

REST FOR THE WEARY

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* In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a
Death it-self shall then be van-quished, And its sting shall
Sing oh, sing ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri-umph

land of rest; And my Sav-iour's gone be-fore me To ful-
be with-drawn; Shout for glad-ness, O ye ran-somed! Hail with
as you go; Zion's gates will o-pen for you, You shall

fill my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the wea-ry,
joy the ris-ing morn. On the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
find an en-trance through.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the
In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is

wea - ry, There is rest for you.
blooming, There is rest for you.

Christ in Song, R&H, PUBLIC DOMAIN