THE THIRST OF GOD



2. Behold him, O soul, where he told it, pale, bleeding, and bearing thy sin; he knocketh, saith, "Open, belovèd, I pray thee to let me come in. Behold, I have borne all the judgment, thy sins, O belovèd, are gone; forgotten, forgotten for ever, God seeketh, bud findeth not one.

3. Behold, with what labour I won thee, behold in my hands and my feet, the tale of my measureless sorrow – of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A flax-thread in oceans of fire, how soon swallowed up it would be! yet sooner in oceans of mercy, the sinner that cometh to me."

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