

From coldness to the burning woe

St. Chrysostom: Joseph Barnby 1838-1896



1.

From coldness to the burning woe
Mine eyes have seen, my heart must know,
From weakness in the awful fight
Against the demons of the night,
From all that would dishonour Thee,
O Christ my Lord, deliver me.

2.

From fearing calls to do and dare,
From unreality in prayer,
From dread of battle wound and scar,
From seeing mud instead of star,
From all that would dishonour Thee,
O Christ my Lord, deliver me.

3.

From weakening whispers that entice
The soul to shrink from sacrifice,
From all that fails to fortify,
From loves that I should crucify,
From all that would dishonour Thee,
O Christ my Lord, deliver me.