



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,



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



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

5. Rest in peace: the gates of hell
Touch thee not, till he shall come
For the souls he loves so well,
Dear Lord of the heav'nly home:

6. Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay,
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection day: