

O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
 'All of self, and none of Thee.'

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
 Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
 'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
 Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and O! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
 'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

4 Higher than the highest heaven,
 Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
 'None of self, and all of Thee!'

Theodore Monod, 1836-1921