

John Nelson Darby (1800-1882)

Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Lord, to our souls Thy light is ev - er pure, And brings from
2. We bless Thee, Lord ! Of Thee our song shall speak — Poor and un -

heaven what Thou a - lone canst give ; Yea, brings Thy - self, the
wor - thy strains, yet still of Thee. Come, fill our souls ! This

re - ve - la - tion sure Of heaven's e - ter - nal bliss : in Thee we live.
on - ly would we seek, To dwell in love, and God our dwell - ing be.

3. Be Thou with us ! Let no distracting thought
Intrude to hide from us that heavenly light.
Be Thou our strength ! Let not what Thou hast brought
Be chased by idle nature's poor delight.
4. Be Thou our all ! Thy love can fill the soul —
That love that soars beyond all creature thought ;
In spirit bring where endless praises roll,
And fill our longing hearts till there we're brought.

Alternate Tunes : Eventide, 212 ; Ellers, 208.