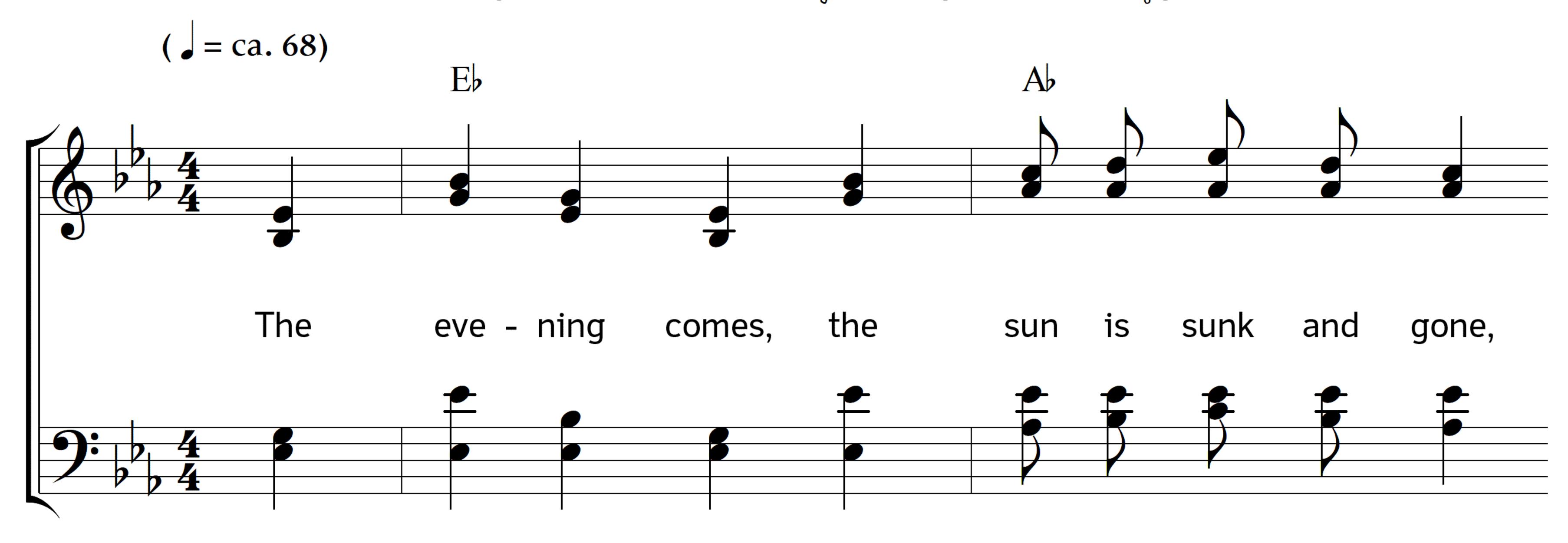
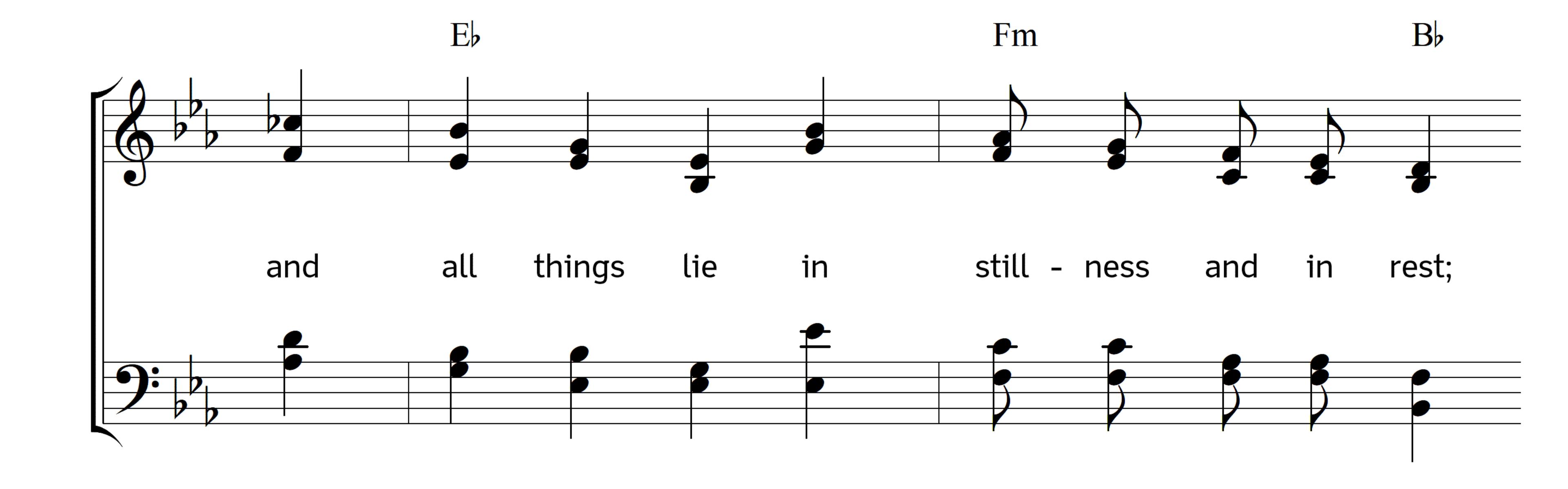
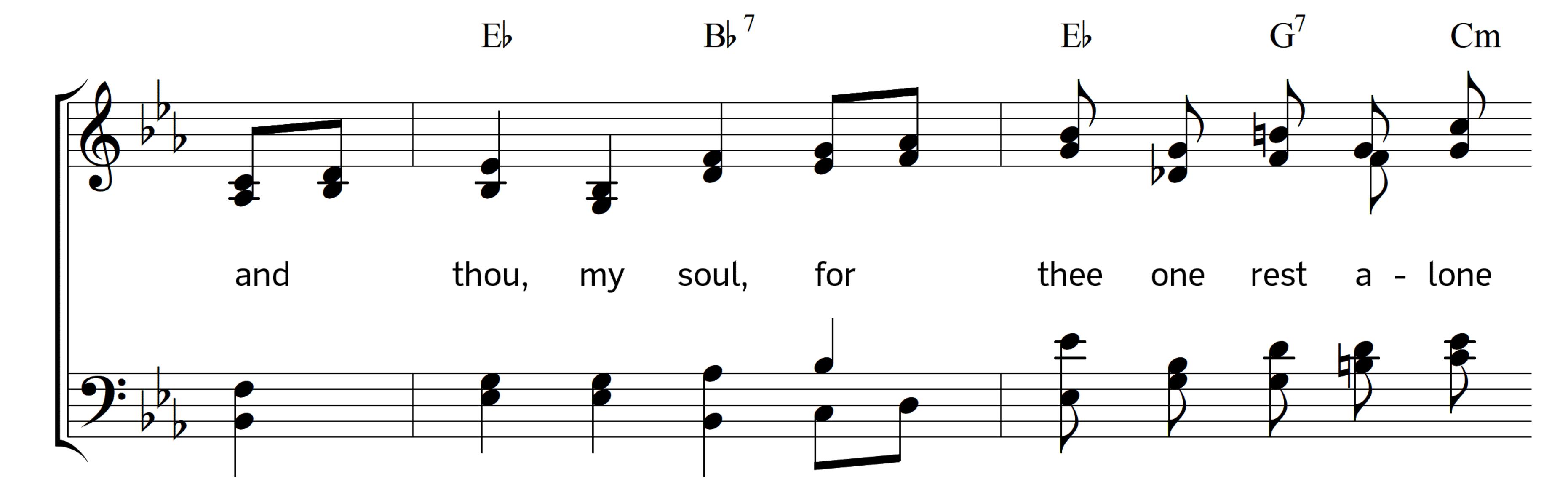
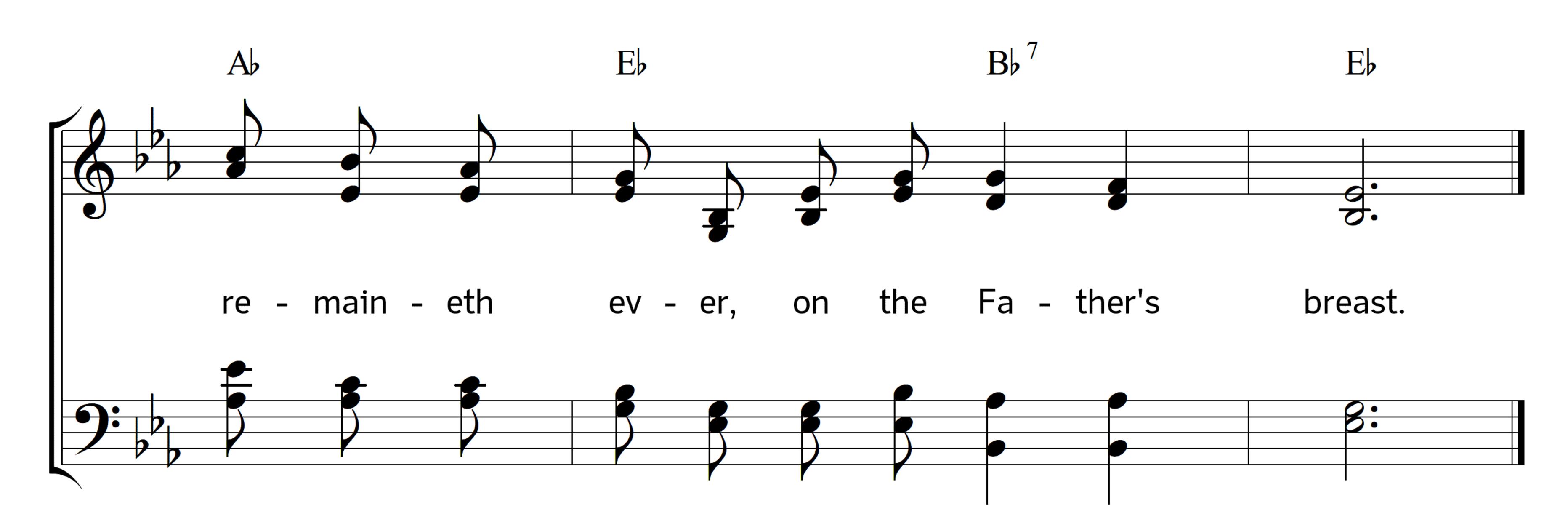
THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS









- 2. The wanderer rests at last each weary limb; birds to their nests return from heath and hill; the sheep are gathered from the pastures dim in thee, my God, my restless heart is still.
- 3. Lord, gather from the regions dim and far desires and thoughts that wandered far from thee; to home and rest lead on, O guiding Star, no other home or rest but God for me.
- 4. The daily toil of this worn body done, the spirit for untiring work is strong; still hours of worship and of love begun, of blessed vision and eternal song.
- 5. In darkness and in silence still and sweet, with blessed awe my spirit feels thee near; within the Holiest, worships at thy feet: Speak thou, and silence all my soul to hear.
- 6. To thee my heart as incense shall arise; consumed upon thine altar all my will; love, praise, and peace, an evening sacrifice, and in the Lord I rest, and I am still.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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