The Quiet Hour

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting places." – Isa. 32:18

1. Quiet, Lord, my* forward heart, Make me teach-a-ble and mild,
   Up-right, sim-ple, free from art; Make me as a lit-tle child—
   From dis-trust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleas-es Thee.

2. What Thou shalt to-day pro-vide, Let me as a child re-ceive;
   What to-mor-row may be-tide, Calm-ly to Thy wis-dom leave;
   'Tis e-nough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the bur-den bear?

3. As a lit-tle child re-lies On a care be-yond its own,
   Be-ing nei-ther strong nor wise, Fears to take a step a-lone—
   Let me thus with Thee a-bide, As my Fa-ther, Friend, and Guide.

* (vs. 1) - froward – contrary

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