## AT REST



2. And sated with the weary sum of all men think, and hear, and see,O more than mother's heart, I come, a tirèd child to thee.

3. Sweet childhood of eternal life!
Whilst troubled days and years go by,
in stillness hushed from stir and strife,
within thine Arms I lie.

4. Thine Arms, to whom I turn and cling with thirsting soul that longs for thee; as rain that makes the pastures sing, art thou, my God, to me.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/872/