

When my love to God grows weak

When my love to God grows weak,
when for deeper faith I seek,
then in thought I go to thee,
garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades
while the lingering twilight fades
see that suffering, friendless One,
weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
when for stronger faith I seek,
hill of Calvary, I go
to thy scenes of fear and woe.

There behold his agony,
suffered on the bitter tree;
see his anguish, see his faith,
love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
learning all the worth of pain,
learning all the might that lies
in a full self-sacrifice.

Words: John Reynell Wreford, 1837,
and Samuel Longfellow, 1848

Music: Halle

Meter: 77 77