APART

(♩ = ca. 108)

F A7 Dm A7 B♭ F B♭ F C C7

Lord Je-sus, 'tis ex-ceed-ing gain if but thy-self I know;

F A7 Dm B♭ F B♭ C7 F

I thank thee thus for hours of pain that come to lay me low:

C F A7 B♭ F

the mes-sage thou art pleased to send, in mer-cy from a-bove,

Gm C7 F F7 B♭ F C C7 F

ap-points the si-lent hours I spend, re-pos-ing in thy love.

2. I leave awhile the thronging crowd
to be apart with thee;
I hear not now the strivings loud
that vex the distant sea:
the heavings of its restless tide
sound faintly on mine ear,
and from thy Haven fair and wide
I see my Home so near.

3. I know not what may be in store;
the charge is thine to keep:
perchance my bark need never more
launch forth upon the deep;
but whether toward the golden strand
be set the vessel's prow,
or whether sailing far from land,
doth not concern me now.

4. Thou art thyself, O precious Lord,
my one eternal gain;
thou art my solace and reward
alike in ease and pain.
Because thy love enfoldeth me
no ill can e'er befall;
'tis perfect peace to rest in thee,
my Lord, my all in all.

Words: Hannah K. Burlingham. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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