

A Rest Remaineth for the Weary

Alternate 211, Heft 27

1. A rest re-main-eth for the wea-ry, Rise, heart, and shine with
 2. This rest our God Him-self or-dain-ed, A rest that nev - er -

light di - vine! Though here the way be long and drear-y, And here thy
 more shall end; Ere man his earth - ly home ob-tain-ed, Love wove the

sun doth nev - er shine! Be - fore His throne the Lamb will lead thee,
 plan this rest to send: The Lamb of God Him-self chose dy-ing,

And there on heaven - ly pas-tures feed thee. Cast off thy bur - den,
 This rest for us to be sup - ply-ing; And now He call - eth

come with haste! Soon will the strug-gle here be end-ed, The wea-ry
far and near: "Ye wea-ry souls, cease your re-pin-ing, Come, while for

road which thou hast wend-ed: Sweet is the rest which thou shalt taste!
you My light is shin-ing; Come, sweet-est rest a-waits you here!"

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.