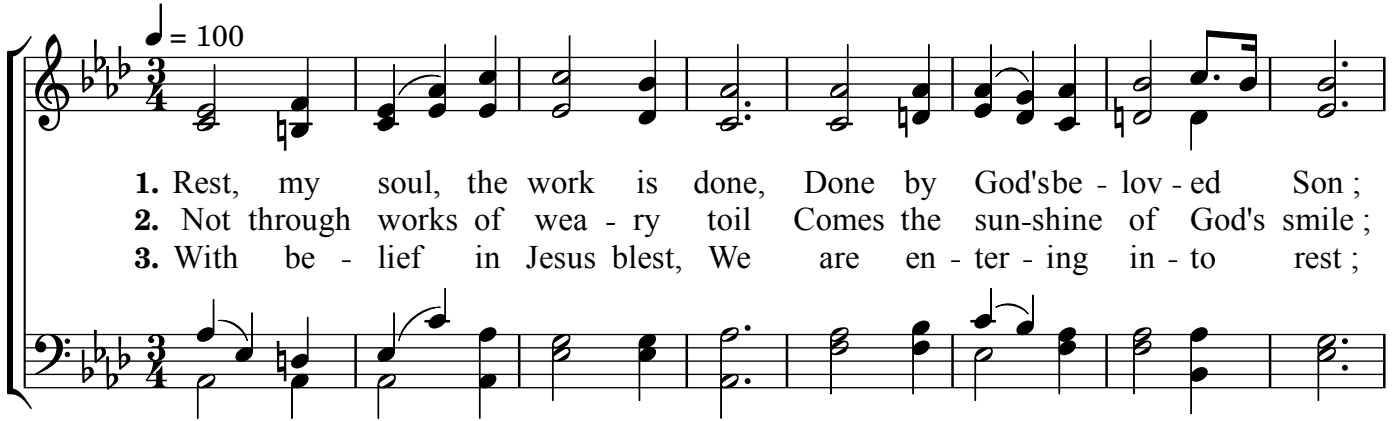



Rest, my soul, the work is done

(MERCY. 7.7.7.7)



1. Rest, my soul, the work is done, Done by God's be - lov - ed Son ;
 2. Not through works of wea - ry toil Comes the sun-shine of God's smile ;
 3. With be - lief in Jesus blest, We are en - ter - ing in - to rest ;



This to faith is now so clear, There's no place for tor - turing fear.
 Won by Christ, if found in Him, Bright-ly falls the glo - rious beam.
 He who God's sal - va - tion brought In us all our works hath wrought.

4. Come, my soul, take up the cross,
 Count the gain, despise the loss ;
 Labour for and with the Lord
 Brings exceeding great reward.

5. Free from every fear of wrath,
 Choose the labourer's happy path ;
 Tread the way which Christ hath trod
 Till the sabbath of thy God.

Alternate Tunes : Harts, 121, Brandenburg, 108.