"OUT OF THE DEPTHS"



2. "Be comforted, O child of my delight, though yet thy heart complain; for I would have thee suffer when I smite, or pain would not be pain.

- 7. Lord, there to weep is better than the joy of all the sons of men; for there I know the love without alloy, I cannot lose again.
- 3. Were it a chastening if it were not grief? Yet for a moment tears – then glows the spring where fell the yellow leaf, of Heaven's eternal years.
- 8. "O Child, my heart's belovèd, sweet to me, as psaltery and as psalm, the voice of him who on the midnight sea can praise through storm and calm.

4. For sorrow is the sorrow of an hour, and is eternal love; the dusky bud enfolds the glorious flower for God's delight above."

9. And who is he who seeks the haven fair, the everlasting Home?The lonely and the outcast enter there – the glad heart will not come.

- 5. O Lord, whose lips are lilies, sweet to me as psaltery and as psalm, thy blessed words of glory that shall be, of song, and crown, and palm.
- 10. To me the weary cometh when the way is steep and long and lone –
 to me the friendless, when the golden day behind the hills is gone."

6. Yet sweeter even now to see thy Face to find thee now my rest – my sorrow comforted in thine embrace, and soothed upon thy breast.

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