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.

Burning heat throughout 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?

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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