



- 2. Fetch me a beam from yon clear star of night, or yet a warmer ray from day's bright sun, to kindle into heat, and glow, and light, this soul of gloom and death, whose day seems scarce begun.
- 3. Fetch me a drop from yon translucent lake, or, farther up, from yon pure mountain-well, these lips to cool, this feverish thirst to slake, this weary frame to freshen, these fierce fires to quell.
- 4. O thou my God, my being's health and source, better than life, brighter than noon to me, stretch out thy loving hand, with gentle force bend this still struggling will, and draw it after thee.
- 5. Return to me, my oft-forgotten God, my spirit's true tho' long-forsaken rest; undo these bars, re-enter thine abode, in thee and in thy love alone would I be blessed.
- 6. Re-mould this inner man in every part, re-knit these broken ties, resume thy sway; take, as thy throne and altar, this poor heart, oh teach me how to love, oh help me to obey!

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