









- 2. I knew thee when the world was waste, and thou alone wast fair, on thee my heart its fondness placed, my soul reposed its care.
- 3. And if thine altered hand doth now my sky with sunshine fill, who amid all so fair as thou,O, let me know thee still:
- 4. Still turn to thee, in days of light as well as nights of care, thou brightest amid all that's bright! Thou fairest of the fair!
- 5. Can I forget the cloudy days of grief in which we met, when in life's lone and friendless ways thou didst not me forget?
- 6. Can I forget those words of love, so tender and so true, with which, when thou must needs reprove, thou didst so comfort too?
- 7. O never, never let me choose freedom from thy control,O never, never let me lose thy sunshine from my soul.
- 8. My sun is, Lord, where'er thou art, my cloud, where self I see, my drought in an ungrateful heart, my freshest springs in thee.

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