1. Immortal Love, within Whose righteous will
Is always peace, O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease; Come down in pow'r within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

2. The days are gone when far and wide my will
Drove me a stray; And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode;
Tolling for man, and Thee, almighty God.

3. What-e'er of pain Thy loving hand allotted,
I gladly bear; Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care, Freedom from storms and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

4. So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love, Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above, Wounded, yet healed, sin laden, yet for giv'n,
And sure Thy goodness is my only heav'n. Amen.