

'Mid All the Traffic

Intro:

B \flat F Gm F F/A B \flat F Gm F

B \flat F Gm F

1. 'Mid all the traf - fic of Thy ways, Tur - moil'without with - in,
 2. A lit - tle shel - ter from life's stress, Where I may lay me prone,
 3. A so - li - tude where I can think a ha - ven of re - treat

B \flat F Gm F

Make in my heart a qui - et place and come and dwell there - in.
 And bare my soul in lone - li - ness, and know as I am known.
 Where of Thy Red wine I may drink and of Thy white bread eat;

E \flat E \flat 2 F B \flat /D

A lit - tle shrine of qui - et - ness, all sa - cred to Thy - self,
 A lit - tle place of my - stic grace, of self and sin swept bare,
 A lit - tle si - lent sa - cred place, where we may com - mune hold;

E \flat E \flat 2 F E \flat F

Where Thou shalt all my soul pos - sess, and I may find my self.
 Where I may look u - pon Thy face, and
 Where Thy bo - dy shall us em - brace and

E \flat F Gm

talk from with the Thee world in en - prayer. fold;

