

His Garment's Hem

The ragged crowd surges round me

I falter, I stumble, I fall

Strangers, mute, heedless, surround me

In terror, I scream and I call

I beg and I plead and I cry out

For comfort, for mercy, for aid

Naught comes back but vain echo

My pleas disregarded, unpaid

I grasp in desperate endeavour

For the man in the midst of the horde

Yes, He, with the kindest of faces,

Yes, He, the one they call "Lord"

Yes, He, the calm Galilean

He, whom they roundly condemn

For His love, His truth and His promise

I grasp but for His garment's hem