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Dark Is the Hour

O Jesu. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

URIAH SMITH

Melody from HIRSCHBERG GESANGBUCH, 1741



1. Dark is the hour when death pre - vails, And tri - umphs o'er the just -
 2. But there's a bright, a glo - rious hope, That scat - ters death's dark gloom;
 3. Then mourn we not as those whose hopes With fleet - ing life de - part;
 4. With kind re - gard the Lord be - holds His saints when called to die,
 5. A few more days, and we shall meet The loved whose toil is o'er,



A pain - ful void with - in the breast, When dust goes back to dust;
 It cheers the sad - dened spir - its up, It gilds the Chris - tian's tomb;
 For we have heard a voice from heaven To ev - ery strick - en heart:
 And pre - cious in His ho - ly sight Their sa - cred dust shall lie
 And plant with joy our bound - ing feet On Ca - naan's ra - diant shore,



And sol - emn is the pall, the bier, That bears them from our pres - ence here.
 It brings the res - ur - rec - tion near, When those we love shall re - ap - pear.
 "Blest are the dead, for - ev - er blest, Who from hence - forth in Je - sus rest."
 Till all these storms of life are o'er, And they shall rise to die no more.
 Where, free from all earth's cares and fears, We'll part no more through end - less years.



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Sweet Be Thy Rest

4.6.4.6.4.6.4.6.4.

F. E. BELDEN

D. S. HAKES



1. Sweet be thy rest, And peace - ful thy sleep - ing; God's way is best,
 2. Thy work is done, Thy sow - ing and reap - ing; Thy crown is won,
 3. Sweet be thy rest; No more we may greet thee 'Till with the blest

