

(P. M.)

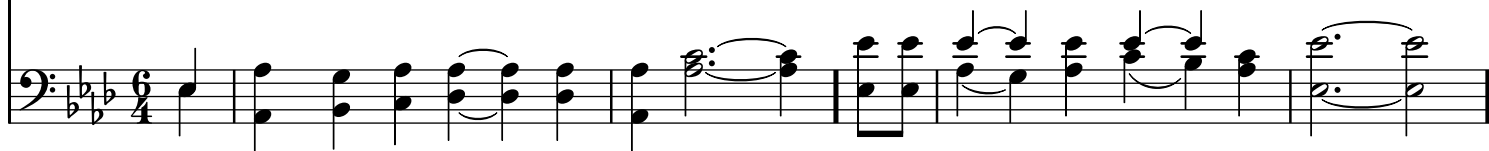
Henry Suso

Uncertain



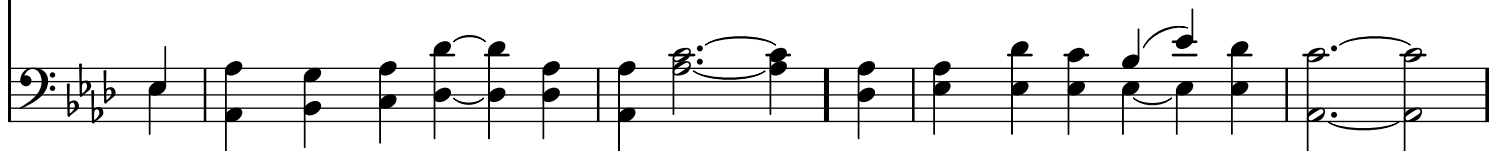
1. Now have I seen Thee and found Thee,
 2. To Thee, Lord, my heart un - fold - eth,
 3. Let one in his in - nocence glo - ry,
 4. The hart pant - eth af - ter the wa - ters,

For Thou hast found Thy sheep,
 As the rose to the gold - en sun;
 An - o - ther in works he has done;
 The dy - ing, for life that de - parts;



I fled, but Thy love would fol - low,
 To Thee, Lord, mine arms are cling - ing,
 Thy blood is my claim and ti - tle,
 The Lord in His glo - ry for sin - ners,

I strayed but Thy love would keep,
 The e - ter - nal joy's be - gun,
 Be - sides it, O Lord I've none.
 For the love of re - bellious hearts.



Thou'st grant - ed my heart's de - sire,
 For - ev - er, thro' end - less a - ges,
 The Scorned, the Despised, the Re - ject - ed,
 Call back all the days of the a - ges,

Most bless'd of the bless - ed is he,
 Thy cross and Thy sor - rows shall be,
 Thou'st come to this heart of mine,
 All raindrops come down from a - bove;



Who find-eth no rest and no sweet-ness, Till he resteth, O Lord, in Thee.
 The glo - ry, the song and the sweet-ness, That makes heaven, heav-en to me.
 In Thy robes of e - ter-nal glo - ry, Thou wel - com-est me to Thine.
 All flow - ers of summers de - part-ed, But think not to measure His love.

5 Behold Him, O soul, where He told it,
 Pale, bleeding, and bearing thy sin;
 He knocking, said, "Open, beloved,
 I pray thee to let Me come in!
 Behold, I have borne all the judgment,
 Thy sins, O beloved, 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."