

CLING to JESUS ! Cling to JESUS !  
He is power, He is love,  
When the storm is raging round thee,  
And the skies are dark above ;  
He will come across the waters,  
He will raise thee with His hand  
He will set thy feet in safety  
And His grace will make thee stand.

Cling to JESUS ! Cling to JESUS !  
When temptation's fires assail,  
And a lying voice within thee  
Tells thee Satan must prevail ;  
Christ is stronger than the tempter,  
He will quench the scorching flame,  
And the weakest soul may triumph  
In the magic of His name.

Cling to JESUS ! Cling to JESUS !  
When the morning sun is bright,  
In thy work and in thy prayer,  
In thy lying down at night ;  
He will make thee pure and noble,  
Strong and manly, glad and bold,  
Conquering in thy stainless honour,  
Like the Saints who fought of old.

Cling to JESUS ! Cling to JESUS !  
For the hour is drawing near,  
When the soul shall burst its prison  
And before its God appear ;  
But the heart that loves its Saviour  
Still shall triumph in His might,  
Mounting upward through the shadows  
To the realm of perfect light.

Frederick George Scott.

Quebec, 1901.