

Be still, my soul, for God is near

Be still, my soul, for God is near;  
the great High Priest is with thee now!  
The Lord of Life himself is here,  
before whose face the angels bow.

To make thy heart his lowly throne  
thy Savior God in love draws nigh;  
he gives himself unto his own,  
for whom he once came down to die.

He pleads before the mercy seat--  
he pleads with God; he pleads for thee;  
he gives thee Bread from heaven to eat--  
his Flesh and Blood in mystery.

I come, O Lord!--for thou dost call--  
to blend my pleading prayer with thine;  
to thee I give myself--my all,  
and feed on thee, and make thee mine.