

OH, FOR A FAITH THAT WILL NOT SHRINK

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed my many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe,

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God,

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt,

That bears unmoved the world's dread frown
Nor heeds its scornful smile,
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown
Nor Satan's arts beguile,

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled
And with a pure and heav'nly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

RISE, MY SOUL, TO WATCH AND PRAY

Rise, my soul, to watch and pray;
From your sleep awaken!
Be not by the evil day
Unawares o'ertaken.
For the foe, Well we know,
Is a harvest reaping
While the saints are sleeping.

Watch! Let not the wicked world
With its lies defeat you
Lest with bold deceptions hurled
It betray and cheat you.
Watch and see Lest there be
Faithless friends to charm you
Who but seek to harm you.

Watch against yourself, my soul,
Lest with grace you trifle;
Let not self your thoughts control
Nor God's mercy stifle.
Pride and sin Lurk within,
All your hopes to shatter;
Heed not when they flatter.

But while watching also pray
To the Lord unceasing.
God protects you day by day,
Strength and faith increasing,
So that still Mind and will
Shall unite to serve him
And forever love him.

O'ER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS BREAKING

Rise, my soul, to watch and pray;
From your sleep awaken!
Be not by the evil day
Unawares o'ertaken.
For the foe, Well we know,
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SON OF GOD, ETERNAL SAVIOR

Son of God, eternal Savior,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Word made flesh, whose birth among us,
Honors all our human race,
You our head, who, throned in glory,
For your own will ever plead:
Fill us with your love and pity;
Heal our wrongs and help our need.

Come, O Christ, and reign among us,
King of love and Prince of Peace;
Hush the storm of strife and passion;
Bid its cruel discords cease.
By your patient years of toiling,
By your silent hours of pain,
Quench our fevered thirst for pleasure;
Stem our selfish greed for gain.

Bind us all as one together
In your Church's sacred fold,
Weak and healthy, poor and wealthy,
Sad and joyful, young and old.
Is there want or pain or sorrow?
Make us all the burden share.
Are there spirits crushed and broken?
Teach us, Lord, to soothe their care.

As you, Lord, have lived for others,
So may we for others live.
Freely have your gifts been granted;
Freely may your servants give.
Yours the gold and yours the silver,
Yours the wealth of land and sea;
We but stewards of your bounty
Held in solemn trust will be.