

Hymn Lyrics

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For all thy saints, a noble throng

Forsaken once, and thrice denied,
the risen Lord gave pardon free,
stood once again at Peter's side,
and asked him, 'Lov'st thou me?'

How many times with faithless word
have we denied his holy name,
how oft forsaken our dear Lord,
and shrunk when trial came!

Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
went out, and wept his broken faith:
strong as a rock through strife and fear,
he served his Lord till death.

How oft his cowardice of heart
we have without his love sincere,
the sin without the sorrow's smart,
the shame without the tear!

O oft forsaken, oft denied,
forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
look on us from thy Father's side
and let that sweet look win.

Hear when we call thee from the deep,
still walk beside us on the shore,
give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
and hearts to love thee more.