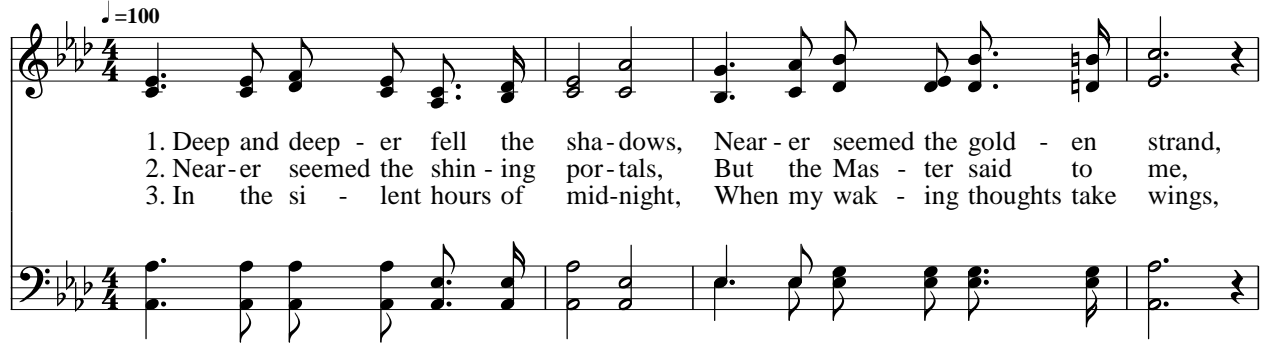


# My Rest

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1900

John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Deep and deep - er fell the sha-dows, Near - er seemed the gold - en strand,  
2. Near - er seemed the shin - ing por - tals, But the Mas - ter said to me,  
3. In the si - lent hours of mid - night, When my wak - ing thoughts take wings,

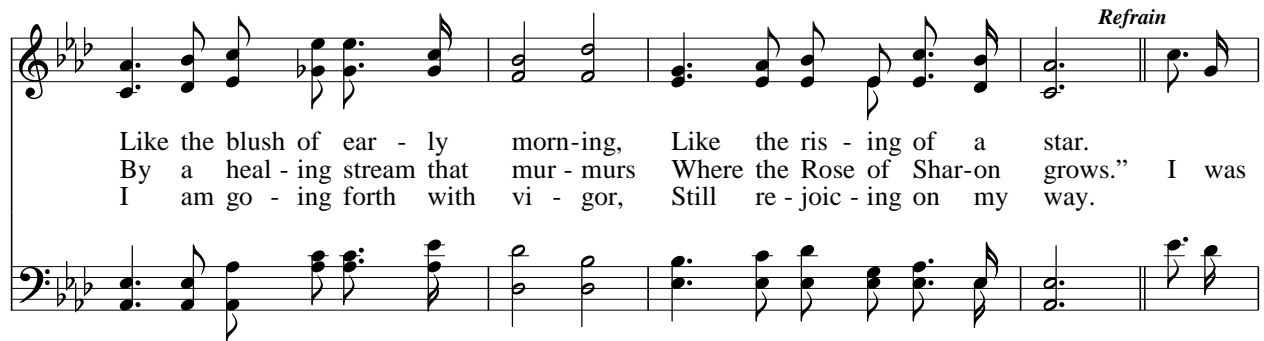


And my trust - ing heart was wait - ing, Pass - ive in my Sav - ior's hands;  
"There are sheaves that must be gar - nered Ere the reap - ing dawns for thee;  
O the tran - quil peace He gives me, And the hal - lowed songs He brings!



O how bright - ly o'er my spir - it Came a ra - diance from a - far,  
Yet I know that thou wert wear - y, And I bade thy heart re - pose  
He has crowned me with His bless - ing, And I now by faith can say,

*Refrain*



Like the blush of ear - ly morn - ing, Like the ris - ing of a star.  
By a heal - ing stream that mur - murs Where the Rose of Shar - on grows." I was  
I am go - ing forth with vi - gor, Still re - joic - ing on my way.

wait-ing, I was wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, calm-ly wait-ing, Not a fear was in my

breast; I had trust-ed my Re-deem-er, And in my Re-deem-er,

Him was now my rest.