Bring to the Christ Your Fears

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: QUAM DILECTA

| m - | f - m - m - r - | d - - - - - s - |
Bring to the Christ your fears, And

| l - m - r - d - | r - - - - - r - |
tell your sorrows there, The

| m - s - s - l - | s - - - - - r - |
faintest cry he hears, And

| m - f - m - - r | d - - - - - |
every faltering prayer;

The other verses

2 With thought of sin opprest,
Does conscience smite thee sore?
There is a place of rest,
Where sin afflicts no more;

3 Think you of former bliss,
Of happier, sunnier hours,
When fragrant joys you miss,
Bestrewed your path like flowers?

4 Mourn you a heart estranged,
Once kind, but now grown cold?
A happy friendship changed,
Now that the years are old?

5 Is there an empty room
Where silence broods alone,
All curtained round with gloom,
Where once the sunlight shone?

6 Bring then to Christ your fears,
And tell your sorrows there,
The faintest cry He hears,
And every faltering prayer;

Tune QUAM DILECTA by Henry Lascelles Jenner (1820–1898); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.