

Out of the Depths to Thee I Cry
Elizabeth Marcy, 1877.
Hans Ngeli.

Out of the depths to Thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

Thou man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,
The trembling hand, the fainting heart
The agony, and prayer!

Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know Thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,
The power of endless life.