



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-vice 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.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN



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.

