

Thou Very Present Aid
By:Rev. Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
From: Hymns and Sacred Poems, 1749
Tune:St. Beuno
Comp:Joseph C. Bridge, 1897

1)Thou very present Aid,
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

2)The soul, by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3)Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4)It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

5)Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art
The Healer of mankind.

6)Jesus, to Whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.

7)Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone! Amen.