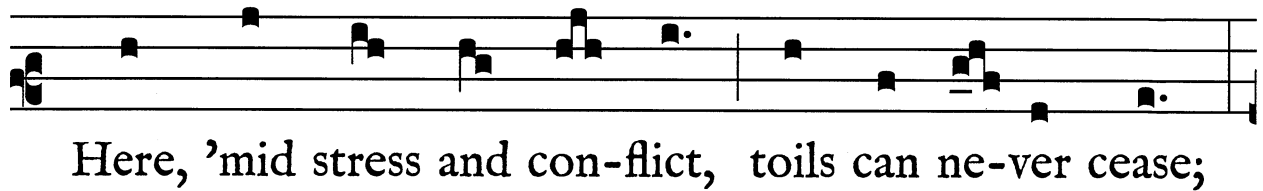


Jesus Lord, have mer-cy on the souls so blest,



who in faith gone from us now in death find rest.



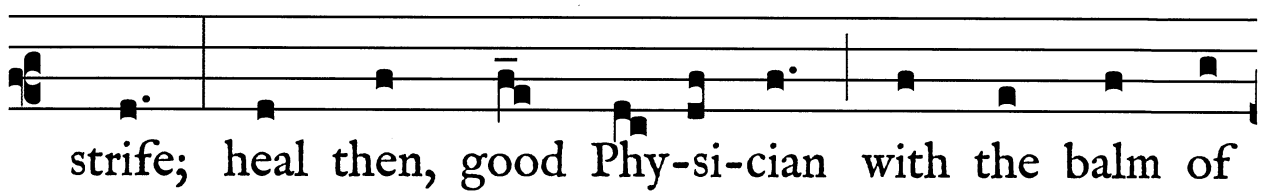
Here, 'mid stress and con-flict, toils can ne-ver cease;



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



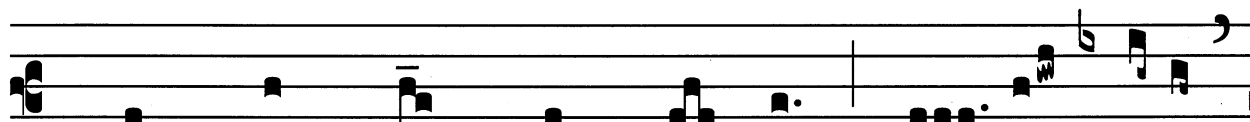
a-way. Grant them rest e-ter-nal af-ter wea-ry fight;



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.