

Lord, to whom shall we go?

WEARY with my load of sin,
All diseased and faint within,
See me, Lord, thy grace entreat,
See me prostrate at thy feet.
Here before Thy Cross I lie.
Here I live or here I die.

I have tried, and tried in vain,
Many ways to ease my pain ;
Now all other hope is past,
Only this is left at last :
Here before thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.

If I perish, be it here,
With the friend of sinners near.
Lord, it is enough — I know
Never sinner perished so :
Here before thy cross I lie,
Here I cannot, cannot die.

(Rev. George Wade Robinson) (1838 — 1877)