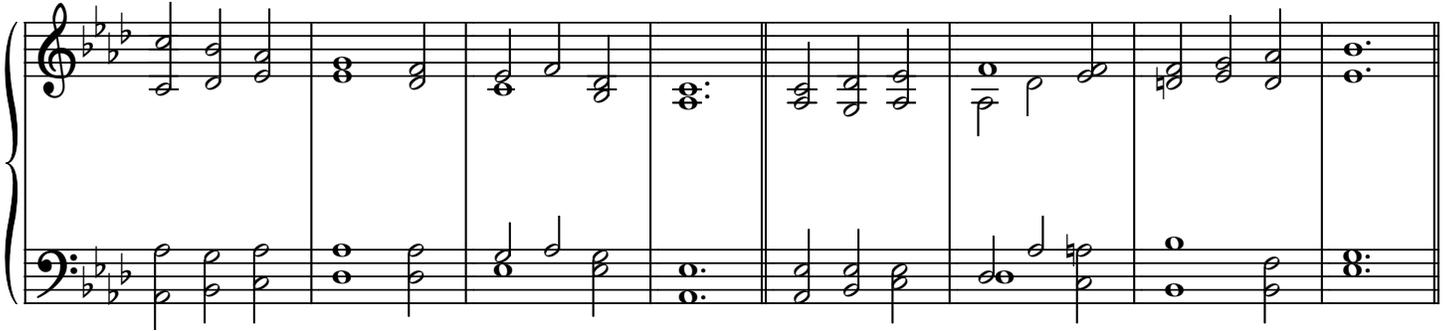


O thou my soul, forget no more

Alfred Scott-Gatty, 1847-1918

Bodmin
L.M.



O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend Who all thy misery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

Jesus for thou a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

Infinite truth and mercy shine,
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

Ah! no—till life itself depart,
His Name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise;
And join the chorus of the skies.

Krishna Pal