

Weep not for him that's  
dead and gone.

1

WEEP not for him that's dead and gone,  
Nor to despair be driven;  
Your child is saved through Jesus Christ;  
He now has gone to heaven.

2

Gone far away from wicked men,  
To mingle with the good,  
Who washed their robes and made them white  
In Christ's atoning blood.

3

'Tis true the trial was severe  
That tore him from your breast;  
But oh! do not desire him now,  
For he has gone to rest.

4

When lying suff'ring on your knee,  
Your heart did almost break,  
And oft you sighed and wept aloud,  
Oh, could my child but speak!

5

And still you mourn his absence now,  
And think you are bereaved;  
Sister, look, up thy God is good!  
Woman, thy child is saved.

6

Shed not for him the better tear,  
Nor yield to sore regret;  
'Tis but the casket that lies here,  
The gem is sparkling yet.

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Rest For The Weary Soul.

1

REST for the weary soul,  
Rest, for the aching heads,  
Rest, on the hill-side, rest  
With the great uncounted dead.

2

Rest, for the battle's o'er,  
Rest for the race is run,  
Rest, where the gates are closed  
With evening's settling sun.

3

Peace, where no strife intrudes,  
Peace, where no quarrels come,  
Peace, for the end is there  
Of our wild life's busy hum.

4

Peace, the oppressed are free,  
Rest, oh, ye weary rest;  
For angels guard those well  
Who sleep on their mother's breast.

5

Peace, there is music's sound.  
Peace, till the rising sun  
Of the resurrection morn  
Proclaims life's victory won.

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