

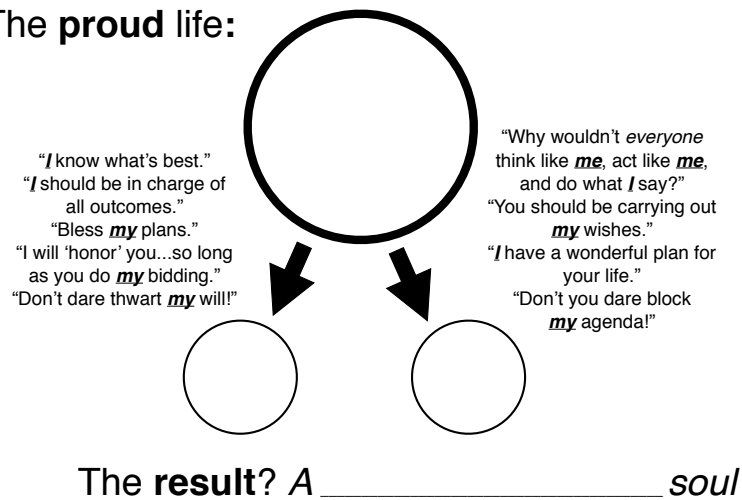
A Song of Quiet Peace

Psalm 131

This summer at The Bridge we're studying selected psalms. Each week we're discovering all over again why these ancient prayer-songs are some of the most beloved chapters of the Bible: they relate to just about every experience and emotion of life. Today's short psalm, # 131 (written by David) is the perfect prescription for anyone with a noisy, turbulent soul. It asks and answers two universal questions:

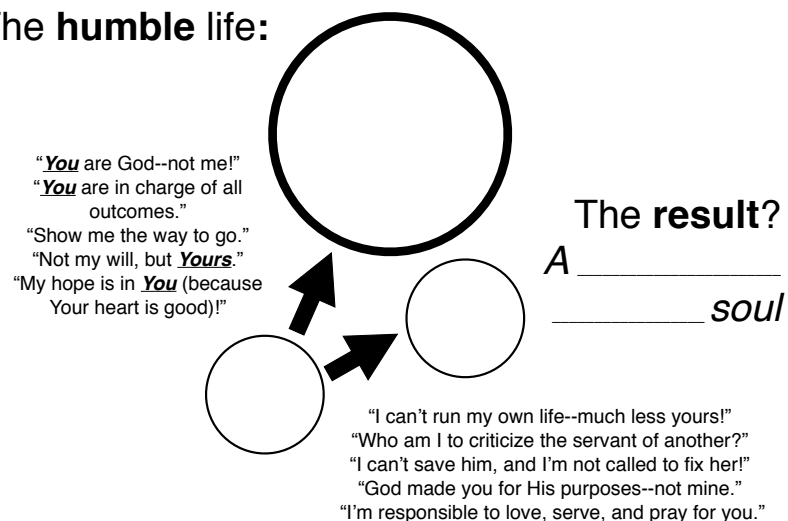
1. Why are we so restless internally? (1)

The proud life:



2. How do we find stillness of soul? (2-3)

The humble life:



Lagniappe

In the mid-1700's, a woman named Katarina von Schlegel wrote a profound hymn about her struggle to compose and quiet her soul in the spirit of Psalm 131. Historians believe the song was composed in a time of great loss. The lyrics of *Be Still, My Soul* are perfect for meditation.

(Or listen to Kari Jobe sing it here: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mq59iE3MhXM>)

Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future, as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the Lord.
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Be still, my soul: begin the song of praise
On earth, believing, to Thy Lord on high;
Acknowledge Him in all thy words and ways,
So shall He view thee with a well-pleased eye.
Be still, my soul: the Sun of life divine
Through passing clouds shall but more brightly shine.