My Savior, Thou hast offered rest
Longings — For Deliverance from Self

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

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.