1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2 May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3 While life’s dark maze I tread And griefs a - round me spread,
4 When ends life’s tran - sient dream, When death’s cold, sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine. Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!

My zeal in - spire! As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
love to thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side!

Be thou my guide. Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row’s
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

Well, part tread dream, To - morrow’s grace round me spread,
Bid round my soul, Thee with dark - ness dim I meet again;
Now, Lord! from thee I turn, In all my griefs to thee I flee;
I’ll bid round me, And in all my griefs to thee I flee;

Oh, may my

From thee a - side!

A ran - somed soul!

A liv - ing fire!

A liv - ing fire!

A liv - ing fire!

A liv - ing fire!

A liv - ing fire!

A liv - ing fire!

A liv - ing fire!