



Thou art my Life; If thou but turne away, My life 's a thousand deaths: thou art my Way; Without thee, Lord, I travell not, but stray.

My light Thou art, without Thy glorious sight Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night. My God, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Thou art my Way; I wander, if thou flie: Thou art my Light; If hid, how blind am I? Thou art my Life; If thou withdraw, I die.

Disclose thy Sun-beames; close thy wings, and stay; See see, how I am blind, and dead, and stray, O thou, that art my Light, my Life, my Way.

Francis Quarles

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