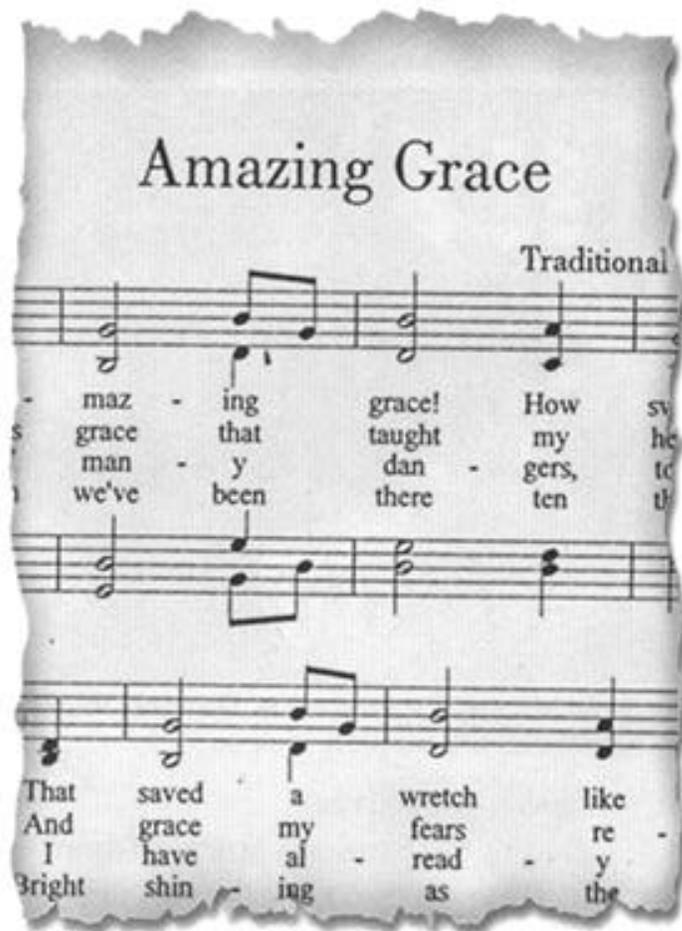


Hymns



To Quiet The Soul

Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain
Leave to thy God to order and provide
In every change He faithful will remain
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end

Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake
All now mysterious shall be bright at last
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds still know
His voics who ruled them while He dwelt below

Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last

Oh, the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

O the deep deep love of Jesus
Vast, unmeasured, boundless free
Rolling as a mighty ocean
in its fullness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
is the current of thy love
leading onward, leading homeward,
to thy glorious rest above

O the deep deep love of Jesus
Spread his praise from shore to shore
how he loveth ever loveth
changeth never never more
how he watches o'er his loved ones,
died to call them all his own
how for them he intercedeth
watcheth o'er them from the throne

O the deep deep love of Jesus
Love of every love the best
tis an ocean vast of blessing
tis a haven sweet of rest
O the deep deep love of Jesus
Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me
and it lifts me up to glory
for it lifts me up to thee

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou My Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me save that Thou art.
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom and Thou my true word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
High King of heaven, my victory won.

Riches I need not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joy, O bright heav'n's Son!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O ruler of all.

It is Well

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Refrain

It is well, (echo)
with my soul, (echo)
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blessed assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer fuller be.

O Light, that follow'st all my way,
I yield my flick'ring torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Haven of Rest

Words by Henry L. Gilmour

Music by George D. Moore

My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin and distressed,
Till I heard a sweet voice, saying,
"Make Me your choice";
And I entered the Haven of Rest!

Refrain

I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep over wild, stormy, deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

I yielded myself to His tender embrace,
In faith taking hold of the Word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The Haven of Rest is my Lord.

The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the old story so blest,
Of Jesus, Who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the Haven of Rest.

How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John, the beloved so blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
Secure in the Haven of Rest.

O come to the Savior, He patiently waits
To save by His power divine;
Come, anchor your soul in the Haven of Rest,
And say, "My Belovèd is mine."

Jesus I Am Resting, Resting

Jesus I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art
I am finding out the greatness,
Of Thy loving heart

Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
As Thy beauty fills my soul
For by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole

Jesus I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art
I am finding out the greatness,
Of Thy loving heart

O how great Thy loving kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea
O how marvelous Thy goodness,
Lavished all on me!

Yes I rest in Thee, Beloved,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine
Know Thy certainty of promise,
And have made it mine

Jesus I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art
I am finding out the greatness,
Of Thy loving heart

In the Garden

Words and Music by Charles Austin Miles

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses

And He walks with me, and He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling

Words public domain

There Is a Place of Quiet Rest

Words: Cleland B. McAfee, 1903 Music:

1. There is a place of quiet rest,
Near to the heart of God.
A place where sin cannot molest,
Near to the heart of God.

Refrain

O Jesus, blest Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before Thee
Near to the heart of God.

2. There is a place of comfort sweet,
Near to the heart of God.
A place where we our Savior meet,
Near to the heart of God.

3. There is a place of full release,
Near to the heart of God.
A place where all is joy and peace,
Near to the heart of God.

Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all, a healing stream
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Refrain

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

Near the cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!

Rolling as a mighty ocean in its fullness over me!

Underneath me, all around me, is the current of Thy love

Leading onward, leading homeward to Thy glorious rest above!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, spread His praise from shore to shore!

How He loveth, ever loveth, changeth never, nevermore!

How He watches o'er His loved ones, died to call them all His own;

How for them He intercedeth, watcheth o'er them from the throne!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, love of every love the best!

'Tis an ocean full of blessing, 'tis a haven giving rest!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, 'tis a heaven of heavens to me;

And it lifts me up to glory, for it lifts me up to Thee!

Into the Heart of Jesus

Into the heart of Jesus
Deeper and deeper I go,
Seeking to know the reason
Why He should love me so,
Why He should stoop to lift me
Up from the miry clay,
Saving my soul, making me whole,
Though I had wandered away.

Into the will of Jesus,
Deeper and deeper I go,
Praying for grace to follow,
Seeking His way to know;
Bowing in full surrender
Low at His blessed feet,
Bidding Him take, break me and make,
Till I am molded, complete.

Into the cross of Jesus
Deeper and deeper I go,
Following through the garden,
Facing the dreaded foe;
Drinking the cup of sorrow,
Sobbing with broken heart,
"O Savior, help! Dear Savior, help!
Grace for my weakness impart."

Into the joy of Jesus
Deeper and deeper I go,
Rising, with soul enraptured,
Far from the world below.
Joy in the place of sorrow,
Peace in the midst of pain,
Jesus will give, Jesus will give;
He will uphold and sustain.

Into the love of Jesus
Deeper and deeper I go,
Praising the One Who brought me
Out of my sin and woe;
And through eternal ages
Gratefully I shall sing,
"O how He loved! O how He loved!
Jesus, my Lord and my King!"

Poems On Quiet

I Dream of a Quiet Place

As we follow the brook down the hillside and into another thicket of maple trees, we come upon a clearing in the distance where a cabin is tucked beneath the hilly grove, protectively among the dogwoods and cherry blossoms. The setting is peaceful and somehow comforting. This haven calls out for us to enter, as if its creaking walnut floorboards had spoken the words, welcoming us into the quiet arms of solace. A place of such elemental beauty and solitude is a soothing vision to the writer in all of us. Imagine the possibility of spending hour upon hour bent over, scrawling that secret sonnet or penning those winding words that whisper to us upon the breath of angels. The quiet ambience alone would help us to be alone with our thoughts, honing the craft that we love. The possibilities of such a place are profound and limitless. Just imagine that special quiet place.

--An excerpt from "I Dream of a Special, Quiet Place" by Katherine West

Be Still, My Soul, Be Still

Be still, my soul, be still; the arms you bear are brittle,
Earth and high heaven are fixt of old and founded strong.
Think rather,—call to thought, if now you grieve a little,
The days when we had rest, O soul, for they were long.

Men loved unkindness then, but lightless in the quarry
I slept and saw not; tears fell down, I did not mourn;
Sweat ran and blood sprang out and I was never sorry:
Then it was well with me, in days ere I was born.

Now, and I muse for why and never find the reason,
I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.
Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;
All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain:
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—
Oh why did I awake? when shall I sleep again?

A.E. Housman

The Road Not Taken

Robert Frost (1874–1963). Mountain Interval. 1920.

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.