

2. In those olden years did I seek it in the sweet fair things around, but the more I sought and thirsted, the less, O my Lord, I found.
When nearest it seemed to my grasping, it fled like a wandering thought; I never have known what it is, Lord – too well know I what it is not.

3. "It is I, it is I, the Eternal, who chose thee mine own to be – who chose thee before the ages – who chose thee eternally.
I stood in the way before thee, in the ways thou wouldest have gone; for this is the mark of my chosen, that they shall be mine alone."

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