

O Lamb of God! That Tak'st Away

Alessie Faussett, 1865.

John Dykes, 1865.

O Lamb of God, that tak'st away
Our sin, and bidd'st our sorrow cease,
Turn Thou, oh, turn this night to day,
Grant us Thy peace.

The troubled world hath war without;
The restless, wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.

And there are needs that none can know,
And tears no eye but Thine can see;
Hopes naught can satisfy below;
We look to Thee.

'Tis not the calm, deceitful dream
That earth calls peace, we ask for now;
No dropping down the fatal stream
With careless prow.

Probe deep the wound if so Thou wilt,
If pain must wake us. Purge our dross:
Help us to lay our load of guilt
Beneath Thy cross.

That we amid the toil and strife
And storms that never end below,
Through all the change and chance of life,
Thy peace may know.

The peace that is not ours but Thine
O, safe and true and deathless thus
'Gainst which all storms in vain combine;
Grant, grant to us.