

Thomas Hastings
(1784-1872)

Quiet, Lord, this trembling frame

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

1. Quiet, Lord, this trembling frame,
Tranquilise this beating heart,
Let the savour of Thy name
Sweetest influence now impart,
Till the thought that Thou art near
Shall dispel each rising fear.

2. Let me find a hallowed rest
Never more in sin to rove,
Gently leaning on Thy breast
In humility and love;
Like a simple-hearted child,
With affections undefiled.

3. Then, though earthly cares assail,
Though afflictions mark my way,
No temptation shall prevail,
To dishearten or betray;
While I thus in Thee confide,
Every want is satisfied.