

When My Love to Christ Grows Weak 159

*Surely He hath borne our griefs, He was wounded for our transgressions
and with His stripes we are healed. Isaiah 53:4-5*

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1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deep - er faith I seek,
2. There I walk a - mid the shades, While the ling - 'ring twi - light fades,
3. When my love for man grows weak, When for strong - er faith I seek,
4. There be - hold His ag - o - ny, Suf - fered on the bit - ter tree;
5. Then to life I turn a - gain, Learn - ing all the worth of pain;

Then in tho't I go to Thee, Gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne!
See that suff - 'ring, friend - less One, Weep - ing, pray - ing there a - lone.
Hill of Cal - va - ry! I go To thy scenes of fear and woe.
See His an - guish, see His faith, Love tri - um - phant still in death.
Learn - ing all the might that lies In a full self - sac - ri - fice.

J. R. Wreford, 1837

Phoebe Palmer Knapp, 1908