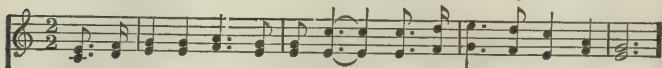


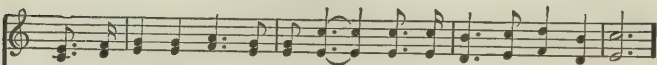
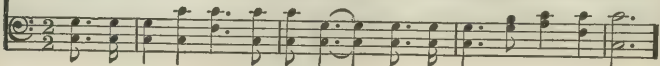
Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter.

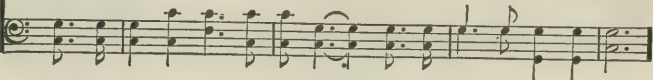
J. W. Dadmun.



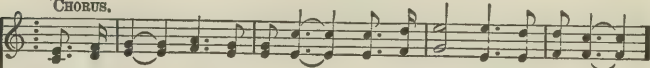
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit-ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;



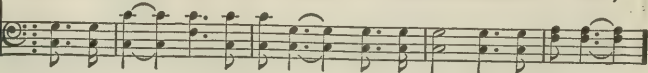
There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.



CHORUS.



{There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
 {On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. } A-MEN.

