

# HEATH STREET. 8s7s.

Pearce

Fynn Titford-Mock  
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1. In the floods of tri - bu - la - tion, While the bil-lows o'er me roll  
 Je - sus whispers con - so - la - tion, And sup-ports my faint - ing soul. Thus the li-on yields me hon - ey; From the eat-er food is giv'n;  
*Strengthen'd thus I still press for-ward, Sing-ing as I wade to heav'n.*

2. 'Mid the gloom, the vi - vid light-nings With in - crea-sed bright-nessplay;  
 'Mid the thorn brake, beauteous flower ets Look more beau-ti - ful and gay: So in dark-est dis - pen - sa-tions Doth my faith-ful Lord ap - pear,  
*With his rich - est con - so - la - tions, To re - a - ni - mate and cheer.*