

Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains

Charles Wesley, 1740.

William Havergal, 1847.

Lord, I believe a rest remains

To all Thy people known,

A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,

And Thou art loved alone.

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.

O that I now the rest might know,

Believe, and enter in!

Now, Savior, now the power bestow,

And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,

This unbelief remove:

To me the rest of faith impart,

The Sabbath of Thy love.

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.

Thy name to me, Thy nature grant!

This, only this, be given:

Nothing beside my God I want,

Nothing in earth and Heaven.

Come, O my Savior, come away,

Into my soul descend!

No longer from Thy creature stay,

My author and my end!

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

And seal me Thine abode!

Let all I am in Thee be lost,

Let all be lost in God.