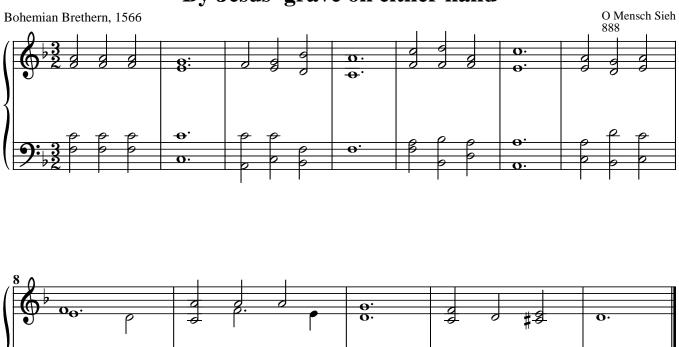
By Jesus' grave on either hand



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

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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 grief on Jesus' breast.

Gregory Smith

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