REST, WEARY SON OF GOD



- 2. Rest, weary Son of God; we joy to think that all thy toil is done.No ache, no pang, no sigh for thee again; thy joy is now begun.
- 3. Thy life on earth was one sad weariness; nowhere to lay thy head.Thy days were toil and heat; thy lonely nights sought some cold mountain bed.
- 4. How calmly in that quiet tomb thou liest now, thy rest how still and deep!O'er thee in love the Father rests: he gives to his beloved sleep.
- 5. On Bethel-pillow now thy head is laid, in Joseph's rock-hewn cell; thy watchers are the angels of thy God: they guard thy slumber well.
- 6. With thee thy God and Father still abides, and thou art not alone.He in that still dark chamber is with thee, the well-beloved Son.
- 7. Oh, silent, silent is thy earthly tomb!
 The raging of thy foes
 is ended all! nor Jew nor Roman now
 can ruffle thy repose.
- 8. Rest, weary Son of God: thy work is done, and all thy burdens borne; rest on that stone, till the third sun has brought thine everlasting morn.
- 9. Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest, upon the throne above, rise, weary Son of Man, to carry out thy glorious work of love.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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