

Christ, I am Christ's

Christ! I am Christ's, and let the Name suffice you,
ay, for me too he greatly hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

Can it be true, the grace he is declaring?
O let us trust him, for his words are fair.
Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing?
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair.

Not as one blind and deaf to our beseeching,
neither forgetful that we are but dust,
not as from heavens too high for our up-reaching,
coldly sublime, intolerably just—

Nay, but thou knowest us, Lord Christ thou knowest,
well thou rememberest our feeble frame;
thou canst conceive our highest and our lowest,
pulses of nobleness and deeds of shame.

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Frederick William Henry Myers (1843-1901), 1867