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## The Searcher of Hearts



- 2 Each spoken word, each silent thought, Thou, Lord, dost understand; Before me and behind art Thou, Restraining by Thy hand.
- 3 If I the wings of morning take To some remotest land, Still I shall be upheld by Thee And guided by Thy hand.
- 4 From Thee, O Lord, I cannot hide, Though darkness cover me; The darkness and the light of day Are both alike to Thee.
- 5 Search me, O God, and know my heart, Try me, my thoughts to know; O lead me, if in sin I stray, In paths of life to go.

