My Faith Still Clings

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path beset with snares,
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife;
3. Temptations lure and fears assail My frail, inconstant heart,
4. Unfold Thy precepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes;

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.
But precious are Thy promises, And they new strength impart.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

Chorus

To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified, The sinner's only plea,

Relying on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

Words: Rev. H. F. Colby
Music: W. H. Doane