







2 Ah, why did I so late thee know, Thee, lovelier than the sons of men! Ah, why did I no sooner go To thee, the only ease in pain! Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn, |: That I so late: | to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
|: 'Tis through thy light: | and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
|: Bids my freed heart :| in thee rejoice.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown, Thee will I love, my Lord, my God; Thee will I love, beneath thy frown, Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod; What though my flesh and heart decay? |: Thee shall I love :| in endless day!