1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
2 May thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart,
3 While life's dark maze I tread, and griefs around me spread,
4 When ends life's transient dream when death's cold, sul-len stream,

Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray,
be thou my guide; bid darkness turn to day,
O may my love to thee pure, warm, and
don't let me fear and distrust remove; O bear me

from this day be wholly thine!
change less be, a living fire!
ever stray from thee a side.
safe above, a ransomed soul!