

**A SONG
FOR THE WILDERNESS.**

Rise, my soul ! Thy God directs thee ;
Stranger hands no more impede :
Pass thou on ! His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed,

Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands, where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides,

Light Divine surrounds thy going ;
God Himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion—
Egypt's food—no more to eat !

Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There His love's exhaustless deep.