

Shut In
Simpson Ely, 1887.
Charles Humphrey.

Shut in from all the outer world,
From all its strife and din;
My ears ne'er greet its jarring sound,
Nor eyes behold its sin.
Shut in with self and with my God,
Oh, let this thought, this thought console;
Tho' many outer joys I miss,
I've Heav'n within my soul!
Tho' many outer joys I miss,
I've Heav'n within my soul!

Shut in, but Christ is ever near,
Oh, blessed be His name!
His presence banishes my fear
And helps me bear my pain.
Oh, sweet companionship with Him,
My Life, my Light, my Joy, my Love!
He fills my cup up to the brim,
With blessings from above;
He fills my cup up to the brim,
With blessings from above.

Shut in: but God alone can tell
How long this woe may last;
No matter, for I know full well
That when 'tis overpast,
Then on the hills of Beulah-land,
Free from all care, all care and sin,
And, free from sorrow, pain and death,
I'll no more be shut in;
And, free from sorrow, pain and death,
I'll no more be shut in.