O Thou to whose all searching sight

Ignaz J. Pleyel, 1815

Grace Church
L.M.





O Thou to Whose all searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross, Nail my affections to the cross; Hallow each thought; let all within Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean! If in this darksome wild I stray, Be Thou my light, be Thou my way; No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

Savior, where'er Thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I follow thee! O let Thy hand support me still, And lead me to Thy holy hill!

Nikolaus L. von Zinzendorf

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