THE HOME



2. Need I that a law should bind me captive unto thee?Captive is my heart, rejoicing never to be free.Ever with me, glorious, awful, tender, passing sweet, one upon whose heart I rest me, worship at his feet.

3. With me, wheresoe'er I wander, that great Presence goes, that unutterable gladness, undisturbed repose.
Everywhere the blessed stillness of his Holy Place – stillness of the love that worships dumb before his Face.

4. To thy house, O God my Father, thy lost child is come;
led by wandering lights no longer, I have found my home.
Over moor and fen I tracked them through the midnight blast, but to find the Light eternal in my heart at last.

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