Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears, but in Thy written Word
The volumes of my Father’s grace does all my grieves assuage
Here I behold my Savior’s face in every page.

This is the field where, hidden, lies the pearl of price unknown
That merchant is divinely wise who makes the pearl his own
Here consecrated water flows to quench my thirst of sin
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, no danger dwells within.

This is the judge that ends the strife, where wit and reason fail
My guide to everlasting life through all this gloomy vale
Oh may Thy counsels, mighty God, my roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road that leads to Thy right hand.