

LORD, Thou hast searched me, and dost know
Where'er I rest, where'er I go;
Thou knowest all that I have planned,
And all my ways are in Thy hand.
My words from Thee I cannot hide;
I feel Thy power on every side.

2 O wondrous knowledge, awful might,
Unfathomed depth, unmeasured height!
Where can I go apart from Thee,
Or whither from Thy presence flee?
In Heaven?—it is Thy dwelling fair;
In death's abode?—lo, Thou art there.

3 If I the wings of morning take,
And far away my dwelling make,
The hand that leads me, still is Thine,
And my support Thy power divine;
If deepest darkness cover me,
The darkness hideth not from Thee.

4 To Thee both night and day are bright,
The darkness shineth as the light.
All that I am I owe to Thee;
Thy wisdom, Lord, has fashioned me;
I give my Maker humblest praise,
Whose wondrous works my soul amaze.