

# Love

Edgar H. Fewkes

*His father saw him, and had compassion, and ran. LUKE 15.20*  
*Longing, I sought Thy presence, Lord; with my whole heart did I call*  
*and pray; and going out toward Thee, I found Thee coming to me on the*  
*way. FROM THE SONG OF A JEWISH RABBI*

A great way off, and lo, the father saw him,  
For keen the eyes that grief has washed with tears:  
The son knew not that cords of love would draw him  
From out the tangled snare of wasted years.

2

His Father ran: Love's feet were never holden;  
The kiss, the robe, the ring, the shoes declare  
Eternal love, and wandering son embolden  
To seek his Father's heart and find it there.

3

My Father, very wonderful Thy loving,  
*The Father ran* - O give and give again  
The love that runs, compassion ever moving  
To welcome home the troubled sons of men.