

O the bitter shame and sorrow

Theodore Monod, 1874

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

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

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

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my supplication,
None of self, and all of Thee!

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