

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 sufferings 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.

Words: Isaac Gregory Smith, 1855

Music: Holy Sepulchre, O Mensch, sieh

Meter: 888