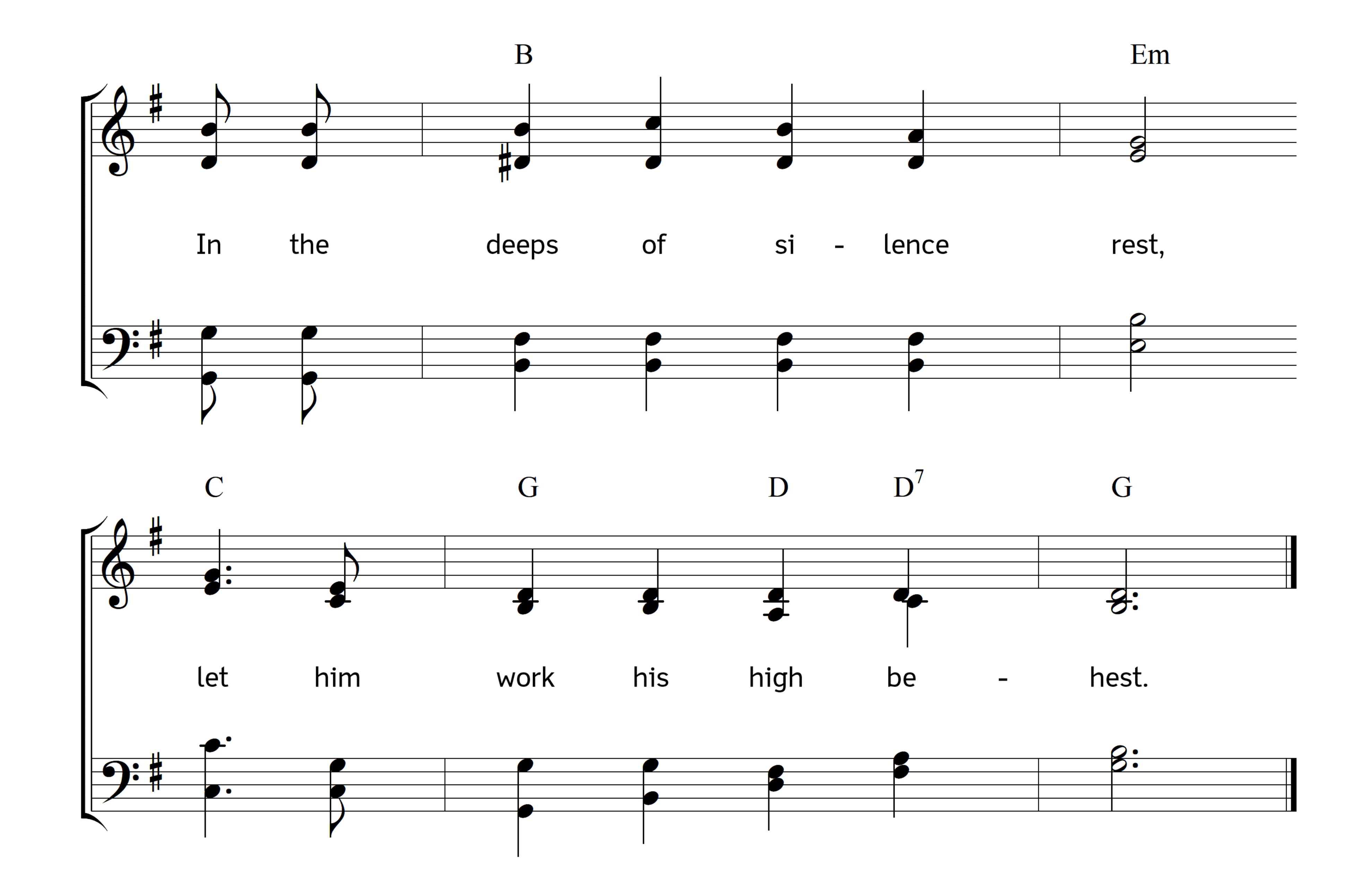
THE LAND OF REST





- 2. Silence! reasonings hard and keen, still O longings sad and deep waken to the morn serene, tangled dreams depart with sleep; in the calm eternal day night's wild visions passed away.
- 3. In the silence of that dawn
 God shall speak his words of grace,
 light that round thy waking shone
 is the radiance of his Face;
 yearning of his heart to thee,
 fills the deep immensity.
- 4. Gently loosens he thy hold of the treasured former things loves and joys that were of old, shapes to which the spirit clings and alone, alone he stands, stretching forth beseeching hands.

- 5. Lo, the soul thy love has bought, through the ages, Lord, am I, knowing nought, and willing nought, thine alone eternally thine, the Bride thy love has won, gift of God to Christ his Son.
- 6. In thy strength my soul is still clay within the potter's hands, moulded by thy tender will mightier than all commands; shaped and moved by thee alone, now, and evermore thine own.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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