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The Humble Heart

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Whence comes this bright celestial light,
What cause produces this?
A heaven opens to my sight,
Bright scenes of joy and bliss.
O Lord Jehova art Thou here?
This light proclaims Thou art.
"I am in deed I'm always near
Unto the humble heart.

"The proud and lofty I despise,
And bless the meek and low.
I hear the humble soul that cries,
And comfort I bestow.
Of all the trees among the wood
I've chose the little vine;
The meek and low are nigh to me,
The humble heart is mine."

"Tall cedars fall before the wind,
The tempest breaks the oak,
While slender vines will bow and bend
And rise beneath the stroke.
I've chosen me a pleasant grove
And set my lovely vine
Here in my vinyard I will rove,
The humble heart is mine.

Of all the kinds that range at large,
I've chose one little flock,
And those I make my lovely charge,
Before them I will walk.
Their constant shepherd I will be,
And all their ways refine,
And they shall serve and rev'rence me,
The humble heart is mine."

George DeWitt Hymnal, New Lebanon, 1822
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