

CONFESSION*

My God, You know my heart and mind,
And You are merciful and kind.
Please, hear Your broken servant speak;
My strength has failed, for I am weak.

O Lord, I loved a damsel fair
With gentle eyes and golden hair,
Who did not walk Your narrow road
Of saving grace and lightened load.

You heard my prayer for her each night
That she might see Your holy light,
To find by it Your joy and peace
And harvest fruit from its increase.

Dear Lord, I tried to think more of
Her soul's conversion than my love.
When telling her this prayerful thought,
I hid my care, but now I'm caught. . . .

The wayward passion is to blame:
I sought her heart and soul the same!
I mixed Your will with my desire;
Forgive me, God, and quench the fire.

O Lord of Mercy, hear my prayer.
Receive her life into Your care.
I yield my wish her heart be mine!
Redeem her soul by Love divine!

— *David L. Hatton, 1967 (revised 4/8/2015)*

* (this girl later found Christ and became a lifelong friend)