

O SEND Thy light forth and Thy Truth,
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thy holy hill,
Thy dwelling-place to see.

- 2 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my boundless joy;
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise
My harp I will employ.
- 3 Why art thou then cast down my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?
- 4 Hope thou in God; His praise shall yet
My thankful lips employ;
He is the spring of all my health,
My God, my boundless joy.