

“In Pain,” Grace Grows Best in Winter

E. Margaret Clarkson

Lord Jesus, King of pain,
Thy subject I; Thy right it is to reign:
Oh, hear my cry, and bid in me all longings cease;
save for Thy holy will's increase.
Thy right it is to reign O'er all Thine own;
then, if Thy love send pain,
find there Thy throne,
and help me bear it unto Thee,
who didst bear death and hell for me.
Lord Jesus, King of pain, my heart's adored,
teach me eternal gain is love's reward:
in Thee I hide me; hold me still
till pain work all Thy perfect will.

© Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company: Grand Rapids, MI