PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR



- 2. Blessed with communion so divine, take what thou wilt, shall I repine, when, as the branches of the vine, my soul may cling to thee?
- 3. Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed, here she has found a place of rest; an exile still, yet not unblessed, while she can cling to thee.
- 4. Without a murmur I dismiss my former dreams of earthly bliss; my joy, my recompense, be this, each hour to cling to thee.
- 5. What though the world deceitful prove, and earthly friends and joys remove; with patient, uncomplaining love, still would I cling to thee.
- 6. Oft when I seem to tread alone some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown, a voice of love, in gentlest tone, whispers, "Still cling to me."
- 7. Though faith and hope awhile be tried, I ask not, need not, aught beside: how safe, how calm, how satisfied, the souls that cling to thee!
- 8. They fear not life's rough storms to brave, since thou art near, and strong to safe; nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave; because they cling to thee!
- 9. Blessed is my lot, whate'er befall: what can disturb me, who appal, while, as my strength, my rock, my all, Saviour! I cling to thee?

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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