THE ARK OF GOD



- Lord, from thee I went astray,
 lured by magic song;
 through dim places far away
 I have wandered long –
 now, when lost are moon and star,
 shines the light of Home afar.
- 3. O'er the waves that cannot rest, o'er the drifting foam, wandering dove without a nest; weary-winged, I come. From the lonely wastes of sin, blessed Noah, take me in.
- 4. Take me in, my heart implores, leaving far behind all the thunder of the shores all the wailing wind; in the chambers of thy rest, fold me, hush me, on thy breast.

* * * *

5. Still and sweet the silence deep, where no foot hath trod; softer than an infant's sleep, rest alone with God; closed on me thy palace door, perfect peace for evermore.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/790/