



2. Sorely have I spent and squandered precious gifts by thee bestowed, heart, and footsteps, both have wandered often from the narrow road; heedless of thy silent finger pointed upward, I have strayed – where earth-lights delusive linger – from the path thy footsteps made.

3. Draw me, draw me gently nigh thee, let me see again thy face, yes! tho' I did once deny thee, and tho' still my heart can trace in those eyes the soft dejection, slighted love and grief impart, that sad look, whose hurt affection almost broke my coward heart.

4. Yet forgive, and draw me near thee, tho' it be to probe and prove; tho' it be, alas! to hear thee doubt and question of my love! Can I wonder, whose denial thrice disowned thee in thy need, if thy Love, with gentle trial, three times make my heart to bleed? 5. O my Saviour! from the sorrow which I feel at doubt of thine, teach me some faint thought to borrow of thy grief at doubt of mine; show me what it is to grieve thee, or to cloud that loving face; take me back – I'll never leave thee, with the help of thy good grace.

6. O the bliss of the parental watch, which thou didst o'er me keep; O the comfort of the gentle restoration – 'feed my sheep!' Three times lost, thou thrice hast found me, three times fallen, thrice restored; O how threefold thou hast bound me unto thee, my loving Lord!

7. Henceforth, all my life's devotion I shall deem too poor to prove with that trembling fond emotion I repent, and trust, and love: thankful even if my falling may to others warning be, and thy gentle kind recalling draw some wand'rer back to thee.

Words: John S. B. Monsell. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/716/