

My Faith Still Clings
Henry Colby, 1876.
Howard Doane.

My sin is great, my strength is weak,
My path beset with snares;
But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me,
And Thou wilt hear my prayers.

Refrain

To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified,
The sinner's only plea,
Relying on Thy promised grace,
My faith still clings to Thee.

The world is dark without Thee, Lord,
I turn me from its strife
To find Thy love a sweet relief;
Thou art the light of life.

Refrain

Temptations lure and fears assail
My frail, inconstant heart;
But precious are Thy promises,
And they new strength impart.

Refrain

Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,
And cleanse my blinded eyes;
Grant me to work for Thee on earth,
Then praise Thee in the skies.

Refrain