

# Rest

Sitting still, is hard it seems,  
When no one's sure what stillness  
means

To rest, its true, requires great  
skill

To still the mind, and quiet the will

To rest requires great discipline

A strength, I've yet, to enter in

But in my weakness, I find joy

In daily trying to enjoy

The stillness of the Lord's embrace

The glimpses of my Saviour's face

Upon the bus, in city skies

In cups of tea, in strangers eyes

Songs, and laughter I find best

Draw me into Jesus' rest.

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