

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

- 2 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to Thee.
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.
- 4 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!
- 5 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.
- 6 Blest 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?

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871