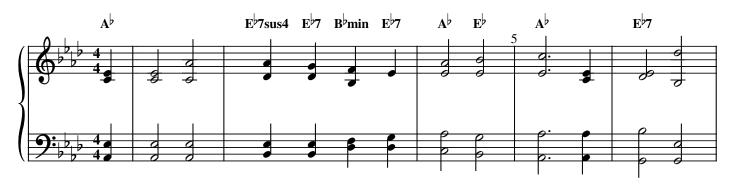
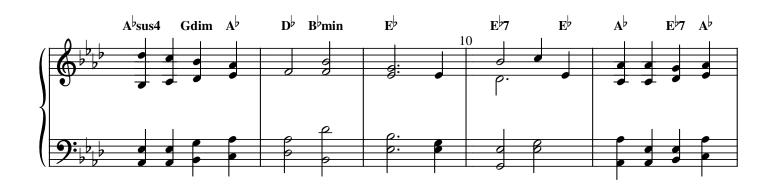
Artavia 10.10.10.6







I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me. It was not I that found, O Savior true; No, I was found of Thee.

Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold; I walked and sank not on the storm vexed sea. 'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold, As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

I find, I walk, I love, but oh, the whole Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee! For Thou were long beforehand with my soul, Always Thou lovest me.