View me, Lord a work of thine: Let me, Lord, that I may

Shall I then lie drown'd in night? Might thy grace in me but shine,

I should seem made all of light.
kneel at thy 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'ly
when the hea\n\n\ny light a\n\n\n\nppears; But the
hea\n\n\ny light a\n\n\n\nppears; But the cov\n\n\n\nants thou hast
hea\n\n\ny light a\n\n\n\nppears, a\n\n\n\nppears; But the cov\n\n\n\nants
co\n\n\n\nants thou hast made, End\n\n\n\nless, know not days nor years.
co\n\n\n\nants thou hast made, end\n\n\n\nless know nor days nor years.

In thy word, Lord, is my trust, to thy mer\n\n\ncies
Yet thy grace can lift me high. Amen.