

The Times Are Hard

tune: O Waly Waly

text: John Stieve



1 The times are hard, the days are long; We do not
 2 The world is troubl - ed, tir - ed, weak; We feel ex -
 3 When ter - rors mount or sick - ness comes, Je - sus, the
 4 Praise to the Fath - er— Guard - ian, Friend; and to His



know what lies a - head. But in Your shel - ter, Lord, we
 posed to earth - ly — ills. But God brings cov - er by His
 Rock, res - cues from harm. The day will — come when we go —
 Son, our Sav - ior, Lord; To the in - dwell - ing Ho - ly —



hide; and You sup - ply our dai - ly — bread.
 Love; He keeps us safe, He keeps us — still.
 Home; We'll rest se - cur - ly in His — arms.
 Ghost: May God be wor - shiped and a - dored!

*For He will hide me in his shelter in the day of trouble;
 he will conceal me under the cover of his tent;
 he will lift me high upon a rock.*

Psalm 27:5