

# 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.