



- 2. O Lord, thou seest, thou knowest, that to none my heart can tell the joy and the love and the sorrow, the tale that my heart knows well. But to thee, O my God, I can tell it – to thee, and to thee, Lord, alone; for thy heart my heart hath a language, for other hearts it hath none.
- 3. In the wide world, speechless and lonely, for me is no heart but thine; Lord, since I must love thee only, oh reveal thy heart to mine. "Wouldst thou know my glory, beloved? know me, the great I AM? First must thine eyes behold me, the slain and the stricken Lamb.
- 4. My visage so marred more than any, my form than the sons of men; yet to the heart I have won me, I am the fairest then. Thou knowest the sun by his glory – thou knowest the rose by her breath, thou knowest the fire by its glowing – thou knowest my love by death.
- 5. Wouldst thou know in my great creation where the rays of my glory meet? Where to my awful righteousness the kiss of my peace is sweet? Where shine forth the wisdom and wonder of God's everlasting plan? Behold on the cross of dishonour a cursed and a dying Man."

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