

- 1 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
from all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
from Slav'ry's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them forth
to meet their final doom.

V. JOB v. 6,--12.

- 1 **T**HOU trouble springs not from the dust,
nor sorrow from the ground ;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
in man's estate are found.
- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,
so man, the child of woe,
is doom'd to endless cares and toils
through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause ;
from him I seek relief ;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
unbosom all my grief.
- Unnumber'd are his wond'rous works,
unfathomable his ways ;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
the bowed down to raise.