

# 213. COME, BRETHREN, LET US HASTEN

O BRAĆO NE ZASTAJMO

*p*

1. { Come, breth - ren, let us has - ten to - wards our heav'n - ly rest; Be -  
The grave will soon be o - pen, our bod - ies to re - ceive; Take

*p*

6 *mf*  
hold our fleet - ing mo - ments on earth will soon be past. } In my  
up thy staff, O pil - grim, this vale of tears to leave. } *mf*

11  
heav - en - ly home, there is rest for my soul, there is

15  
sweet rest, there is sweet rest, there is rest for my soul.

2. Our loved ones now are waiting in mansions bright and fair;  
Their hallelujahs blending with songs of victory!  
On earth we yet must struggle, until our journey's end;  
At last we, too, shall conquer and reach that golden strand.  
In my heavenly home...

3. Our King doth go before us, the battle He doth win;  
And through the cross of sorrows, The crown of life we gain.  
So may we look to Jesus, so may we watch and pray,  
Till Zion's gates we enter through Christ triumphantly.  
In my heavenly home...