



*When My Love
Grows Weak*

When my love to Christ grows weak,

When for deeper faith I seek,

Then in thought I go to thee,

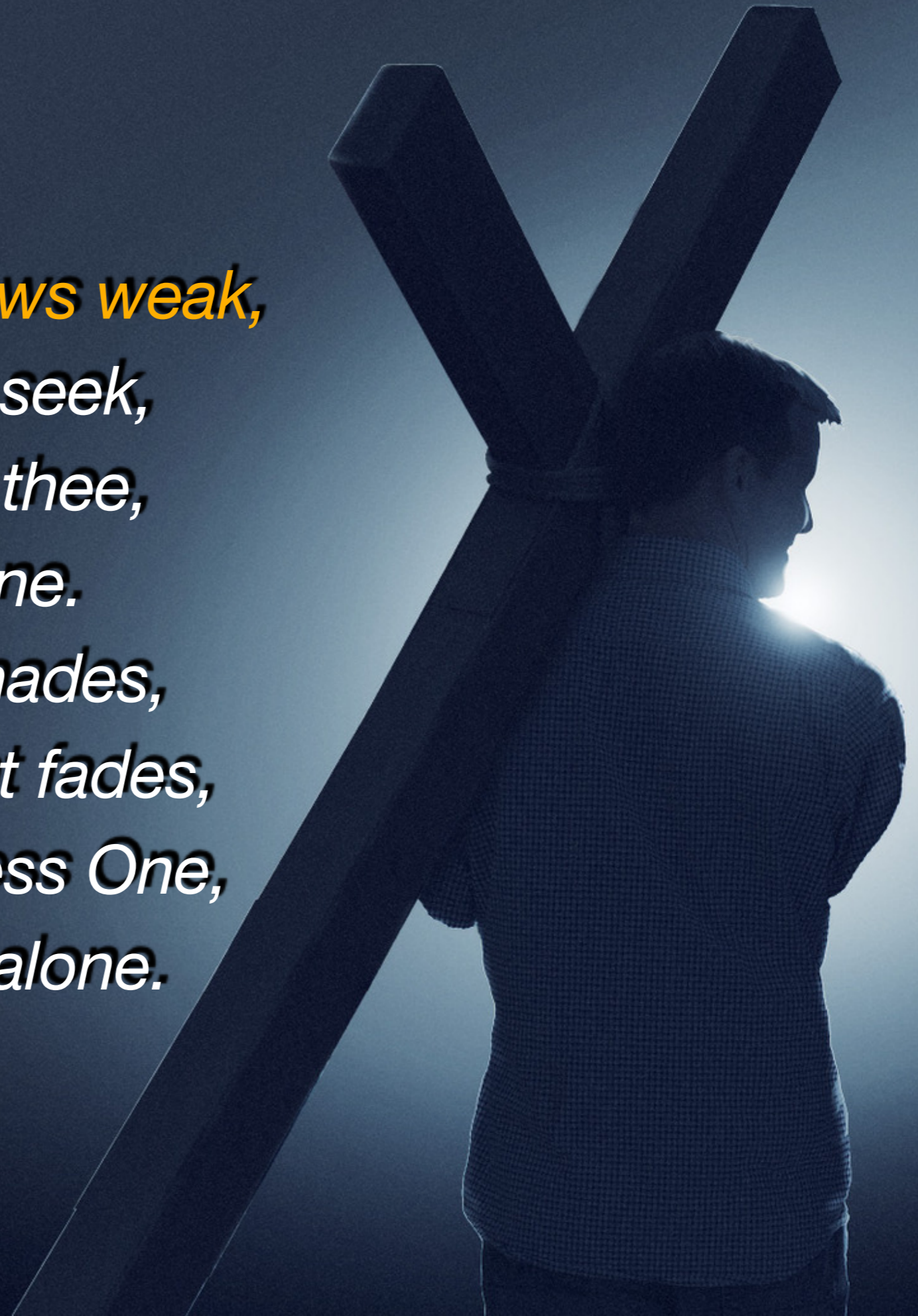
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,

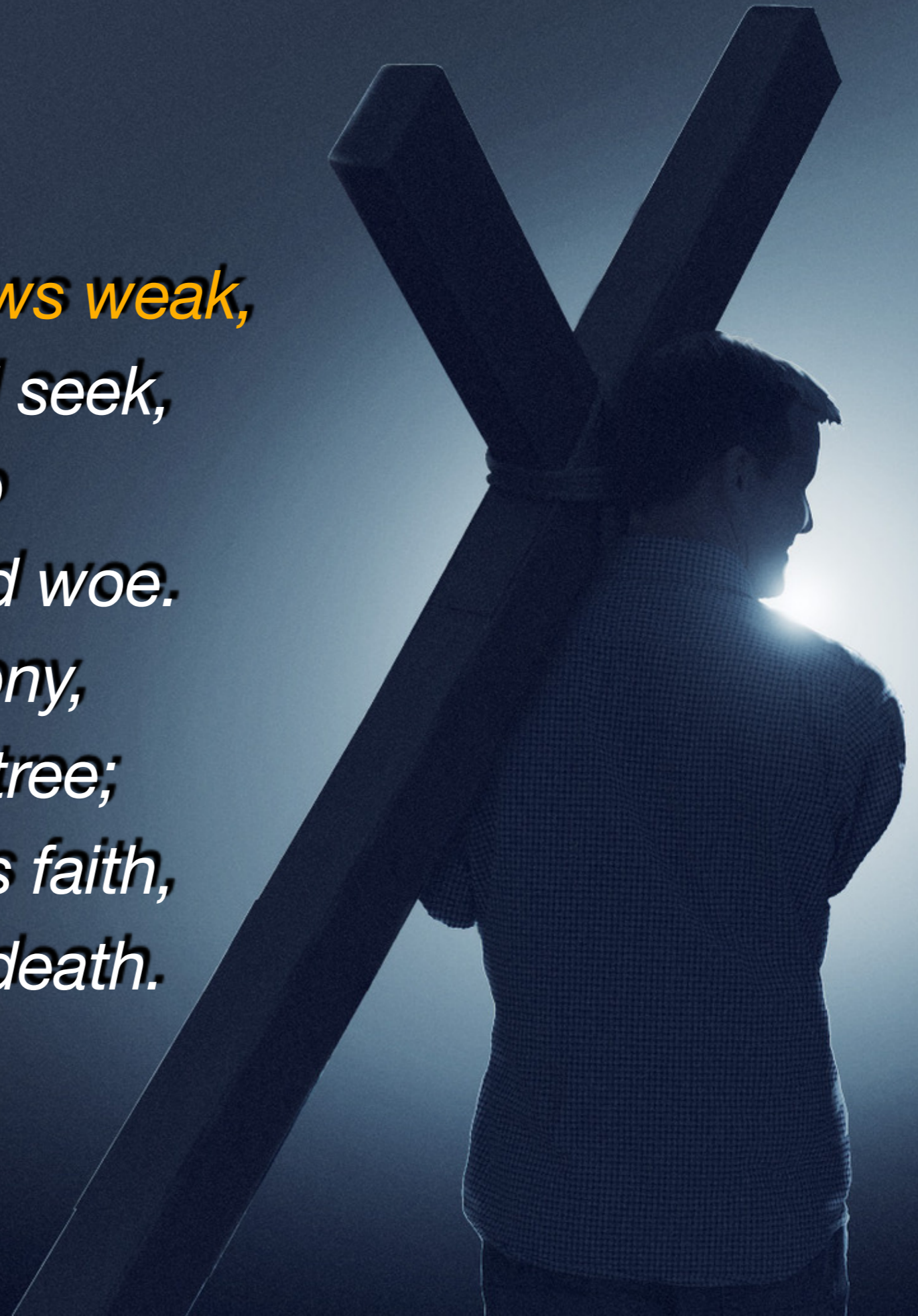
While the lingering twilight fades,

See that suffering, friendless One,

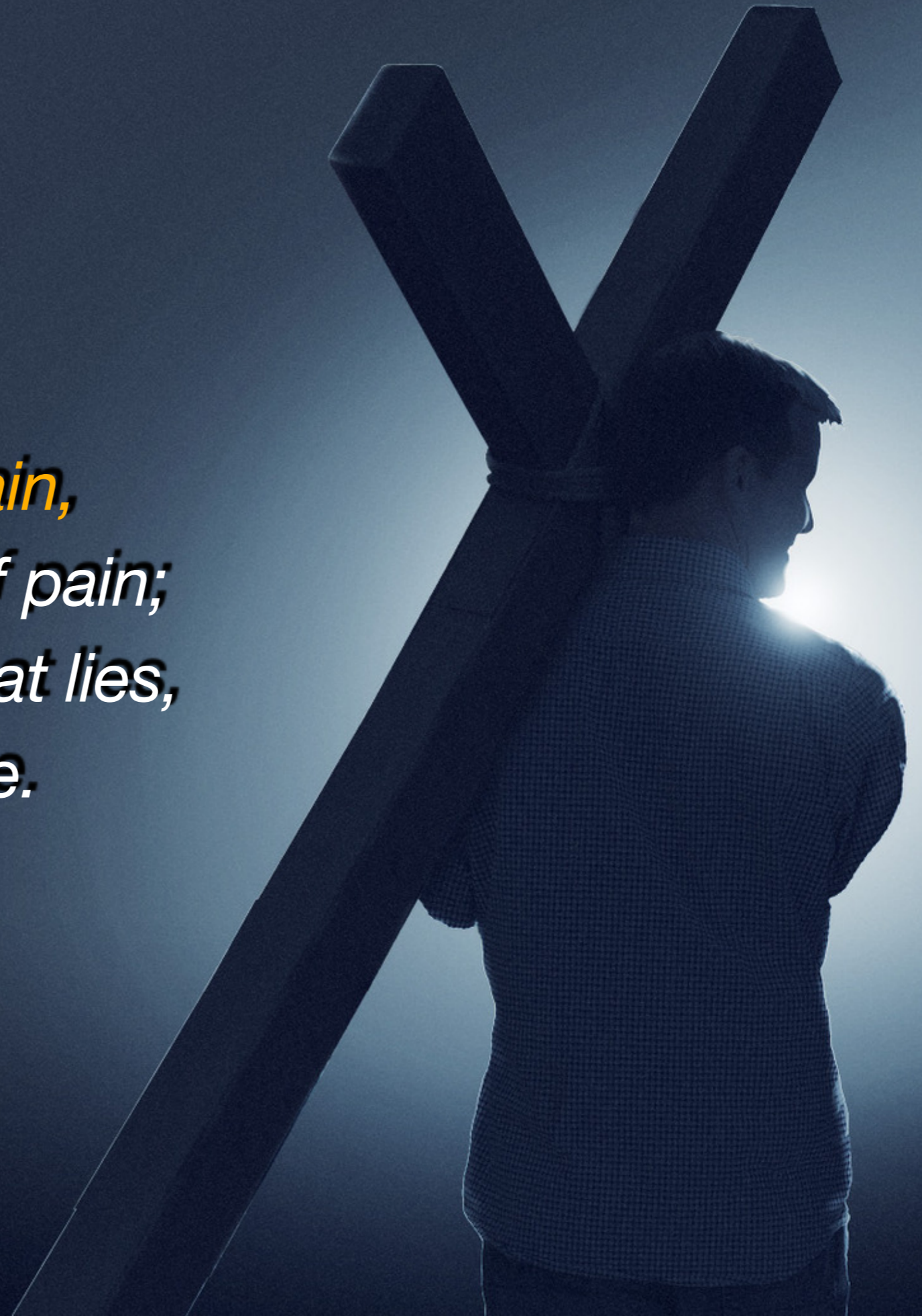
Weeping, praying there alone.



*When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe.
There behold His agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See His anguish, see His faith,
Love triumphant still in death.*



*Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain;
Learning all the might that lies,
In a full self-sacrifice.*



How Is Your Love For Christ & Man?

