Amid Surrounding Gloom and Waste

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

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| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
  A-      mid surrounding        gloom and waste, From

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
  nature's face we          flee; And

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
  in our fear and          wonder haste O

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
  nature's life, to        thee! Thy

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
  ways are in the          mighty deep; In

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
  tempests as they       blow; In

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
  floods that o'er our       treasures sweep; The

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
  lightning; and the         snow.
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The other verses

2 Though earth upon its axis reels,
And heaven is veiled in wrath;
Not one of nature's million wheels
Breaks its appointed path;
Fixed in thy grasp, the sources meet
Of beauty and of awe;
In storm or calm, all pulses beat
True to the central law.

3 Thou art that law, whose will thus done
In seeming wreck and blight,
Sends the calm planets round the sun,
And pours the moon's soft light.
We trust thy love; thou best dost know
The universal peace;
How long the stormy force should blow,
And when the flood should cease.

4 And though around our path some form
Of mystery ever lies,
And life is like the calm and storm
That checker earth and skies,
Through all its mingling joy and dread,
Permit us, Holy One,
By faith to see the golden thread
Of thy great purpose run.

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by Edwin Hubbell Chapin (1814–1880). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.