

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8, 7.

539

Alto by William Walker

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-iour's gone be-fore me To ful - fil my soul's re-quest.

2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.

3. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And its sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad-ness, O ye ran-somed, Hail with joy the ris-ing morn!

Chorus

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
 { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you. }

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
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