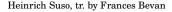
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(P. M.)





Now Have I Seen Thee and Found Thee

5 Behold Him, O soul, where He told it, Pale, bleeding and bearing thy sin; He knocking, said, "Open, belovèd, I pray thee to let Me come in.
Behold, I have borne all the judgment, Thy sins, O belovèd, are gone;
Forgotten, forgotten forever, If sought for, God findeth not one."

6 "Behold, with what labor I won thee, Behold in My hands and My feet, The tale of My measureless sorrow— Of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A flax-thread in oceans of fire How soon swallowed up would it be; Yet sooner in oceans of mercy, The sinner that cometh to Me."

Alternate tune: No. 5 in Supplement.