

Hymn Lyrics

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In the hour of trial

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Jesus, plead for me,
lest by base denial
I depart from thee.
When thou seest me waver,
with a look recall,
nor for fear or favor
suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
would this vain world charm,
or its sordid treasures
spread to work me harm,
bring to my remembrance
sad Gethsemane,
or, in darker semblance,
cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
thou in love chastise,
pour thy benediction
on the sacrifice:
then upon thine altar
freely offered up,
though the faith may falter,
faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
to the grave I sink,
while heaven's glory flashes
o'er the shelving brink,
on thy truth relying,
through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
to eternal life.