

O thou to whose all-searching sight

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the darkness shineth as the light,
search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
nail my affections to the cross;
hallow each thought; let all within
be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
be thou my light, be thou my way;
no foes, no evils need I fear,
no harm, while thou, my God, art near.

Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
and lead me to thy holy hill!