

And now our Guide, our Light Thou art,
By whom alone the way we learn,
The present Christ within the heart,
And earnest sure of His return.

O shall we weary by the way,
Or shrink from peril, shame, or care,
With Thee our comforter and stay
That shame and peril all to share ?

Or shall we basely yield to sin,
And Christ our Lord and King deny,
With shadows cloud the light within,
And grieve Thee in Thy sanctuary ?

Forbid it, Lord! with sacred awe
Help us to own ourselves as Thine,
From Thee our strength and comfort draw
And guard with jealous care Thy shrine.

And let Thy pure and peaceful light
Glow in Thy temple more and more,
Till faith at length shall merge in sight,
And the long desert march is o'er.
