THE SOUL'S RESTING-PLACE



- By sin I am oppressèd,
 by Satan sorely tried,
 with self-love all distressèd:
 in thee myself I hide.
- 3. Thy precious blood, it healeth the wounds that sin has made; my heart its comfort feeleth, whene'er it is afraid.
- 4. But oh! the hope of being for ever, Lord, with thee; the joyful hope of seeing the face once marred for me: –
- 5. It fills my heart with comfort, it fills my lips with praise; so that amidst my sorrow a joyful song I raise.
- 6. No more shall Satan tempt me, no more shall sin deceive; no more thy heart, my Saviour, shall I by folly grieve.
- 7. Oh! then I shall be like thee, and in thine image shine: with deepest joy confessing, the glory's only thine.

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