







- 2. 'Tis not the wilderness I dread, its peril or its pain; no pathway thou didst ever tread, but with its grief hath gain; I can bear all, so it may be thou wilt not hide thyself from me.
- 3. And well I know thou dost not love that gentle face to hide, only in need, dull Faith to prove, the wav'ring heart to chide: were pain in Heaven, 't were pain to thee, I trow, to hide thyself from me.
- 4. By thine own sorrow on the Cross, that agonising cry, thy sense of that one moment's loss, when darkness veiled the sky, and hid thy Father's face from thee: – hide not thy face, O Christ, from me.

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