

Callest Thou

Helen Burnside, 1898.

George Hugg.

Callest Thou thus, oh Master?

Callest Thou thus to me?

Weary and heavy laden,

Longing to come to Thee,

Out in the lonely darkness

Thy dear voice sounds so sweet,

I am not worthy, Master, oh no,

Not worthy to kiss Thy feet.

Comest Thou thus, oh Master?

Comest Thou thus to me?

Untrimmed, my lamp, and dying,

And house not meet for Thee.

Thou art so great and holy,

I am by sin undone,

I am not worthy, Master, oh no,

Not worthy that Thou shouldst come.

"Child," said the gracious Master,

With voice divinely sweet,

"I only ask a welcome,

Rest for My weary feet!"

Come o'er my lowly threshold,

Dark, and defiled by sin,

Tho' all unworthy, Master, oh come,

I pray Thee, come, enter in.