

When Sorrows Encompass Me Round

Primitive Baptist Hymn

When sorrows encompass me round
And many distresses I see
When astonished I cry can a mortal be found
Surrounded with trouble like me

Few seasons of peace I enjoy
And they are succeeded by pain
If e'er a few moments of praise I employ
I'll have hours and days to complain

No sorrows be vented that day
When Jesus will call me home
With singing and shouting let each brother say
He's gone from the evil to come

O when will my sorrows subside
O when will my sufferings cease
O when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed
In mansions of glory and bliss

May I be prepared for that day
When Jesus shall bid me remove
That I may in rapture go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly love

My spirit to glory conveyed
My body laid low in the ground
Though I wish not a tear 'round my grave to be shed
But all join in praising around

Immersed in an ocean of love
My soul like an angel shall sing
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above
And make all creation to ring