



- 2. God 'stablished ere the days of Heaven rest, gentle rest, for evermore men long have wept, and toiled, and striven, but rest was ordered long before, for this the Saviour left the skies, the Home beyond the thousand suns he stretches forth his hands and cries, "Come, come to me, ye weary ones! Ye long have laboured, come and rest, lie still, belovèd, on my breast."
- 3. Then come, ye sorrowful and weary. Ye heavy laden, come to him, from desert places lone and dreary, with fainting heart and aching limb; for ye have borne the heat of day, and now the hour of rest is come; to you the Lord doth call and say, "My people, I will be your Home; fear not for devil, world, and sin, but saved and pardoned, enter in."
- 4. Come in, the sheaves of glory bringing, the seed-time of our tears is past, more sweet than dreams of joy the singing that fills our Father's house at last.

  And grief and fear, and death and pain, are fled, and are forgotten things; we see the Lamb that once was slain, he leads us to the living springs; himself he wipes our tears away such blessedness words cannot say.

- 5. The day of deep refreshing dawneth; no sun lights on us, and no heat; no longer is there one who mourneth, and there the hearts long severed meet and God himself shall be with them; they who the weary desert trod, shall be a royal Diadem for ever in the Hand of God; all hail! thou glorious Sabbath day when toil and strife are past away!
- 6. And peace is round us as a river, and glory as a flowing stream; with Christ our Lord we dwell for ever, for ever lean in love on him.
  Oh give me wings to flee away afar into that holy home!
  Why seek we still on earth to stay?
  The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!" Arise! Salvation draweth near the everlasting Sabbath year.

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