

My Savior, on the Word of Truth

Anna Waring, 1850.

Uzziah Burnap, 1895.

My Savior, on the word of truth

In earnest hope I live;

I ask for all the precious things

Thy boundless love can give.

I look for many a lesser light

About my path to shine;

But chiefly long to walk with Thee,

And only trust in Thine.

In holy expectation held,

Thy strength my heart shall stay,

For Thy right hand will never let

My trust be cast away.

Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,

In many a deadly strife,

By the stronghold of hope in Thee,

The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest

As Thou wouldst have me be,

Till all the peace and joy of faith

Possess my soul in Thee

And still I seek 'mid many fears,

With yearnings unexpressed,

The comforts of Thy strengthening love,

Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me,

Till, humbled in the dust;

I know no place in all my heart

Wherein to put my trust.

Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,

The Lowly and the Meek,

That fullness which Thy own redeemed

Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Savior, on my soul,

Cast down, but not dismayed,

Still be Thy chastening, healing hand

In tender, mercy laid.

And while I wait for all Thy joys,

My yearning heart to fill,

Teach me to walk and work with Thee,

And at Thy feet sit still.