

Rest of the Weary, Joy of the Sad

Alfred Legge, 1843-1919

Theodora
54.54.D

E^b Fmin7 E^b A^b E^b A^b E^b B^b7 E^b B^b7 E^b A^b E^b

7 B^b F7 B^b B^b7 Ddim E^b A^b E^b B^b7 E^b

13 E^bmaj7 A^b E^b B^b7sus4 E^b Fmin E^b B^b E^b

Rest of the weary, joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, strength to the end,
Refuge from danger, Savior and Friend!

Pillow where lying, love rests its head,
Peace of the dying, life of the dead:
Path of the lowly, prize at the end,
Breath of the holy, Savior and Friend!

When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry,
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend
Truer and fonder, Savior and Friend!

Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory and praise:
All my endeavor, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Savior and Friend!

John S. B. Monsell