

Hymn Lyrics

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By Jesus' grave on either hand

By Jesus' grave on either hand,
while night is brooding o'er the land,
the sad and silent mourners stand.

At last the weary life is o'er,
the agony and conflict sore
of him who all our suffering bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
the Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
the Savior of mankind, is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
here is for you a place of rest;
here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

So, when the dayspring from on high
shall chase the night and fill the sky,
then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

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