



- 2. This quiet joy that hidden flows deep in my soul, and makes me glad, though many a rude wind round me blows, and many a sorrow makes me sad; can this calm joy that ever lives be aught but what thy presence gives, to faithful souls revealed? The presence and the loving smile that gladdens all thine own, the while from unbelief concealed, from unbelief concealed?
- 3. The tears that oft these eyes have wept, when I before thy feet have knelt, or watch about thy cross have kept, and all thy pangs have keenly felt, came they not from that holy grief that brings the broken heart relief, and softens it to love?

  Was not the hope that wakened there hope that shall triumph o'er despair and bear the soul above, and bear the soul above?
- 4. Speak, thou that knowest well, decide; if I am thine, O clasp this hand, and when my feet would stray or slide, then firmly hold and bid me stand. Go forth from thee? Give me to bear the bitter cross, thy thorns to wear; but let me not depart!
  No, Lord, afresh to thee I bring a free, a cheerful offering, this trusting, grateful heart, this trusting, grateful heart.

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