

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord

Lyrics: Anonymous/Unknown

Scripture: Psalm 55:22; 1 Peter 5:7

Meter: 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God, thy Father, hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief and care,
But, before thy Father, kneeling,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee,
When the raging storm is past,
But God only can console thee,
In the wild, terrific blast.
Go with words, or tears, or silence,
Only lay them at His feet:
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think how thy divine Redeemer
Knows, as thou canst never know,
All the deepest depths of suff'ring,
All the weight of human woe.
And, though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry,
Even hear the stifled sighings
Of the dumb heart's agony.

All thy griefs by Him permitted,
Needful is each one to thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be.
And if, while they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish,
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

For too well thy Savior loves thee
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer,
One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestle,
Closer to His loving breast;
He would have that world seem brighter,
Where alone is perfect rest.