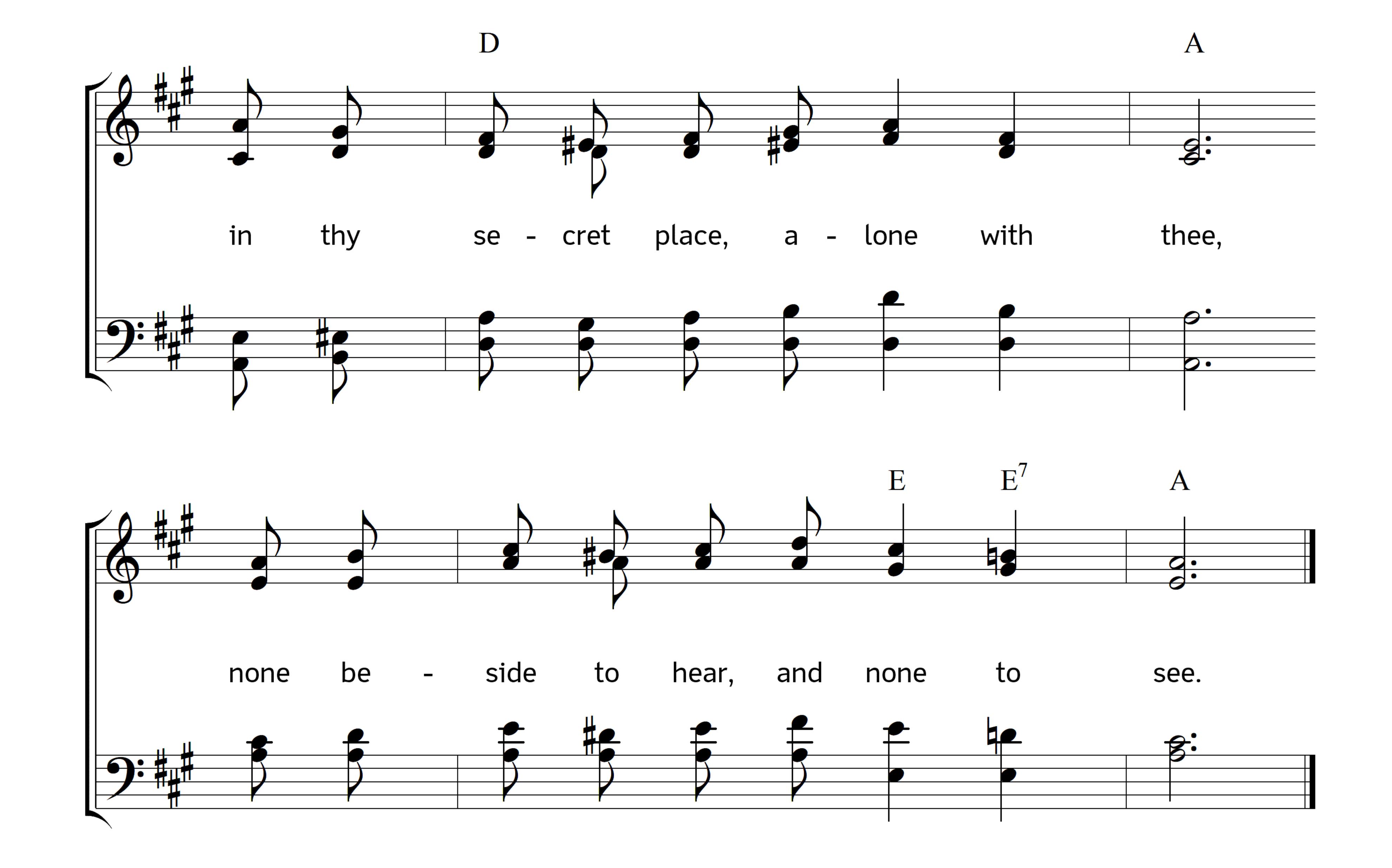
## THE INNER CHAMBER





- Led by wandering gleams o'er fen and moorland, what are we, outwearied at our best?
   For the heart amidst the world's allurings craveth evermore for God and rest God and rest all else the weary load of a toiler on an endless road.
- 3. Blessed he, who from the strife has entered God's fair Home of peace for evermore sounds of the great world's confusion murmuring as the sea upon a distant shore; here, ere yet his earthly day is done, his eternal task of love begun.
- 4. In the desert still, yet by the river bearing heavenly fruit, a healing tree; in the Spirit and in truth adoring him whom none but eyes anointed see marvels of God's secret place made known unto him who dwells with God alone, —
- 5. there the lonely heart his sweetness learneth, sheltered there beneath the shadowing wings in the depths of hidden rest encompassed by the tender gleams of heavenly things; who amidst the world's sad mirth can tell, what it is apart in God to dwell?

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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