Savior, We Are Young And Weak

STOWELL 7s, 6 Lines.

1. Savior, we are young and weak, Yet we have a race to run;
   Glorious is the crown we seek; Hard the fight that must be won;
   Lest we faint and lest we flee, Keep us ever near to Thee.

2. Many are our foes and strong, Foes without, and foes within,
   Great temptations to go wrong, And an evil heart of sin;
   We shall sure-ly con-qu'red be If we keep not close to Thee.

3. When the dark and cloudy day Comes to bow our hearts in grief,
   Earth-ly com-forts pass a-way, Earth-ly hopes give no relief;
   To Thy bos-om we will flee, Cling-ing ever near to Thee.

4. Then the prize of vic-t'ry won, And the wea-ry con-test o'er
   We shall hear the glad "Well done," Greet us on the heav'n-ly shore.
   And thru all e-ter-ni-ty Ev-er-more be near to Thee. A-men.