

Rev. Richard Burnham

J.C. Lowry

1. And let this fee-ble bod-y fail, And let it faint and die; My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on

2. Shall join the dis-em-bod-ied saints, And find its long-sought rest, That on-ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem-er's

3. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain, And glad-ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and

high And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

breast, In my Re-deem-er's breast, In my Re-deem-er's breast, That on-ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem-er's breast.

pain, And smile at toil and pain, And smile at toil and pain, And glad-ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.