

150. Desire for Rest

1. O God, give Thou ear to my plea,
 2. O that I had wings like a dove,
 3. Nay, soul, call on God all the day;
 4. Thy bur - den now cast on the Lord,

And hide not Thy - self from my cry;
 For then I would fly far a - way
 The Lord for Thy help will ap - pear;
 And He shall thy weak - ness sus - tain;

O hear - ken and ans - wer Thou me,
 And seek for the rest that I love,
 At eve, morn, and noon hum bly pray,
 The right - eous who trust in His word

As rest - less and wea - ry I sigh.
 Where trou - ble no more could dis - may.
 And He thy pe - ti - tion will hear.
 Un - moved shall for - e - ver re - main.