

Whatever Dims Thy Sense of Truth

Mary Hale(1810-1862)

William Horsley, 1844.

Whatever dims thy sense of truth
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
O count it sin to thee.

Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
For our Redeemer's holy faith
Its temple makes with thee.

And pray of God, that grace be given
To tread the narrow way:
How dark so ever it may seem,
It leads to cloudless day.