

JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,  
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On Whom my hopes of Heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

*Joseph Grigg, c 1728-68,  
alt Benjamin Francis, 1734-99*