

How Shall I Follow Him I Serve  
Josiah Conder, 1824.  
From Beethoven.

How shall I follow Him I serve?  
How shall I copy Him I love?  
Not from the blessed footsteps swerve,  
Which lead me to His seat above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,  
The life of toil, the mean abode,  
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,  
Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,  
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,  
Until the perfect work was done,  
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord, should my path through suffering lie  
Forbid it I should e'er repine;  
Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

O let me think how Thou didst leave  
Untasted every pure delight,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
The toilsome day, the homeless night.

To faint, to grieve, to die for me!  
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;  
And, dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes, I would count them all but loss,  
To gain the notice of Thine eye:  
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,  
But Thou canst give the victory.