

## After Storm, Sweet Rest

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Afresh, again, the nails I've driven,  
 Alas ! alas, thy wounds have riven,  
 My poor soul to Thee I bring  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

CHORUS :—

Thy love hath drawn my soul to Thee  
 Thou alone can set me free,  
 Unto Thee I give my heart,  
 Oh may I never from Thee depart.

I humbly kneel at the foot of the cross  
 Although my soul is tempest tossed,  
 Driven about from wave to wave  
 Thou alone my soul can save.

I bring my burden Lord to Thee  
 Thou alone can set me free,  
 I plead for mercy, now, to-day  
 Do not cast my soul away.

When I look at Thy face divine,  
 Mercy and grace in Thee I find ;  
 The raging storm within my breast  
 Is gone, Sweet rest, sweet rest.