

Come Ye Yourselves Apart

Edward Bickersteth, 1872.

James Langran, 1861.

Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile;
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father not alone.

Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won:
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink:
The Bread of Life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the Wine of Love to drink.

Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into ev'n;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in Heav'n.