

I THOUGHT that I was strong, Lord,
And did not need Thine arm:
Though dangers thronged around me,
My heart felt no alarm.
I thought I needed nothing
From Thee: no help or sight;
And on I walked in darkness,
Still thinking it was light.

2 But Thou hast pierced the spell, Lord,
And roused me from my dreams;
Thy light has burst upon me
With bright awakening beams.
I trust Thy blood to cleanse me,
O tell me I'm forgiven;
And guide me on my pathway
Until I come to Heaven.

3 O may I know I'm Thine, Lord,
And none shall pluck away
This humbled soul now making
Thine arm its only stay.
Thy kindness and Thy favour
Are everything to me;
Accept me in Thy mercy,
And keep me close to Thee.

Derived: Joseph Denham Smith's Collection, 1860