

108 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Stranger long to Thee and Rest,  
See the Prodigal is come:

Open wide thine Arms and Breast,  
Take the weary Wand'rer home.

III.

Thine Eye observ'd from far,  
Thy Pity look'd me near:  
Me thy Bowels yearn'd to see,  
Me thy Mercy ran to find,  
Empty, poor, and void of Thee,  
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

IV.

Thou on my Neck didst fall,  
Thy Kifs forgave me all:  
Still the gracious Words I hear,  
Words that made the Saviour mine,  
Haste, for Him the Robe prepare,  
His be Righteousness Divine!

V.

Thee then, my God and King,  
My Father, Thee I sing!  
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous Sound,  
Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive;  
Lost, I now in CHRIST am found,  
Dead, by Faith in CHRIST I live.

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HYMN *to the* SON.

I.

○ Filial Deity, behold,  
Accept my New-born Cry!

See

and Rest,

near:

and Breast;

er home,

from far,

near:

see,

find,

Thee,

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ee all:

I hear,

aviour mine,

prepare,

Divine!

and King,

sing!

ous Sound,

Heav'n receive;

am found,

HRIST I live.

the SON.

ew-born Cry!

See.

See the Travail of thy Soul,

Saviour, and be satisf'd;

Take me now, possess me whole,

Who for Me, for Me hast dy'd!

II.

Of Life Thou art the Tree,

My Immortality!

Feed this tender Branch of thine,

Ceaseless Influence derive,

Thou the true, the heav'nly Vine,

Grafted into Thee I live.

III.

Of Life the Fountain Thou,

I know — I feel it Now!

Faint and dead no more I droop:

Thou art in me: Thy Supplies

Ev'ry Moment springing up

Into Life Eternal rise.

IV.

Thou the Good Shepherd art,

From Thee I ne'er shall part:

Thou my Keeper and my Guide,

Make me still thy Tender Care,

Gently lead me by thy Side,

Sweetly in thy Bosom bear.

V.

Thou art my Daily Bread;

O CHRIST, Thou art my Head:

Motion, Virtue, Strength to Me,

Me thy Living Member flow;

Nourish'd I, and fed by Thee,

Up to Thee in all things grow.

Prophet,

VI.

Prophet, to me reveal  
 Thy Father's perfect Will.  
 Never Mortal spake like Thee,  
 Human Prophet like Divine;  
 Loud and strong their Voices be,  
 Small and still and inward Thine!

VII.

On Thee my Priest I call,  
 Thy Blood aton'd for all.  
 Still the Lamb as slain appears,  
 Still Thou stand'st before the Throne,  
 Ever off'ring up thy Pray'rs,  
*These* presenting with thy own.

VIII.

JESU! Thou art my King,  
 From Thee my Strength I bring!  
 Shadow'd by thy mighty Hand,  
 Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?  
 Faith supports, by Faith I stand  
 Strong as thy Omnipotence.

IX.

O Filial Deity,  
 Accept my New-born Cry!  
 See the Travail of thy Soul,  
 Saviour, and be satisfy'd;  
 Take me now, possess me whole,  
 Who for Me, for Me hast dy'd!

HYMN

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HYMN

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