

My Savior, 'Mid Life's Varied Scene  
Elizabeth Godwin(1817-1889)  
Ebenezer Prout(1835-1909)

My Savior, 'mid life's varied scene,  
Be Thou my Stay;  
Guide me through each perplexing path,  
To perfect day.  
In weakness and in sin I stand;  
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,  
And follow at Thy dear command.

My Savior, I have naught to bring  
Worthy of Thee;  
A broken heart Thou will not spurn  
Accept of me;  
I need Thy righteousness divine,  
I plead Thy promises as mine,  
I perish if I am not Thine.

My Savior, wilt Thou turn away  
From such a cry?  
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget  
And must I die?  
Faith trembles; but her glance of light  
Has pierced through regions dark as night  
And entered into realms of light.

My Savior, 'mid Heaven's glorious throng  
I see Thee there,  
Pleading with all Thy matchless love  
And tender care;  
Not for the angel forms around,  
But for lost souls in fetters bound,  
That they may hear salvation's sound.

My Savior, thus I find my rest,  
Alone with Thee;  
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear  
Of what may be.  
Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,  
I shall be conqueror in the fight,  
Then give to Thee my crown of light.