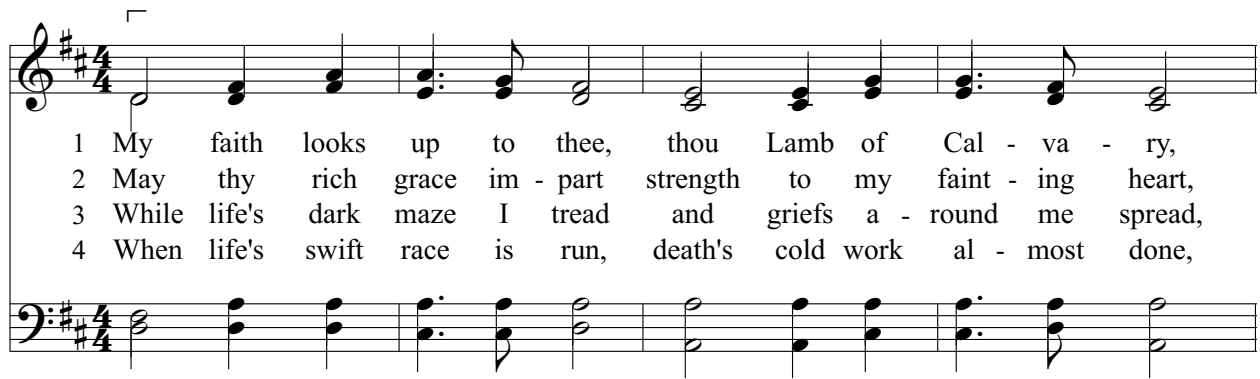



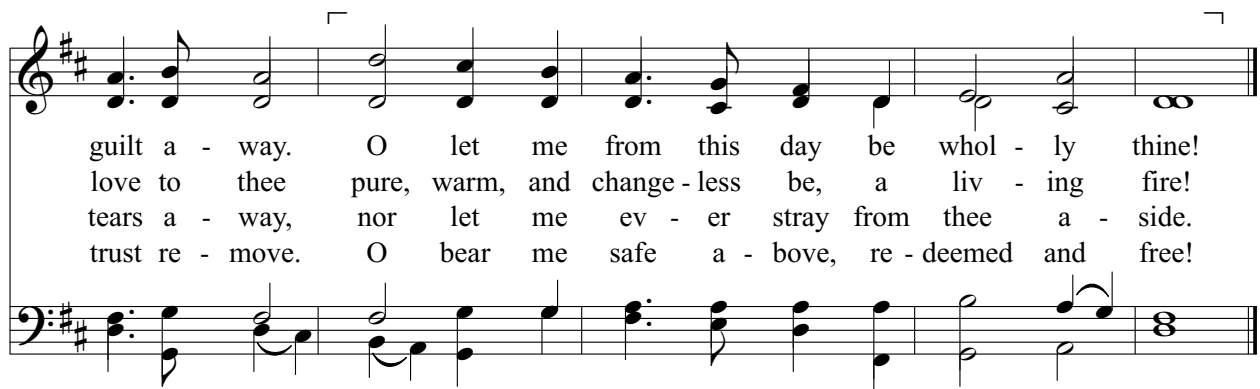
My Faith Looks Up to Thee



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 life's swift race is run, death's cold work al - most done,



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, take all my
 my zeal in - spire. As thou hast died for me, O may my
 be thou my guide. Bid dark - ness turn to day, wipe sor - row's
 be near to me. Blest Sav - ior, then in love fear and dis -



guilt a - way. O let me from this day be whol - ly thine!
 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.
 trust re - move. O bear me safe a - bove, re - deemed and free!

Text: Ray Palmer, 1830, alt.
 Tune: Lowell Mason, 1832



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