In Trouble and in Grief, O God

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

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| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
  In      trouble and in          grief, O God, Thy

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
  smile hath cheered my      way; And

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
  joy hath budded          from each thorn That

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  round my footsteps       lay.
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The other verses

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.