

GONE TO REST

(Ella. 8s. & 4s.)

Annie R. Smith

F. E. Belden

1. (She) hath pass'd death's chill - ing bil - low, And gone to the rest;
 2. He the morn of glo - ry break - ing, Shall light the tomb,
 3. Where no win - try winds are blow - ing, — No bur - ial train, —

Je - sus smooth'd (her his) dy - ing pil - low, — O slum - ber blest!
 Beau - ti - ful will be thy wak - ing In fade - less bloom;
 Crown'd with life's ce - les - tial glow - ing, We'll meet a - gain.

“Like ripening grain these precious tried and faithful ones
 are fitting for the harvest. Their work is nearly done.
 They may be permitted to remain till Christ shall be revealed
 in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.
 They may drop out of the ranks at any time, and sleep in Jesus.
 But while darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people,
 these children of the light can lift up their heads and rejoice,
 knowing that their redemption draweth nigh.”