

View me, Lord, a work of Thine:
Shall I then lie drown'd in night?
Might Thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At Thine altar pure and white:
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heav'nly light appears,
But the cov'nants Thou hast made,
Endless, know nor days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,
To Thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet Thy grace can lift me high. Amen.