"LOVEST THOU ME?"



2. Sowing the seed in tender hearts, we would give earnest, loving heed to thee, still speaking from above, thee, the great Sower of the seed: "Lovest thou me?"

3. Feeding the flock, for whom thy life thou gavest on the cross of woe, we seek the pastures green, and there the voice that searches us we know: "Lovest thou me?"

4. Watching the fold, of which thou art the loving Shepherd ever near, we face the prowling foe, as falls the well-known voice upon our ear: "Lovest thou me?"

5. Teaching the dull and obdurate the blessed truth thou taughtest us, we would not for one hour forget the voice still speaking down to us: "Lovest thou me?"

6. Cheering the downcast, drying up the tears from heavy eyes that flow, we hear the quickening, searching words, still new, though uttered long ago:

"Lovest thou me?"

7. Guiding the wanderers to a home, the one dear home for weary feet, take thou our hand and theirs in thine; let the old words sound fresh and sweet: "Lovest thou me?"

8. Warning the wayward, lifting up the fallen and lonely, Saviour, fill with happy love these hearts of ours, and ask of us the question still: "Lovest thou me?"

9. When bidding them the world forsake, and go to thee without the gate, Lord, question us; Lord, search our hearts; let the old words still penetrate: "Lovest thou me?"

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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