Speak Lord, in the stillness

Harold Green, 1871-1931 Quietude





Speak, Lord, in the stillness While I wait on Thee; Hushed my heart to listen, In expectancy.

Speak, O blessèd Master, In this quiet hour, Let me see Thy face, Lord, Feel Thy touch of power.

For the words Thou speakest, "They are life" indeed; Living Bread from Heaven, Now my spirit feed! All to Thee is yielded, I am not my own; Blissful, glad surrender, I am Thine alone.

Fill me with the knowledge Of Thy glorious will; All Thine own good pleasure In my life fulfill.

Like "a watered garden" Full of fragrance rare, Ling'ring in Thy presence Let my life appear.

E. May Grimes

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