

**O** LORD, at times my heart is cold,  
No blessing can I see;  
No warmth of Thy protecting love,  
No comfort shines on me.

2 How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face,  
And must I distant stand,  
With deep'ning sadness, and with trials  
And scorn at every hand?

3 O Lord my God, consider me,  
I fear the soul's dark sleep;  
Grant me to taste Thy power and love,  
And living feelings keep.

4 Help me my pilgrimage review,  
And praise Thee for the past;  
Reflect on all Thy love to me,  
That I may *feel* at last.

5 So may I sing, whate'er I feel,  
For all Thou art to me;  
Thy bounteous dealings, O so kind!  
Shall shame my gloom away.

*Evangelical Psalter*