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No Rest but Christ. Isa. 11. 10; Matt. 11. 28, 29

1. When Jes - us' gra - cious hand Has touched our eyes and ears, O
 2. Yet long I vain - ly sought A rest - ing - place be - low; And
 3. [Lord, en - ter in my breast, And with me sup and stay; Nor
 4. My sor - row thou canst see, For thou dost read my heart; It
 5. I would be near thy feet, Or at thy bleed - ing side; Feel

what a drear - y land The wild - er - ness ap - pears! No
 that sweet land for - got Where liv - ing wat - ers flow; I
 prove a has - ty guest, Who tar - ries but a day; U -
 pin - eth af - ter thee, And yet from thee will start; Re -
 how thy heart does beat, And see its purp - le tide; Trace

heal - ing balm springs from its dust; No cool - ing stream to quench the thirst.
 hung - er now for heav'n - ly food, And my poor heart cries out for God.
 - pon my bos - om fix thy throne, And pull each fanc - y i - dol down.]
 - claim thy rov - ing child at last, And fix my heart and bind it fast.
 all the won - ders of thy death, And sing thy love in ev - ery breath.