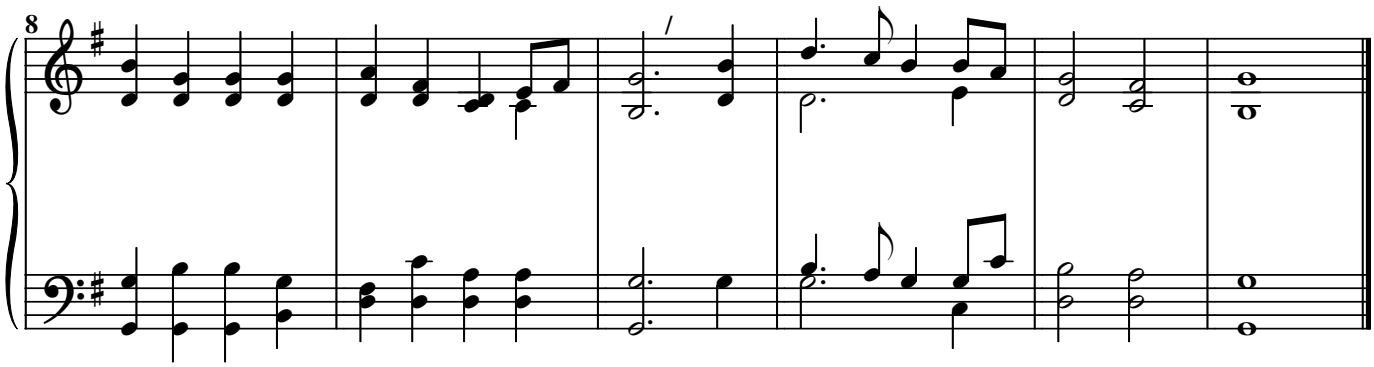


O for a faith that will not shrink

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1764-1828

Northfield
CM



O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink of poverty
Of poverty or woe woe;
Of poverty or woe!

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;
Can lean upon its God.

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear, knows of no pain,
In darkness feels no doubt;
In darkness feels no doubt.

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown, no, cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile
Nor its soft arrs beguile.

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home,
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst