



Do you still speak?
Where now that voice
That once did speak in tone
So quiet, yet
Consoling me
When I felt cold, alone?
When I had doubts,
I'd turn my gaze
To you, and you would fill
My soul with peace
To know you here,
To warm this soul from chill.
Now have you ceased
To speak to me?
Or have my ears been closed?
For I hear not
Those guiding words,

Which way of Truth exposed.

Too much? Too fast?

Too little? Slow?

Where? How can I now know,

If muted voice

Of guide unheard,

If you the way don't show?

If I can't see

The road ahead,

My Guide, then lead me blind!

That I still walk

My homeward trek,

At last my goal to find.