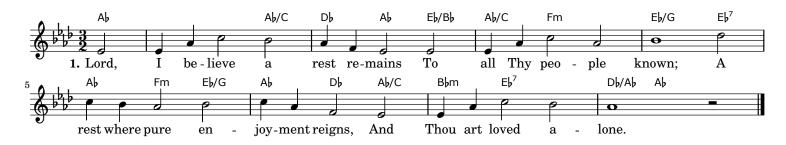
## Lord, I believe a rest remains

Longings — For Rest

424



- 2. A rest, where all our soul's desire
  Is fixed on things above;
  Where fear and sin and grief expire,
  Cast out by perfect love.
- Oh, that I now the rest might know, Believe, and enter in; Now, Savior, now the power bestow, And let me cease from sin.
- 4. Remove this hardness from my heart,
  This unbelief remove;
  To me the rest of faith impart,
  The Sabbath of Thy love.
- 5. I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would, And have Thee all my own; Thee, O my all-sufficient Good, I want, and Thee alone.