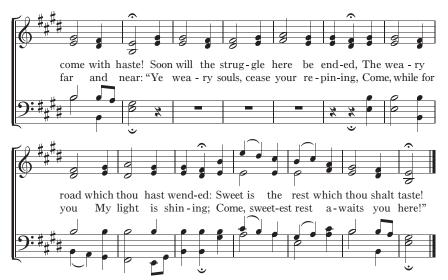
## A Rest Remaineth for the Weary





- 3. O come, come all, ye weak and weary, Ye souls bowed down with many a care; Arise and leave your dungeons dreary And listen to His promise fair: "Ye bore your burdens meek and lowly, I will fulfill My pledge most holy, I'll be your Solace and your Rest. Ye are My own, I will requite you, Though sin and Satan seek to smite you. Rejoice! Your home is with the blest!"
- 4. There we shall sheaves of joy be bringing, For past is sowing-time in tears! With songs the Father's house is ringing, Songs far too sweet for mortal ears: Pain, sighs, and sorrow will be over, And death no more will o'er us hover; We'll see our King and with Him dwell! He'll lead us to the crystal river And wipe away all tears forever; What He will give no tongue can tell!
- 5. There peace shall reign in fullest measure, No gnawing care shall mar our rest! Ye weary ones, ye shall have pleasure: Come, lean upon your Savior's breast! Oh, had we wings to hasten yonder—No more o'er earthly ills to ponder—To join that bright triumphant band! Make haste, my soul, forget all sadness; For peace awaits thee, joy and gladness, Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand.