Bethesda
Words: Mary McKee, 1903
Music: Adam Geibel

I come, O Lord, when troubled waves are stirring
The healing fount that cures the touch of sin;
I come in hope, no faintness then deterring,
But there are none, O Lord, to help me in.

Refrain

Help me in, help me in!
I am tired now of sin;
Help me in, help me in!
I may life eternal win!

I come, O Lord, when mercy is extended,
And angel wings are brooding softly o'er;
The ways of sin, that I had once defended,
I leave them all, and I can do no more.

Refrain

I come, O Lord, though others may be hasting
With stronger steps to seek the way of life;
I come in faith, no precious moment wasting,
While earth and Heaven with love and peace are rife.

Refrain