

# Crichlow L. M.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?  
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star:  
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let mid - night be a - shamed of noon:  
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On Whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend?

A - shamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thru end - less days?  
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.  
'Tis mid - night with my soul, till He, Bright Morn - ing Star, bid dark - ness flee?  
No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.