

SURSUM CORDA.

Weary hearts ! weary hearts ! by the cares of life
oppressed,
Ye are wandering in the shadows—ye are sighing for a
rest.
There is darkness in the heavens and the earth is bleak
below,
And the joys ye taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts ! God is rest.

Lonely hearts ! lonely hearts ! this is but a land of grief ;
Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for relief ;
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God
above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon
His love.
Lonely hearts ! God is love.

Restless hearts ! restless hearts ! ye are toiling night and
day,
And the flowers of life, all withered, leave but thorns
along your way ;
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting till your toiling all shall
cease,
And your ev'ry restless beating is a sad, sad prayer for
peace.
Restless hearts ! God is peace.