seems a waste and we wonder what for
As we fight through the darkness with sorrow bow'd heads
I hear Thy Voice comfort me, "I with thee remain,
I never will leave thee, I will always sustain!"

Then I think of the Cross on Calvary's hill
When storm riven, the clouds drifted o'er the black land:
As forsaken by men who with Thee had toiled
Thou was't hung on The Tree and nailed by the hand;
I hear Thy Voice to the sinner reply, "I with thee remain,
Thee with me in my Heaven, I will always sustain!"

The pain and the sorrow are banished away,
Death is defeated and wasted his power,
The soul rises triumphant, clouds break from the sun,
Roll'd back is the stone, past , past the dread hour
I hear Thy Voice call to me, "Though risen, I with thee remain
I never will leave thee, I will always sustain!"

"I will sustain"

When ⁱⁿ grief like a wave the mind ^{is} engulfed
When kindness of friends scarcely stems the fierce tide
And prayer though unuttered reaches out from the soul
To realms beyond where only thoughts can abide
I hear Thy voice whisper saying 'Thou shalt remain'
'I never will leave thee, I will always sustain.'

Though death reaches out with pain filled hands
And touches ~~us~~ ^{all} sore ^{with} nerves ^{all shattered and torn} beaten to shreds
When ~~as~~ life seems a waste and we wonder what for
As we fight through the darkness with ^{sorrow bowed} ~~in~~ ^{curved} heads
I hear Thy voice comfort me, 'Thou shalt remain',
'I never will leave thee, I will always sustain.'

Then I think of the cross on Calvary's hill
When storm driven, the clouds swept over the black land
~~When~~ forsaken by men who with thee had trod
Thou wast hung on the tree and nailed by the hand
I hear Thy voice to the sinners reply, 'Thou shalt remain',
'Thou wilt live in my Heaven, I will always sustain.'

The pain and the sorrow are banished away
Death is defeated and ^{wasted} ~~useless~~ his power
The soul rises triumphant, clouds break from its sun
Rolled back in the stone, past, past, the dread hour
I hear Thy voice call to me, 'Thou shalt rise, I will sustain',
'I never will leave thee, I will always sustain.'

Norman Turnbull
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