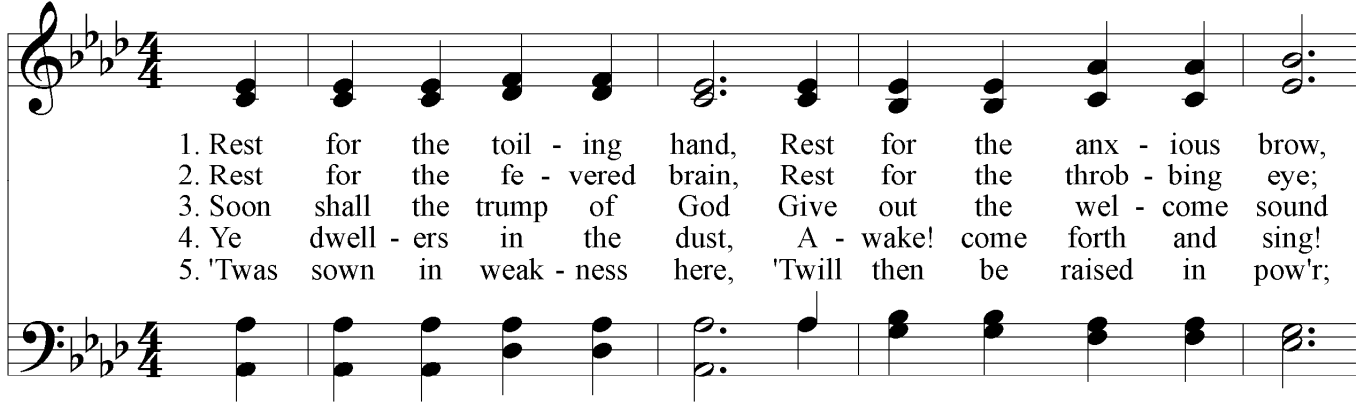
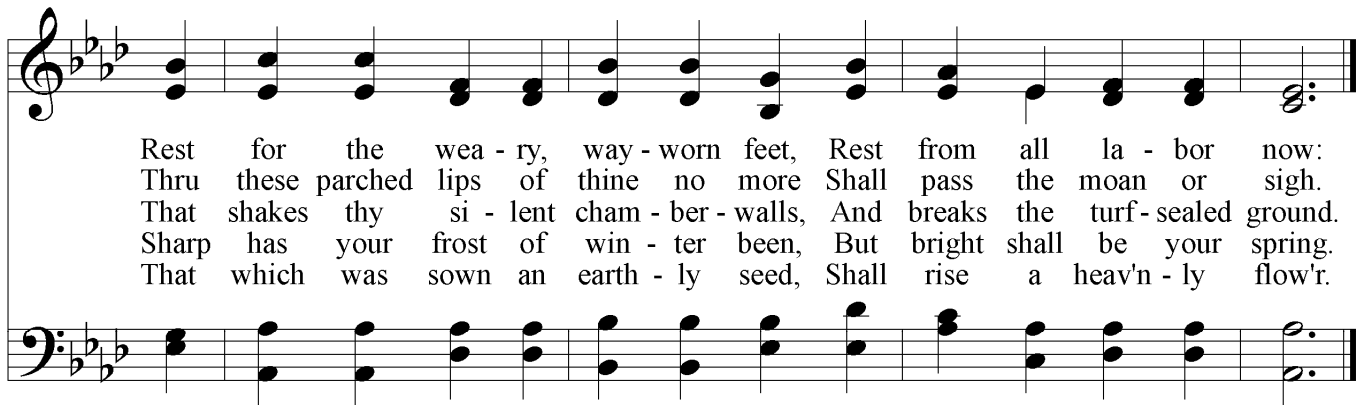


Rest For The Toiling Hand

GORTON



1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow,
2. Rest for the fe - vered brain, Rest for the throb - bing eye;
3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel - come sound
4. Ye dwell - ers in the dust, A - wake! come forth and sing!
5. 'Twas sown in weak - ness here, 'Twill then be raised in pow'r;



Rest for the wea - ry, way - worn feet, Rest from all la - bor now:
Thru these parched lips of thine no more Shall pass the moan or sigh.
That shakes thy si - lent cham - ber - walls, And breaks the turf - sealed ground.
Sharp has your frost of win - ter been, But bright shall be your spring.
That which was sown an earth - ly seed, Shall rise a heav'n - ly flow'r.