## THE SECRET OF HIS PAVILION



There God and I – none other; oh far from men to be!
 Nay, midst the crowd and tumult, still Lord, alone with thee.
 Still folded close upon thy breast, in field, and mart, and street, untroubled in that perfect rest, that isolation sweet.

3. O God, thou art far other than men have dreamed and taught, unspoken in all language, unpictured in all thought.Thou God art God – he only learns what that great Name must be, whose raptured heart within him burns, because he walks with thee.

4. Stilled by that wondrous Presence, that tenderest embrace, the years of longing over, do we behold thy Face; we seek no more than thou hast given we ask no vision fair, thy precious Blood has opened Heaven, and we have found thee there.

5. O weary soul, draw near him; to you I can but bring one drop of that great ocean, one blossom of that spring; sealed with his kiss, my lips are dumb, my soul with awe is still; let him that is athirst but come, and freely drink his fill.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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