

After Storm, Sweet Rest

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.