1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-giv'n,  
   So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
2. Help us, thru good report and ill, Our dai-ly cross to bear,  
   Like Thee to do our Fa-ther's will, Our breth-ren's grieves to share.
3. If joy shall at Thy bid-ding fly, And grief's dark day come on,  
   We, in our turn, would meek-ly cry, Fa-ther, Thy will be done!
4. Should friends mis-judge, or foes de-fame, Or breth-ren faith-less prove,  
   Then, like Thine own, be all our aim To con-qu’er them by love.