



2. Where could I go? No living streams can earth's drear wilderness supply: afar from thee no heavenly beams of hope can reach my tear-dimmed eye; hungry, the Bread of Life I want, thirsty, for living waters pant; naked and blind, and poor, and weak, where else can I for succour seek?

3. Where shall I go, if not to thee, when death's dark, angry billows roll? How can I hope for victory, unless thy staff support my soul? How can I e'er th' accuser meet, or venture near the mercy-seat, save by that precious blood alone, which did for all my sins atone?

4. But lest this frail, inconstant heart should e'er to others look or flee, oh, never, Lord, from me depart, but draw, and keep me close to thee: without thee, what were earthly gain? But with thee, welcome loss and pain; thyself my shield and portion be, through time, and in eternity.

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