

O Love that will not let me go

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths,
That in thine ocean depths
its flow may richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest my way,
I yield my torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sun's glowe,
that in thy sun's glowe,
its day shall brighter be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

O love, o love, o love.

by George Matheson, Mary McDonald

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