

Nor take away. And now in misery
And utter wretchedness I lie before thee,
Burdened with the consciousness of Thy displeasure
Which I a thousandfold have merited
For my unfaithfulness to Thee my King.
'Tis darkness all within, and darkness round
On every side ; my eyes with looking up
And waiting for the expected day-spring fail.
It never comes. How long ? O Lord, how long

But thou art gracious, merciful, and just
In all thy doings ; mine alone the guilt.
I've wandered far from Thee, like a lost sheep
Deceived by pleasant fields before me seen,
And ever seeming fairer to the sight.
But as I reached them one by one, I found
Them gall and wormwood to my taste. But I,
The shadow followed still, though at each step
The briars tore my feet, and o'er my head
The thunder rolled, and forked lightnings flashed.
And now I cannot go ; for on my path
The darkness from eternal hills has fallen,
Enfolding me as in a living tomb ;
And mocking voices through the gloom, cry "Lost
Lost ! Lost !" — Lost ! am I, O my God ?
Where art Thou, gracious One, who savest those
Who call upon Thee when nought else can save.

I cannot see Thee, but I call to Thee.
Shall darkness evermore Thy face conceal,
And dread despair shut up my hopeless soul