

# Far From You, O Lord, I Drifted



1. Far from You, O Lord, I drif - ted As the temp - ter tried and sif - ted,  
 2. All my pride was in your know-ing: You fore - saw the roost - er's crow-ing,  
 3. How could voic - es, late - ly hail-ing, Now be shout - ing for Your nail-ing,  
 4. To my shut - tered dread re - treat-ing, Till You come with ten - der greet-ing,  
 5. Lord of life, by Love a - noint-ed, How I blush at Your three point-ed,



Sif - ted me like wheat. Though I harsh - ly cursed, in - veigh - ing,  
 Crow - ing my de - nial! Look - ing down on my pro - fan - ing,  
 Nail - ing to the tree? You, the dy - ing; I, the liv - ing!  
 Greet - ing me with "Peace!" Sa - cred wounds of love re - veal - ing,  
 Point - ed in - quir - ies: "Si - mon, do you tru - ly love Me?"



You were faith - ful, faith - ful pray - ing For my foe's de - feat.  
 You, with love, with love un - wan - ing, Mute, were led to trial.  
 All my sin, my sin for - giv - ing - Lov - ing e - ven me?  
 Where my shame, my shame finds heal - ing And my fear, re - lease.  
 Do you tru - ly - tru - ly love Me More than all of these?"

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