

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-dependence,
 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.