

prayer.

I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare :
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ?
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then I am strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the GOD-MAN prevail.

II.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-depair,
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

'Tis Love !—'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me ;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart :
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, Universal Love, Thou art :
To me, to all, Thy bowels move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;
I see Thee face to face, and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.