

From various cares our hearts retire

1. From various cares our hearts retire,
Though deep and boundless their desire,
We're now to please but O ne;
He, before Whom the elders bow,
With Him is all our bus'ness now,
And those that are His own.

2. With these our happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or through its gardens fair;
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,
Or all in dead supineness sleep,
T' advance be all our care.

3. O Lord, our way, our truth, our life!
Let sin and sorrow, doubt and strife,
Drop off like autumn leaves;
And may we, privileg'd by Thee,
Simple and undistracted be,
The church which to Thee cleaves.

4. Let us the weary mind recline
On that eternal love of Thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Child-like attend what Thou wilt say,
Go forth and serve Thee while'tis day,
Yet leave not our retreat.