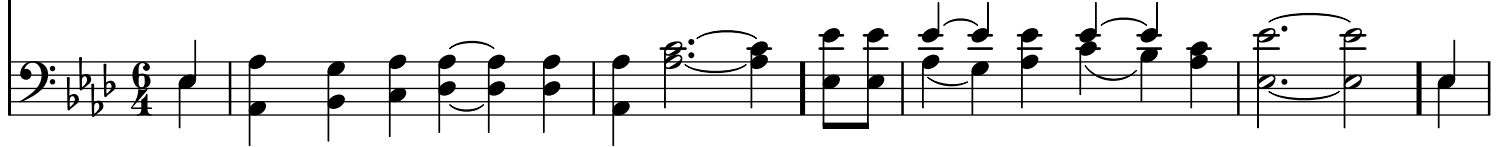


Heinrich Suso, tr. by Frances Bevan

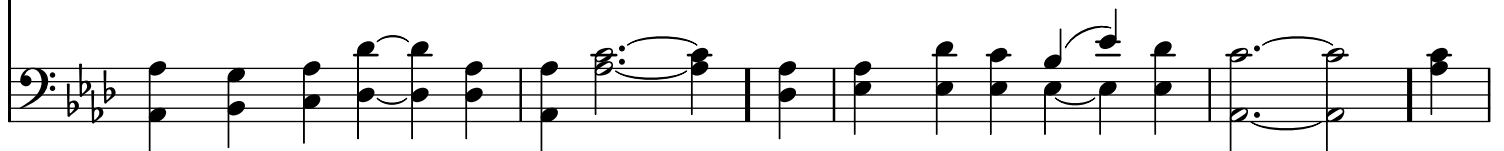
(P. M.)



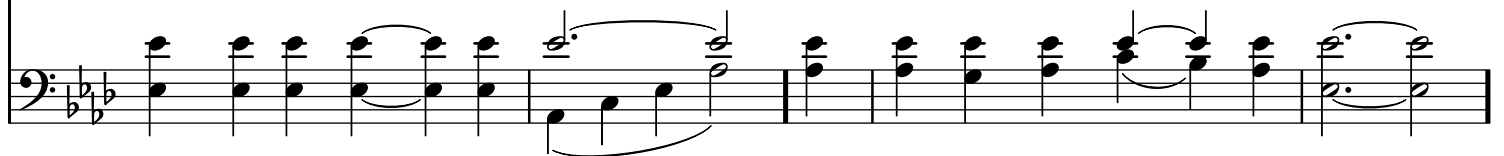
1. Now have I seen Thee and found Thee, For Thou hast found Thy sheep, I  
 2. To Thee, Lord, my heart un - fold - eth, As the rose to the gold - en sun; To  
 3. Let one in his in - nocence glo - ry, An - oth - er in works he has done; Thy  
 4. The hart pant - eth af - ter the wa - ters, The dy - ing, for life that de - parts; The



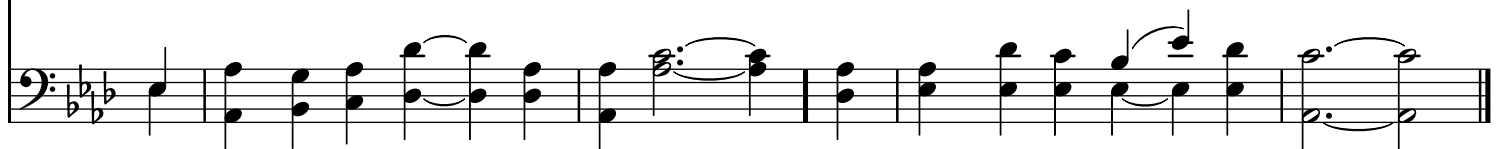
fled, but Thy love would fol - low, I strayed, but Thy love would keep. Thou'st  
 Thee, Lord, mine arms are cling - ing, The e - ter - nal joy's be - gun; For -  
 blood is my claim and ti - tle, Be - sides it, O Lord, I've none. The  
 Lord in His glo - ry for sin - ners, For the love of re - bellious hearts. Call



grant - ed my heart's de - sire, Most blest of the bless - ed is he  
 ev - er, thro' end - less a - ges, Thy cross and Thy sor - row shall be  
 scorned, the despised, the re - ject - ed, Thou'st come to this heart of mine,  
 back all the days of the a - ges, 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, 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.