

♩=115 No Solid Comfort but in Christ. Ps. 30. 7 W. Gadsby

1. When my dear Je - sus hides his smil - ing face, Nor lets me feel the
 2. I mourn like one be - reft of home and friend, And oft - en won - der
 3. The means of grace af - ford no sweet re - lief, But oft - en tend to

unc - tion of his grace; I feel my loss, nor can my spir - it rest,
 where the scene will end; Tor - tured with an - xious care, with - out re - pose,
 ag - gra - vate my grief; I can - not rest with - out my rest - ing - place;

'Till with his love - ly pres - ence I am blest.
 I feel as one im - mersed in gloom - y woes.
 Sweet Je - sus, come, and let me thee em - brace.