

Medical Mission Sisters, How I Have Longed

How I have longed to draw you to Myself
As when a hen covets her brood,
But you went darting like chick in a storm.
How could you know that My wing was warm,
how could you know My love pursued.
Come to Me, My little one,
and you will be refreshed
and I will give you rest.

You'll hear Me walking on the wings of the wind,
see My warm breast in the setting sun.
Night is but shadow of My wings wide-spread,
My pinions preparing a bridal bed,
when all your toil and tears are done.
Come to Me, My little one,
and you will be refreshed
and I will give you rest.

Know that I hover at the tip of your heart,
as a mother a'waiting a son;
should a mother forget the child of her womb,
the joy when a loved one enters the room,
I'll not forget My chosen one.
Come to Me, My little one,
and you will be refreshed
and I will give you rest.