

My faith looks up to thee

My faith looks up to thee,
thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
strength to my fainting heart,
my zeal inspire;
as thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
pure, warm and changeless be,
a living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
and griefs around me spread,
be thou my guide;
bid darkness turn to day;
wipe sorrow's tears away,
nor let me ever stray
from thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
when death's cold sullen stream
shall o'er me roll;
blest Savior, then in love
fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
a ransomed soul.

Words: Ray Palmer, 1830

Music: Olivet, St. Peblig, Denbigh, Dulwich

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