

Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

Henry Oliver, 1832.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man, ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star!
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of Heav'n depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Savior crucified,
And O may this my portion be,
My Savior not ashamed of me!

Grigg's original version:

Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
O may I scorn it more and more!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.

'Tis evening with my soul till He,
That Morning Star, bids darkness flee;
He sheds the beam of noon divine
O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! shall yon field
Blush when it think who bids it yield?
Yet blush I must, while I adore,
I blush to think I yield no more.

Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom for heaven my hopes depend!
It must not be! be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,

When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then(nor is the boasting vain),
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And, oh, may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me!