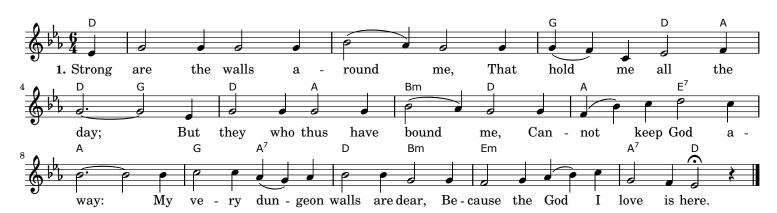
Strong are the walls around me

Comfort in Trials — By Enjoyment in Suffering

725

(Guitar: Capo 1)



- 2. They know, who thus oppress me, 'Tis hard to be alone; But know not One can bless me, Who comes through bars and stone; He makes my dungeon's darkness bright, And fills my bosom with delight.
- 3. Thy love, O God, restores me
 From sighs and tears to praise;
 And deep my soul adores Thee,
 Nor thinks of time or place:
 I ask no more, in good or ill,
 But union with Thy holy will.
- 4. 'Tis that which makes my treasure,
 'Tis that which brings my gain;
 Converting woe to pleasure,
 And reaping joy from pain.
 Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,
 To know that God is All in all.

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