

301 Our rest is in heaven, our rest is not here

(BURY THY SORROW. 10's or 11's)

$\text{♩} = 54$

1. Our rest is in heav-en, our rest is not here :
 2. It is not for us to be seek - ing our bliss,
 3. The thorn and the this-tle a - round us may grow —

Then why should we trem - ble when tri-als are near ?
 And build - ing our hopes in a region like this :
 We would not lie down, e'en on ros-es be - low :

Be hushed, our sad spir-its, the worst that can come
 We look for a cit - y which hands have not piled,
 We ask not our por-tion, we seek not a rest,

But short - ens the jour-ney, and has - tens us home.
 We long for a coun-try by sin un - de - filed.
 Till in glo - ry for ev - er with Christ we are blest.

4. Let trial and danger our progress oppose,
 They'll only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
 A home with our God will repay us for all.

5. With a scrip on the back, and a staff in the hand,
We march on in haste through an enemy's land.
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
Let us smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.