

Mute Are the Pleading Lips of Him

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Den mun är tyst, som bad så ömt

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♩ = 90 C F G C G Am Dm Em C G

Mute are the plead - ing lips of Him who hath our cause de - fend -
But not for aye, O Friend of men, Thou in the grave des - cend -
O Prince of Life, now to the gloom Of earth con - signed in sor -

6 C C F G C G Am Dm Em C G C

ed; Love drained the cup filled to the brim, as Ho - li - ness de - mand - ed.
est; A lit - tle while, and then a - gain Thy griev - ing flock Thou tend - est.
row, my life so guide, that in my tomb I wait the bless - ed mor - row.

12 C Am G D G C F G Dm C

The gen - tle Shep - herd here be - hold, slain for the sheep lost to His fold:
The corn that falls in - to the earth from dark - ness springs in full - ness forth,
When, freed from world - ly strife and care, this mor - tal frame re - po - ses there,

17 F G C Dm Em C F Em C G C

From la - bor, pain, and weep - ing now rests He with the sleep - ing.
In sea - son am - ply giv - ing the life - bread to the liv - ing.
grant that my death - less spi - rit the bliss of heav'n in - her - it.

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