My Faith Looks Up to Thee

1. My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of
Cal-var-y, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me
while I pray, take all my guilt a-way.
O let me from this day be
whol-ly thine!

2. May thy rich grace im-part strength to my
faint-ing heart, my zeal in-spire. As thou hast
died for me, O may my love to thee
warm, and change-less be, a
liv-ing fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread and griefs a-
round me spread, be thou my guide. Bid dark-ness
turn to day, wipe sorrow's tears a-way,
let me ev-er stray from
thee a-side.

4. When life's swift race is run, death's cold work
almost done, be near to me. Blest Sav-ior,
then in love fear and dis-trust re-move.
ob-served safe a-bove, re-
deemed and free!