

Who gave the peace—peace vainly sought,
From earthly streams, from worldly joys,
Peace, that the world with all its arts,
Cannot within my soul destroy?

My Saviour.

Who gave me grace to follow Him,
In life's straight narrow way?
Who in my weakness perfected strength,
And grace supplied for every day?

My Saviour.

Who sought my heart, to stay itself
On Him to trust and never fear?
Who, when the storm of sorrow lowered,
Whispered, "Be not afraid, for I am near?"

My Saviour.

Who day by day is teaching me,
New lessons of his love?
Who leads my soul from height to height,
And fits it for the rest above?

My Saviour.

Who faithful is my soul to keep,
Through all the changing scenes to come?
Who through this dark and howling waste,
Shall guide me safe to His loved home?

My Saviour.

Who'll bear me up when nature fails,
Over death's dark and troubled stream?