

# Lord, Thou hast Searched My Being

1. Lord, Thou hast searched my being  
    And known my mind and heart;  
Foreseest, Lord all-seeing,  
    Mine ending from the start.  
To me, O God, how weighty  
Thy thoughts, their sum how mighty,  
    As Thou hast knit me art!
2. My sitting, rising, sleeping,  
    My path—all Thou hast penned.  
My ways are in Thy keeping.  
    Far Thou dost understand  
My thoughts when but a token,  
My tongue's words ere they're spoken;  
    Dost place on me Thy hand.
3. Such knowledge—who can bear it?—  
    Too wonderful for me!  
Where go I from Thy Spirit,  
    And whither shall I flee?  
Should I go up to heaven,  
Or down to Sheol, even  
    There, lo, Lord, Thou shalt be!
4. **Take I** the wings of morning,  
    Or dwell far 'cross the sea,  
There me Thy hand is turning,  
    Thy right hand holdeth me.  
I thought 'twas I had sought Thee;  
Nay, to Thyself **hast** brought me,  
    Inviting, "Come and see."
5. Lengthens the day and darken  
    The shadows of the night.  
Forerunner's cry now hearken:  
    "God's Lamb—behold the sight!"  
No more is darkness fearful,  
Night as the day shines cheerful  
    With Thee, Thou Lamb and Light.
- △ 6. Praise at His holy altar  
    Our God, th' Almighty King;  
With trumpet, harp, and psalter  
    Messiah's praises sing;  
All pipes and breath be sounding  
Praise, while cymbals resounding  
    The Spirit's glories ring.

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Tune: Heinrich Schütz

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*Ps. 139:1–13, 17; John 1:35–41; Ps. 150*