PENITENCE



- 2. I feel the pressure of that love which tells me I am dear, mine eyes, my heart I lift above, and know that thou art near: thy gentle voice hath never said one word which could upbraid, I only feel upon my head thy hand in mercy laid.
- 3. Thy wounded feet have sought me far, and on thy wounded brow
 I see that thorn-engraven scar made by my broken vow:
 and that dear hand which for me bled, stretched out to seek the strayed; it is that hand which on my head is now in mercy laid.
- 4. O Saviour! in this broken heart confirm the trembling will,which longs to reach thee where thou art, rest in thee and be still:within that bosom which hath shed both tears and blood for me,O let me hide this aching head, once pressed and blessed by thee.
- 5. There for my waiting soul abide, till thou see fit to give, those precious things thou dost provide for such as in thee live: those fuller deeper draughts of bliss which the exhausted fill, the ring, the robe, the feast, the kiss, that all await me still.

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