

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

W. GUERNSEY.

Andante moderato

1. I'll, hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a -
 2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en
 3. Then I'll hide in my breast ev - 'ry self - ish care, I'll flush my pale cheek with
 4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble

gain, My peace - ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The
 suit, I tho't no more of my mas - ter's sword, But play'd my mas - ter's lute; She
 wine; When smiles a - wake the bri - dal pair, I'll has - ten to give them mine. I'll
 plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly doom; And

la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow. Oh!
 seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her pa - ges of low je - gree, Oh!
 laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train, And
 if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the brave, A



why did she flat - ter my boy-ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now, Oh! now.
 had I but lov'd with a boy-ish love, It would have been better for me, Oh! me.
 if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed, And off to the wars a - gain, And gain.
 tear from my La - dy love is all I ask for the war-rior's grave, A grave.



Rest for the Weary

S. Y. HARMER.

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1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest, There my
 2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my
 3. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in
 4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with - drawn; Shout for
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go; Zi - on's



CHORUS



Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. There is rest for the
 stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land. On the oth - er side of
 that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 gladness, O, ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.



wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
 Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

