

Go to Thy Savior
Fanny Crosby, 1890.
John Sweney.

Go to thy Savior, O sad and oppressed,
Pillow thy head on His kind, loving breast;
Never a trial but Jesus can feel,
Never a sorrow His love will not heal.

Refrain

He was afflicted and troubled as thou;
Go to thy Savior, He calleth thee now;
Go with thy burden, whatever it be;
Jesus will tenderly share it with thee.

Hast thou temptations? He knoweth them all,
Seeth thy tears, like the raindrops that fall;
Hast thou been watching while others have slept?
Over thy spirit a watch He has kept.

Refrain

Art thou discouraged thy labor to see
Yielding no fruit of rejoicing for thee?
Weary of sowing thy seed on the plain,
Waiting the harvest and reaping in vain.

Refrain

Leave to the Savior the work thou hast wrought,
Think not thy seed has been scattered for naught;
Jesus has guarded each blade as it grew,
He has refreshed it with sunlight and dew.

Refrain