O Love that wilt not let me go





O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fairer be. O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to thee; I trace the rainbow through the rain, And feel the promise is not vain, That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson

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