

Shut In

Simpson Ely, 1887

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♩=117



1. Shut in from all the out-er world, From all its strife and din; My ears ne'er
2. Shut in, but Christ is ev-er near, Oh, bless-èd be His name! His pre-sence
3. Shut in: but God a-lone can tell How long this woe may last; No mat-ter,



greet its jar-ring sound, Nor eyes be-hold its sin. Shut in with self and
ban-ish-es my fear And helps me bear my pain. Oh, sweet com-pan-ion-
for I know full well That when 'tis o-ver-past, Then on the hills of



- with my God, Oh, let this thought, this thought con-sole; Tho' ma-ny out-er
ship with Him, My Life, my Light, my Joy, my Love! He fills my cup up
Beu-lah-land, Free from all care, all care and sin, And, free from sor-row,



joys I miss, I've Heav'n with-in my soul! Tho' ma-ny out-er joys I miss, I've
to the brim, With bless-ings from a-bove; He fills my cup up to the brim, With
pain and death, I'll no more be shut in; And, free from sor-row, pain and death, I'll



Heav'n with-in my soul!
bless-ings from a-bove.
no more be shut in.

