

Hymn Lyrics

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Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb

1. Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb

To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find creation's utmost bound.

2. But weaker yet that thought must prove

To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3. When my dim reason would demand

Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4. When doubts disturb my troubled breast,

And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5. Be this my joy, that evermore

Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.