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Shut In With Thee Lord Jesus

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Beyond the giddy throng,
The joys of earth would tease us
And draw our souls along,
But all their fascination
Can never charm the heart
Whose blessed occupation
Is with Thyself, apart.

Not as the world, Thou givest,
Thou only dost impart
Sure as in Heaven Thou livest,
The largeness of Thy heart.
Thy promises relieve us,
Our strength Thou dost renew,
The world would fain deceive us
But Thou art ever true.

The secret of Thy presence
Is love's abiding place,
All cleansed in heart and conscience,
We move before Thy face.
Let earth recede and vanish
The world with all its gloss,
And from our vision banish
All glory, but the cross.

Jean Jones