Our God is light: and though we go



- Death's bitter waters met our thirst, Thy cross has made them sweet; Then on our gladdened vision burst God's shady, cool retreat.
- The manna and the springing well Suffice for every need;
 And Eshcol's grapes the story tell Of where Thy path doth lead.

Alternate Tunes: St. Peter, 33; Ste. Agnes.