



1. Now the labourer's toils are o'er Fought the bat - tle, won the crown:
 2. An - gels bear thee to the land Where the towers of Si - on rise;
 3. Whiterobed, at the gol - den gate Of the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
 4. Friends and dear ones gone be - fore To the land of end - less peace,



On life's rough and bar - ren shore Thou hast laid thy bur - den down:
 Safe - ly lead thee by the hand To the fields of Par - a - dise:
 May the host of Mar - tyrs wait; Give thee pat and lot with them:
 Meet thee on that fur - ther shore Where all tears and weeping cease:



Grant him, Lord, e - ter - nal rest, With the spi - rits of the blest.