



## ALONE BEFORE THE TABERNACLE



SILENT and still the heavenly host  
Prostrate in love and fear :  
And we — for whom Thou art hidden thus —  
Not one is kneeling here !

Alone in the day : and crowds rush past,  
Like a stream in noisy glee ;  
Yet none of them stay their steps, to come  
And waft a prayer to Thee.

Alone in the night : the weary world  
Is sleeping its toils away ;  
While the rich and great, in idle ease,  
Are gathered to feast and play.

Not one of them here to visit Thee,  
To draw from Thy Sacred Heart  
Those words so tender, loving, dear,  
Which bid us in peace depart.

None of them dream of the floods of joy,  
So tender, so full, so sweet,  
Which flow when we weep, as wept of old  
The sinner at Jesus' feet.

Draw us O Lord ! with the chords of love ;  
Draw us, until we rest  
In the twilight dim, before Thy throne,  
Sharing the watch of the blest.

Heavy and dull, we are clothed in clay,  
Oh ! scatter Thy holy fire ;  
Light up our hearts from Thy heart of flame,  
Our souls with love inspire.

Then shall we come with ardor and joy,  
Then shall we kneel and pray,  
With angels who keep their vigils blest  
At Thine altar, night and day.

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