

Low in Thine Agony
Henry Allon, 1868.
Erskine Allon.

Low in Thine agony,
Bearing Thy cross for me,
Savior divine!
In the dark tempter's hour,
Quailing beneath his power,
Sorrowing yet more and more,
Thou dost incline.

O Lord of Heav'n and earth,
What sorrow unto death
Dost Thou sustain?
Thou dost in anguish bow:
Thou art forsaken now;
For me this cup of woe
Thou dost now drain.

In deep and trembling fears,
With crying strong and tears,
Now Thou dost pray.
"If it be possible
This cup so terrible,
Father most merciful,
Take it away."

"Yet, Lord, Thy will be done;
Lo, I, Thine only Son,
This cup will drink."
O wondrous love of Thine,
Unspeakable, divine;
To save this soul of mine
Thou wilt not shrink.

Savior, give me to share
Thy lowly will and prayer
In all my woe;
In my soul's agony
Let me resemble Thee;
An angel strengthening me,
Let me, too, know.

Thy soul its travail saw,
And in its heavy woe
Was satisfied.
So let Thy sorrow, Lord,
Fullness of joy afford,
To life and God restored,
Through Him who died.