

# Hymn of the Week

April 28, 2019 • Easter II

## God, When I Stand

**Text:** Herbert O’Driscoll, 1980.

Hymn writers are wary of writing laments! Could it be that it seems as if one is selling Christian faith short? However, the reality of life is that sometimes it doesn’t turn out as we wish. The cavalry doesn’t arrive in time! These lines are an attempt to express the grief—or, at least, deep regret—of someone who is also aware that what he or she is feeling can be offered in the context of a faithful God. –Herbert O’Driscoll

**Music:** MORECOMBE, Frederick Cook Atkinson, 1870 (public domain).

**Topics:** Biblical Names (Thomas), Christian Life, Comfort and Assurance, Doubt, Faithfulness, Loneliness, Lord’s Supper

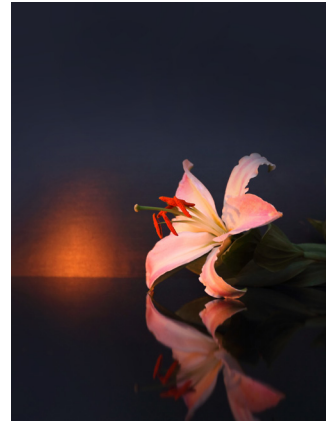
**Scriptural References:** John 20:24–29

### Publications

*Common Praise* (Anglican Church of Canada, 1998)

*Praise, My Soul: The Hymns of Herbert O’Driscoll* (Selah, 2005)

*Selah Songs of Rejoicing* (Selah, 2011)



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# God, When I Stand

God, when I stand, no path before me clear,  
when every prayer seems prisoner of my pain,  
come with a gentleness which calms my fear;  
Lord of my helplessness, my victory gain.

When all my prayers no answer seem to bring,  
and there is silence in my deepest soul;  
when in the wilderness I find no spring,  
Lord of the desert places, keep me whole.

When the dark lord of loneliness prevails,  
and, all defeated, joy and friendship die,  
come, be my joy; such love that never fails,  
pierce the self-pity of my shadowed sky.

When as did Thomas, I presume you dead,  
feeling and faith itself within me cold,  
freshen my lips with wine, my soul with bread;  
banish my poverty with heaven's gold.

# God, When I Stand

1 God, when I stand, no path be - fore me clear,  
 2 When all my prayers no an - swer seem to bring,  
 3 When the dark lord of lone - li - ness pre - vails,  
 4 When as did Thom - as, I pre - sume you dead,

when ev - ery prayer seems pris - oner of my pain,  
 and there is si - lence in my deep - est soul;  
 and, all de - feat - ed, joy and friend - ship die,  
 feel - ing and faith it - self with - in me cold,

come with a gen - tle - ness which calms my fear;  
 when in the wil - der - ness I find no spring,  
 come, be my joy; such love that nev - er fails,  
 fresh - en my lips with wine, my soul with bread;

Lord of my help - less - ness, my vic - tory gain.  
 Lord of the des - ert pla - ces, keep me whole.  
 pierce the self - pit - y of my shad - owed sky.  
 ban - ish my pov - er - ty with heav - en's gold.