For Many, Many Years

1. Night and day for many, many years, Jesus called me
   in His tender love; And His voice seemed burdened with His tears,
   tender voice divine, Whis'ring thru my haunting doubts and fears,
   As He sought me from His Home above.

2. Night and day for many, many years, Jesus sought me
   thru the desert wild; And His voice yet lingers in my ears,
   "Weary, helpless wanderer, be Mine.
   Like a mother's with her wayward child, O His love, 'tis

3. Night and day for many, many years, I have heard that
   wider than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;
   wid'er than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;
   O how could He love and follow me, And how care the wanderer to save.

Words: Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.
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