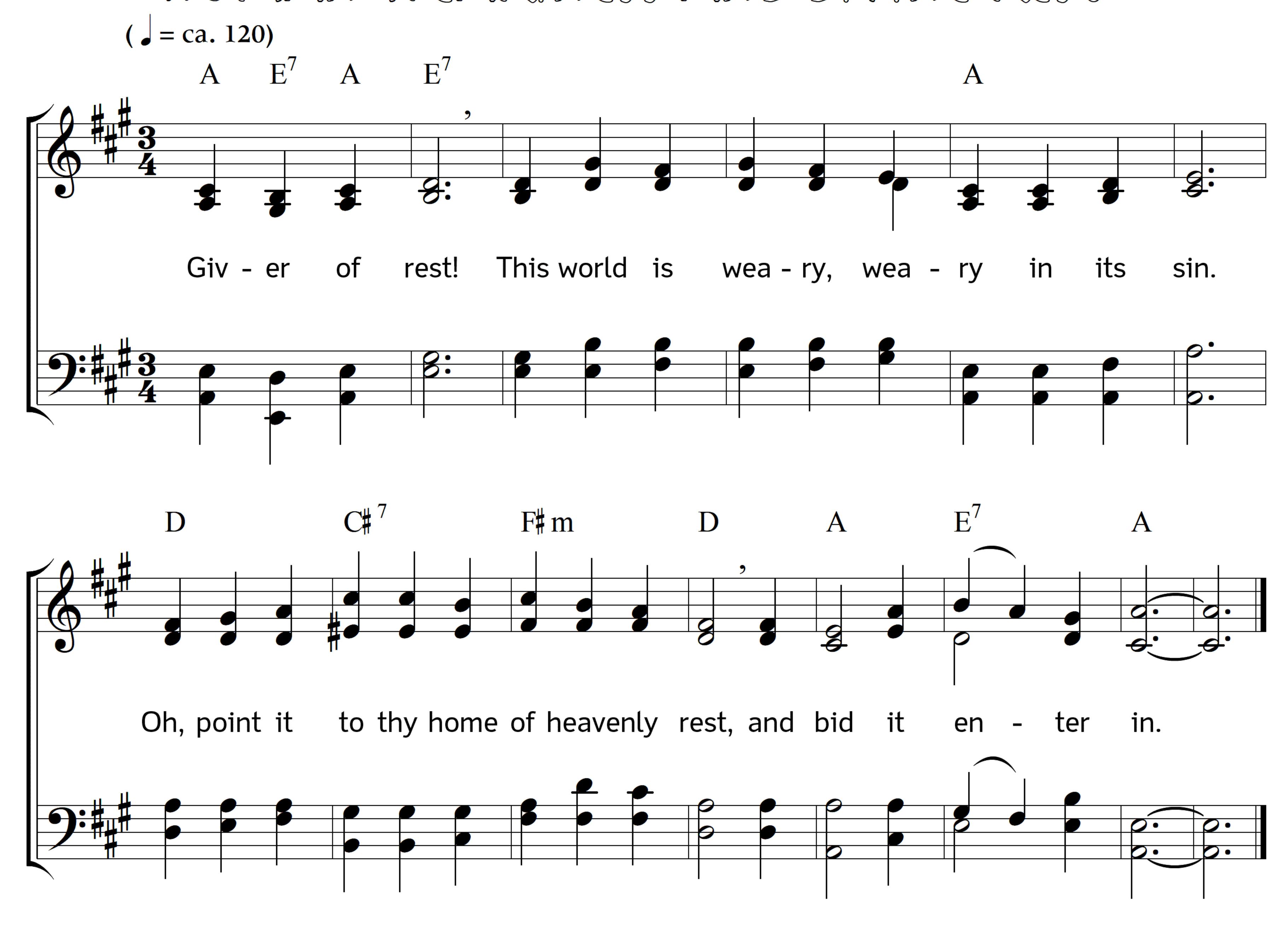
HUMAN WEARINESS AND DIVINE REST



2. Fountain of good!

This poor world wanders, wanders sadly on; it cries, Oh, who will show us any good? — Yet good it findeth none!

3. The good it seeks

is only, only to be found in thee; the good that fills and satisfies the heart, thy love so vast and free.

- 6. High thought is here! But thought is restless like the rolling waves; it cannot cool the burning breast: oh, give

5. Labour is here!

And the world seeketh rest, but findeth none.

Rest of the weary, pity its unrest;

the rest which heals and saves.

oh, hear its heavy moan.

4. Darkness is here! And darkness to the light the world prefers; it stumbles on in riot and in lust, its every footstep errs.

- 7. Bright love is here! with all the glow of its delicious smiles: oh, teach the sons of men the purer love, love that no sin defiles.
- 8. Music is here! But 'tis not music with its dying falls that soothes the broken heart, or the vexed soul back to lost peace recalls.
- 9. Knowledge is here! and science with its fair, far-ranging sweep: but the heart owns them not, – its void is far too awful and too deep.
- 10. Laughter is here! But what are jests to a sin-stricken heart? O thou with whom the well is of calm joy, thy heavenly joy impart.
- 11. True friends are here! But earthly friendship is a dying flower. O deathless Friend, give friendship that will last the long eternal hour.

- 12. And gold is here! But rest was never bought with earthly gold. Give to the weary the abiding rest, which is not bought nor sold.
- 13. Glad suns are here! But suns, with all their brilliance, shine in vain; they light not up the shaded brow of care, nor banish human pain.
- 14. Sweet flowers are here! flowers whose rich odours are like Eden's balm; but roses cool not the heart's fever-pulse, nor smooth it into calm.
- 15. Clear streams are here! which in the lone high mountain-cleft have birth; but these are not the waters from the throne, they quench no thirst of earth.
- 16. Giver of rest! who restedst not when here, that we might rest; pity earth's weariness, and give, oh give rest on thy loving breast.