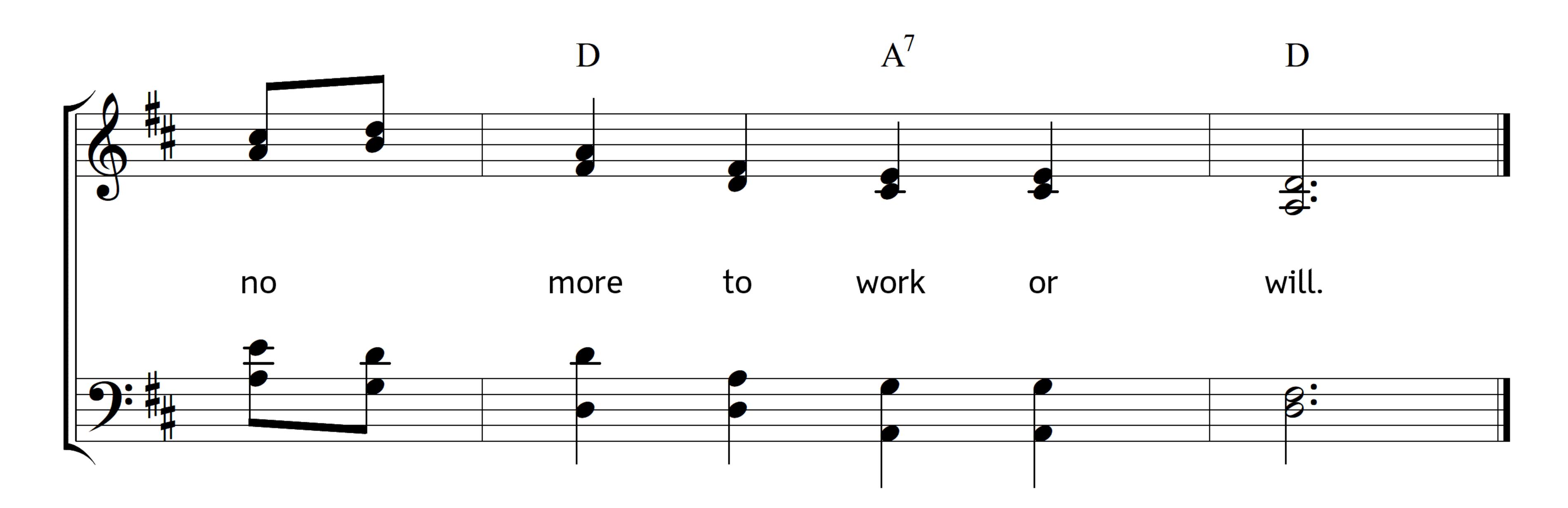
THE SABBATH YEAR









- An hour when weary thought has ceased, the eyes are closed in rest; and, hushed in Heaven's untroubled peace, I lie upon thy breast.
- 3. Erewhile I reasoned of thy truth, I searched with toil and care; from morn to night I tilled my field, and yet my field was bare.
- 4. Now, fed with corn from fields of Heaven, the fruit of Hands Divine,I pray no prayer, for all is given, the Bread of God is mine.
- 5. There lie my books for all I sought my heart possesses now.The words are sweet that tell thy love, the love itself art thou.
- 6. One line I read and then no more I close the book to see no more the symbols and the sign, but Christ revealed to me.

- 7. And thus my worship is, delight my work, to see his Face, with folded hands and silent lips within his Holy place.
- 8. Thus oft to busy men I seem a cumberer of the soil; the dreamer of an empty dream whilst others delve and toil.
- 9. O brothers! in these silent hours God's miracles are wrought; he giveth his beloved in sleep a treasure all unsought.
- 10. I sit an infant at his feet where moments teach me more than all the toil, and all the books of all the ages hoar.
- 11. I sought the truth, and found but doubt –
 I wandered far abroad;
 I hail the truth already found
 within the heart of God.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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