## O send your light forth and your truth



O send your light forth and your truth; let them be guides to me, and bring me to your holy hill, even where your dwellings be.
Then will I to God's altar go, to God my chiefest joy: yes, God, my God, your name to praise my harp I will employ.

Why are you then cast down, my soul? why so discouraged be? and why with vexing thoughts are you disquieted in me? Still trust in God; for him to praise good cause I yet shall have: he of my countenance is the health, my God who will me save.

Francis Rous