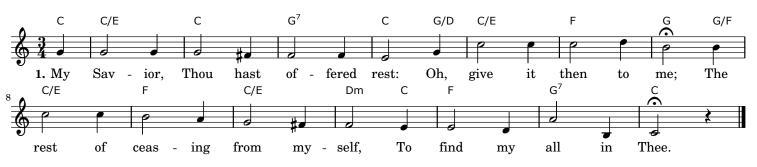
My Savior, Thou hast offered rest

Longings — For Deliverance from Self



- 2. 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.
- 3. How many subtle forms it takes Of seeming verity, As if it were not safe to rest And venture all on Thee.
- 4. O Lord, I seek a holy rest, A victory over sin;I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign O'er all without, within.
- 5. In Thy strong hand I lay me down, So shall the work be done; For who can work so wondrously As the Almighty One?
- 6. Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul Eternal light shall break, And, in Thy likeness perfected, I "satisfied" shall wake.