

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare:
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy Nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal,
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

HYMN 10.

S. M.

- 1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?