THE CALL OBEYED



- 2. I wandered long and far, in the groves of Folly playing, on the wastes of Error staring, no guard or guiding star; blindly I wandered on seeking around for rest, and finding, finding none.
- 3. All became cold and drear, –
 the wayside blossoms faded,
 dark clouds the sunshine shaded,
 no sound of hope or cheer;
 darkness on all the past,
 and a dark gulf before, which must be reached at last.
- 4. But then thy voice I heard; –
 O how free the invitation!
 O how glorious the salvation
 revealed in every word!
 I heard, as captives hear
 the trumpet tones which tell of a deliverer near.
- 5. I heard, and I obey.
 Thy precious blood has bought me,
 thy wondrous love has sought me,
 and brought me here today, –
 here, to thy mercy's throne,
 pleading thy power to save, thy merits to atone.
- 6. My Saviour, thou wilt hear!
 Simply thy love believing,
 freely thy grace receiving,
 why should I doubt or fear?
 Unchanged thy words remain,
 that not one sinful soul should seek thy grace in vain.
- 7. Whom can I seek but thee?
 Thou hast borne the load so weary,
 thou hast trod the path so dreary,
 to set the captives free.
 No further would I roam,
 but close to thee abide, through all my journey home.
- 8. Home, with thyself at last!
 In the clear light of heaven
 to see all sin forgiven,
 all grief and danger past,
 for ever safe and blessed! —
 Lord, I believe, I love, I enter into rest!

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