

What could I say
To words so tender, in a voice so sweet?
I longed to throw myself before His feet,
And there to stay.

With many a tear
My sins, and all my weakness, I confessed,
And soon with His forgiveness I was blessed
And freed from fear.

Now *He* doth lead;
And I, I follow whereso'er He goes,
And all my inmost thoughts to Him disclose,
And every need.

A deep content
Is in my heart, whene'er the end may be,
Sooner or later, it is naught to me,
So that His blessed will be wrought in me
Till life be spent.

