When Dread Misfortune's Tempests Rise

Doh is Db · 6/8 Tune: SWEET HOUR

| d | m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | r - m r - d |
When dread misfortune's tempests rise, And roar through all the darkened skies, Where

| m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | m - r d - s |
shall the anxious pilgrim gain A shelter from the wind and rain? With-

| d' - t d' - l | s - m s - s | d' - t d' - l | s - m r - d |
in the covert of thy grace, O Lord, there is a hiding place, Where,

| m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | m - r d - |
unconcerned, we hear the sound, Though storm and tempest rage around.

The other verses

2 When, wandering o'er the desert bare
Of burning sands and sultry air,
We've sought the cheerless region through,
But found no stream to meet our view, —
'Tis then, the rivers of thy love,
Descending from thy throne above,
Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,
And raise our fainting souls again.

3 When in a weary land we tire,
And our exhausted powers expire,
With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,
Where shall our languid spirits rest?
O, who could bear the blasting ray,
And all the burden of the day,
Did not a Rock in Zion stand,
O'ershading all this weary land!

Tune SWEET HOUR by William Batchelder Bradbury (1816–1868); words by Hosea Ballou II (1796–1861). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.