Forty days and forty nights





Forty days and forty nights Thou wast fasting in the wild; Forty days and forty nights Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day; Chilly dew-drops nightly shed; Prowling beasts about Thy way; Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

Should not we Thy sorrow share And from worldly joys abstain, Fasting with unceasing prayer, Strong with Thee to suffer pain?

Then if Satan on us press, Jesus, Savior, hear our call! Victor in the wilderness, Grant we may not faint nor fall!

Keep, O keep us, Savior dear, Ever constant by Thy side; That with Thee we may appear At the eternal Eastertide.

George H. Smyttan

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