

When Quiet in My House I Sit  
Charles Wesley, 1762.  
Harmonia Sacra.

When quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy Book be my companion still,  
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine  
Subject of all my converse be!  
So will the Lord His follower join,  
And walk and talk Himself with me;  
So shall my heart His presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling Word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast!  
While, on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Savior's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let Thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue,  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the Church above.