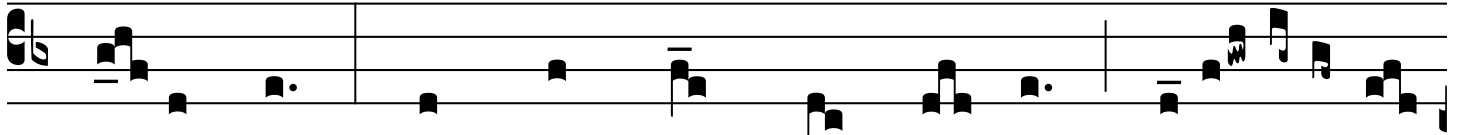


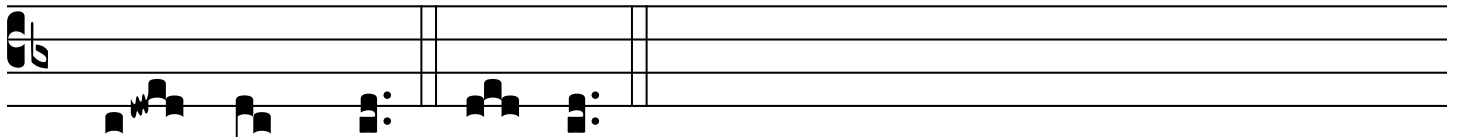
J
esus Lord, have mer-cy on the souls so blest, who in faith
gone from us now in death find rest. Here, 'mid stress and
con-flict, toils can ne-ver cease; there, the war-fare end-ed,
Bid them rest in peace. Sore-ly were they wound-ed
in the dead-ly strife; heal then, good Phy-si-cian with the balm
of life. Ev-ry taint of e-vil, frail-ty and de-cay, Good and gra-
-cious Sav-ior, Cleanse and purge a-way. Grant them
rest e-ter-nal af-ter wea-ry fight; shed on them the ra-diance



of Your heav'n-ly light. Lead them on-ward, up-ward, to the



ho-ly place where Your saints, made per-fect, Gaze up-



-on Your face. A-men.