Far from the World, O Lord, I Flee

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
strife and tumult far; From

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
scenes, where Satan wages still, His

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
most successful war.

The other verses

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Savior, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store;
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.