I dared not hope



I dared not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come And make this lowly heart of mine Thy home, That Thou wouldst deign, O King of kings, to be E'en for one hour a sojourner in me; Yet art Thou always here to help, and bless, And lift the load of my great sinfulness.

I dared not ever hope for such a Guide To walk with me my faltering steps beside, To help me when I fall, and when I stray Constrain me gently to the better way; Yet art Thou always at my side to be A Counselor and a Comforter to me. I do not always go where Thou dost lead,
I do not always Thy soft whispers heed;
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
I vex with many a slight my Friend within:
Yet Thou dost not, though grieved, from me depart,
But guardest still Thy place within my heart.

Edwin Hatch