

Thoughtfully ♩ = 80-92

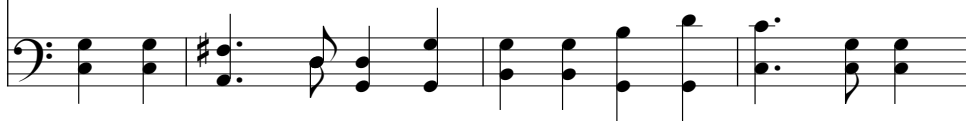
1. I wan - der through the still of night, When sol - i - tude is
 2. When I am filled with strong de - sire And ask a boon of
 3. It mat - ters not what may be - fall, What threat - 'ning hand hangs



ev - 'ry - where — A - lone, be - neath the star - ry light, And yet I
 him, I see No mir - a - cle of liv - ing fire, But what I
 o - ver me; He is my ram - part through it all, My ref - uge



know that God is there. I kneel up - on the grass and pray;
 ask flows in - to me. And when the tem - pest rag - es high
 from mine en - e - my. Come un - to him all ye de - pressed,



An an - swer comes with - out a voice. It takes my bur - den
 I feel no arm a - round me thrust, But ev - 'ry storm goes
 Ye err - ing souls whose eyes are dim, Ye wea - ry ones who



all a - way And makes my ach - ing heart re - joice.
 roll - ing by When I re - pose in him my trust.
 long for rest. Come un - to him! Come un - to him!

Text: Theodore E. Curtis, 1872–1957
Music: Hugh W. Dougall, 1872–1963

Psalms 55:16–17, 22
 Matthew 11:28–30