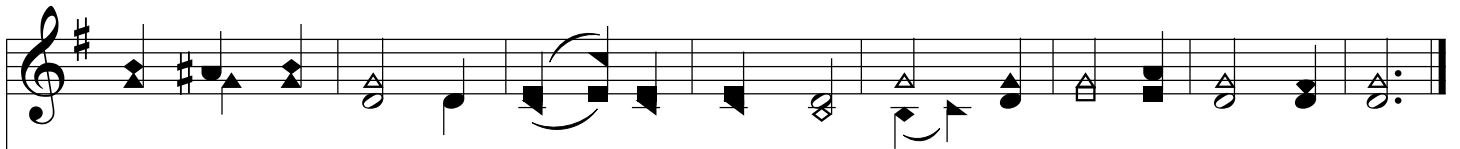
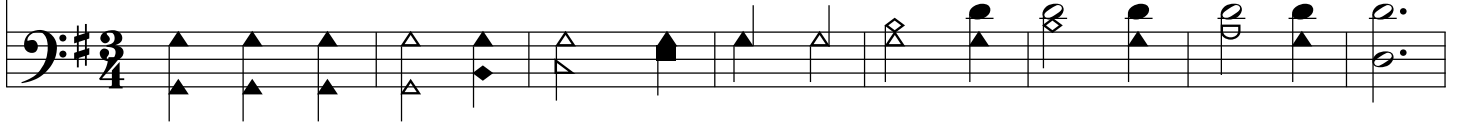


Our Final Rest

G/B - MI



1. There is sweet rest for feet now wea - ry, In the rug - ged, up - ward way;
2. For that blest morn our hearts are long - ing, When shall end earth's night of woe;
3. Soon to that cit - y, bright, e - ter - nal, Wea - ry pil - grims all shall go;



There is a morn when mid - night drea - y Shall be lost in per - fect day.
When, thru those pearl - y por - tals throng - ing, Mor - tal cares we leave be - low.
Soon we shall rest in pas - tures ver - nal, Where life's wa - ters cease - less flow.

