Rest for the Weary

1. In the Christian’s home in glory There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour’s gone before me, To fulfill my soul’s request.

2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient, In that holy, happy land.

3. Pain and sickness ne’er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withheld; There my Saviour’s gone before me, To fulfill my soul’s request.

On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.

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