

Hebron L. M.



1. Fa - ther of spir - its, na - ture's God, Our in - most tho'ts are known to Thee;
2. Could we on morn - ing's swift - est wings, Pur - sue our flight thru track - less air,
3. In vain may guilt at - tempt to fly, Con - cealed be - neath the pall of night;
4. Search then our hearts, and there de - stroy Each e - vil tho't, each se - cret sin;



Thou, Lord, canst hear each i - dle word, And ev - 'ry pri - vate ac - tion see.
Or dive be - neath deep o - cean's springs, Thy pres - ence still would meet us there.
Once glance from Thy all - pierc - ing eye, Can kin - dle dark - ness in - to light.
And fit us for those realms of joy, Where naught im - pure shall en - ter in.

