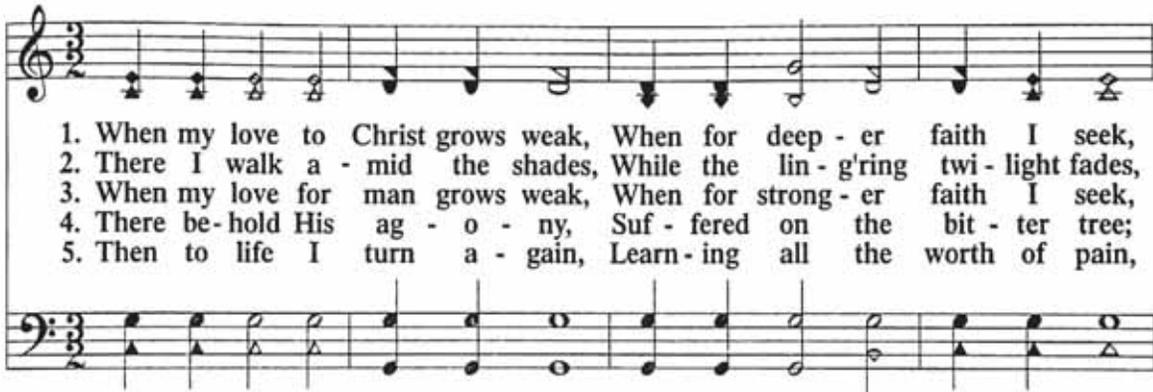


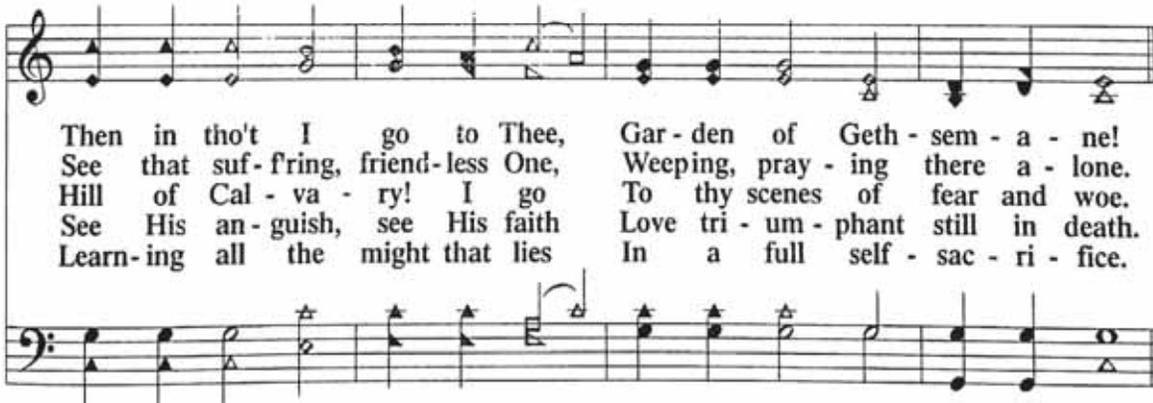
# When My Love to Christ Grows Weak 350

C/E

*We love because He first loved us. – 1 John 4:19*



1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deep - er faith I seek,  
2. There I walk a - mid the shades, While the lin - g'ring twi - light fades,  
3. When my love for man grows weak, When for strong - er faith I seek,  
4. There be - hold His ag - o - ny, Suf - fered on the bit - ter tree;  
5. Then to life I turn a - gain, Learn - ing all the worth of pain,



Then in tho't I go to Thee, Gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne!  
See that suf - fring, friend - less One, Weeping, pray - ing there a - lone.  
Hill of Cal - va - ry! I go To thy scenes of fear and woe.  
See His an - guish, see His faith Love tri - um - phant still in death.  
Learn - ing all the might that lies In a full self - sac - ri - fice.

WORDS: John R. Wreford (w. 1837)  
MUSIC: Phoebe Palmer Knapp (w. 1908)

ALBERTSON  
7.7.7.7.