

Thou God Unsearchable, Unknown  
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU God unsearchable, unknown,  
Who still conceal'st thyself from me,  
Hear an apostate spirit groan,  
Broke off, and banished far from thee;  
But conscious of my fall I mourn,  
And fain I would to thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,  
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,  
To guide me through the gulf of night,  
My poor desponding soul to cheer,  
Till thou my unbelief remove,  
And show me all thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God indeed thou art!  
Thy absence I this moment feel;  
Yet must I own it from my heart,  
Concealed, thou art a Saviour still;  
And though thy face I cannot see,  
I know thine eye is fixed on me.

4 My Saviour thou, not yet revealed,  
Yet will I thee my Saviour call;  
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld;  
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:  
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,  
And show thyself for ever mine.