

Jesus, the Calm That Fills My Breast

Frank North, 1905.

Moses Cross(1854-1911)

Jesus, the calm that fills my breast,  
No other heart than Thine can give;  
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,  
None but Thy loved ones can receive.

My weary soul has found a charm  
That turns to blessedness my woe;  
Within the shelter of Thine arm,  
I rest secure from storm and foe.

In desert wastes I feel no dread,  
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;  
I care not where my way is led,  
Since all my life is life with Thee.

O Christ, through changeful years my Guide  
My Comforter in sorrow's night,  
My Friend, when friendless still abide,  
My Lord, my Counselor, my Light.

My time, my powers, I give to Thee;  
My inmost soul 'tis Thine to move;  
I wait for Thy eternity,  
I wait, in peace, in praise, in love.