

O. L. Barnes

Samuel S. Wesley (1810-1876), 1864

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Though deep, O Lord, our sor - row When
2. There we shall see the an - swer To

earth - ly ties are rent, We wait the glor - ious
all Thy grief and shame; For ev - er then in

mor - row When life's last day is spent; To
near - ness We'll ma - gni - fy Thy name. But

see Thee, Lord, in glo - ry With
now Thy love sus - tains us, Sore

all Thy loved ones there, At home — O won -
though the hour of grief; What so - lace, O Lord

drous sto - ry ! — God's end - less rest
 Je - sus, In Thee to find re - lief !

3. As resting in Thy will, Lord,
 We prove Thy wondrous love ;
 The Spirit's power and comfort
 Lift our poor hearts above,
 Beyond earth's mortal dwelling,
 To yonder glory bright,
 Where endless anthems swelling
 Shall soon our hearts delight.