My Faith Still Clings

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path beset with snares,
   But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
   To find, Thy love a sweet relief; Thou art the light of life.

2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife
   But precious are Thy promises, And they new strength impart.
   Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

3. Temptations lure and fears assail My frail, inconstant heart,
   To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified, The sinner's only plea,
   Relying on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

4. Unfold Thy precepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes;
   Words: Rev. H. F. Colby
   Music: W. H. Doane

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