

## "RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL."

Psalm cxvi. 7.



THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,  
 I see from far thy beauteous light;  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
 My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
 My mind to seek its peace in thee;  
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
 O when shall all my wanderings end,  
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with thee my heart to share?  
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone  
 The Lord of every motion there.  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in thee.

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
 "I am thy Saviour, God, and All!"  
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
 To know thy love, be all my choice.