

How Shall I Follow Him I Serve

Lyrics: Josiah Conder

Scripture: John 12:26

Meter: 8.8.8.8

How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Not from the blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

Lord, should my path through suff'ring lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring Thine.

Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night.

To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?