

ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign;
I long for the light of Thy face,
And fear it may never be mine;
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at Thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is Thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for the blessing with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

3 O Lord, in Thy mercy bestow
A covenant blessing for me,
And grant me to feel and to know
The outcome of seeking for Thee.
Almighty to rescue Thou art!
Thy grace is transforming and free!
Come, Lord, and be Lord of my heart,
And make me live only for Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78