THE CALL OF CHRIST



- 2. On life's wayside, dull and dreary, I can hear thee passing by, but my heart is sad and weary till I see thee with mine eye.
- 3. Long, alas! by passion blinded, wand'ring off the narrow way,O how hard it is to find it!Turn, my Saviour, turn and stay.
- 4. Hush, poor soul! thy Lord is going on to weariness and pain; wilt thou then, this secret knowing, care to lift thy voice again?
- 5. Yes! I will his very sorrow makes me know he feels for mine, thence alone my heart doth borrow all its hope and light divine.
- 6. Had he stayed in bliss above me, I might doubt his care to bless, but what proof, that he doth love me, better than the wilderness?
- 7. There let his sweet voice allure me, I will follow and have rest, certain that he will ensure me comfort in the way that's best.

- 8. But canst thou, with calm conviction, trust him even tho' he slay, and his footsteps of affliction follow as the safest way?
- 9. Yes! I can let me but hear him, I shall follow that sweet Voice, thankful only to be near him, till his light my soul rejoice:
- 10. waiting till his glory lighten these dark eyes to look on him, and behold his sunshine brighten all that else on earth were dim.
- 11. Only let my Lord precede me, only let him deign to bless,I shall follow lead me, lead me, 'Up into the wilderness.'
- 12. Rise, glad soul! thy prayer is granted, soon thy longing eyes shall see that for which thy heart hath panted: rise, thy Saviour calleth thee.

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