

At Rest

Gerhard Tersteegen,
adapted by Tom Neill

THOU WILT KEEP HIM 8.8.8.6.

Arr. by Paul Beckwith

A D A E

O God, a world of emp - ty show, Dark wilds of rest - less,

D A D

fruit - less quest lie round me ev - ery - where I go: With -

A E A

in, with You, is rest.

2. Filled and numbed with the weary sum
Of all men think, and say, and do,
O more than mother's heart, I come,
A tired child to You.
3. Sweet childhood of eternal life!
While troubled days and years go by,
In stillness hushed from stir and strife,
Within Your arms I lie.
4. To Your dear arms I turn and cling;
My thirsting soul with You must be;
As rain that makes the pastures sing,
Are You my God, to me.

This hymn draws upon the picture of a mother holding her child, possibly a nursing child, to describe our relationship with the Lord. He has "more than a mother's heart" and calms us in His arms in times of trouble. The phrase "sweet childhood of eternal life" is a reminder that as we mature in the Lord, in some sense we will always be children reliant upon our divine Father.

—Tom Neill