

My Rest

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1900

John Robson Sweeney

$\text{J}=100$



1. Deep and deep - er fell the sha - dows, Near - er seemed the gold - en strand,
2. Near - er seemed the shin - ing por - tals, But the Mas - ter said to me,
3. In the si - lent hours of mid-night, When my wak - ing thoughts take wings,



And my trust - ing heart was wait - ing, Pass - iver in my Sav - ior's hands;
"There are sheaves that must be gar - nered Ere the reap - ing dawns for thee;
O the tran - quil peace He gives me, And the hal - lowed songs He brings!



O how bright - ly o'er my spir - it Came a ra - diance from a - far,
Yet I know that thou wert wear - y, And I bade thy heart re - pose
He has crowned me with His bless - ing, And I now by faith can say,



Refrain



Like the blush of ear - ly morn-ing, Like the ris - ing of a star.
By a heal - ing stream that mur - murs Where the Rose of Shar-on grows." I was
I am go - ing forth with vi - gor, Still re - joic - ing on my way.



wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, Not a fear was in my
I was wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, Not a fear was in my

breast; I had trust-ed my Re-deem-er, And in Him was now my
I had trust-ed my Re-deem-er, And in Him was now my

rest.