

**In the hour of trial**

In the hour of trial,  
Jesus, plead for me,  
lest by base denial  
I depart from thee.  
When thou seest me waver,  
with a look recall,  
nor for fear or favor  
suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures  
would this vain world charm,  
or its sordid treasures  
spread to work me harm,  
bring to my remembrance  
sad Gethsemane,  
or, in darker semblance,  
cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction  
thou in love chastise,  
pour thy benediction  
on the sacrifice:  
then upon thine altar  
freely offered up,  
though the faith may falter,  
faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes  
to the grave I sink,  
while heaven's glory flashes  
o'er the shelving brink,  
on thy truth relying,  
through that mortal strife,  
Lord, receive me, dying,  
to eternal life.

Words: James Montgomery, 1834  
Music: Penitence  
Meter: 65 65 D