



2. Oft thou thyself didst steal away, at eventide, from labour done, in some still, peaceful shade to pray, till morning watches were begun.

3. Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot thy wrestlings on Judea's hills; and still thou lov'st the quiet spot where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4. Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile from earth's rude noise, thy face reveal; and, as we worship, kindly smile, and for thine own our spirits seal.

5. To thee we bring each grief and care, to thee we fly while tempests lower; thou wilt the weary burdens bear of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

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