Come Ye Yourselves Apart

1. Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

2. Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Along with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father not alone.

3. Come, tell, Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears,
I know how hardy souls are wooed and won,
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

4. Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink,
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

5. Then fresh from converse with your Lord, return,
And work till day-light softens in to ev'n:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heav'n.

Words: A. N.
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