

72R I Cannot Find Thee

1. I can-not find thee. Still on rest-less pin-ion my spir-it
2. I can-not find thee. E'en when most a-dor-ing, be-fore thy
3. Yet high a-bove the lim-its of my see-ing, and fold-ed
4. I can-not lose thee. Still in thee a-bid-ing, the end is

beats the void where thou dost dwell, I wan-der
throne I bend in low-liest prayer, Be-yond these
far with-in the in-most heart, and deep be-
clear, how wide so-e'er I roam; The hand that

lost through all thy vast do-min-ion, and shrink be-
bounds of thought my thought up-soar-ing from far-thest
-low the deeps of con-scious be-ing, thy splen-dor
holds the worlds my steps is guid-ing, and I must

-neath thy light in-ef-fa-ble.
quest comes back: thou art not there.
shin-eth: there, O God, thou art.
rest at last in thee, my home.

Lyrics: Eliza Scudder (1864)

Music: LOMBARD STREET (11.10.11.10.), Frederick George Russell (1929)

