My Saviour Thou hast offered rest

My Saviour,
Thou hast offered rest:
Oh, give it, then, to me!
The rest of ceasing from myself,
To find my all in Thee.

This cruel self,
oh, how it strives
And works within my breast,
To come between Thee and my soul
And keep me back from rest!

How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not SAFE to rest,
And venture all on Thee.

O Lord, I seek a holy rest
A victory over sin!
I seek that Thou alone
shouldst reign
O'er all without, within.

In Thy strong hand
I lay me down
So shall the work be done:
For who can work so wondrously
As the Almighty One?

Work on, then, Lord,
till on my soul
Eternal light shall break;
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I "Satisfied" shall wake.

Meter:8 6 8 6 (C.M.)
Author:Eliza H. Hamilton
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Author:Handley Carr Glyn Moule
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