

THOU ART MY LIGHT \*

DEEP darkness, deep, surrounds my wander-  
ing soul.

My way is lone ;  
With bleeding feet I seek the hidden goal,  
For God unknown ;  
I do not seek a name nor luring gain,  
I grope for light, and rest from care and  
pain.

A blinding flash has struck the midnight  
gloom—

Bedazed I cry—

Is it of life ? or augury of doom ?

Hear, Thou on high !

I tremble, Lord, Thy gleaming shafts to see:  
Come thro' the storm, my Father, shelter  
me.

\* To be set to music.