

SARDIS. P.M.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, . . . for the former things have passed away." -- Rev. 21:4.

G Major Charles' Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 1803.

Sarah Lancaster, 1869.

1. Come on, my fel-low pil - grims, come, And let us all be hast - 'ning home,

We
No

We soon shall land on
No sick-ness there, no

2. No pe - riod then our joys shall know, Se - cure from ev - 'ry mor - tal foe;

We soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where
No sick - ness there, no want or pain Shall

We soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pains and sorrows
No sick - ness there, no want or pain, Shall e'er dis-turb our

soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pains and sor-rows are no more, There we our Je - sus shall a - dore, For - ev - er blest.
sick - ness there, no want or pain Shall e'er dis-turb our rest a - gain, When with Im-man - u - el we reign, For - ev - er blest.

1 2

yon blest shore, Where pains and sor-rows are no more, There we our Je - sus shall a - dore, For - ev - er blest.
want or pain Shall e'er dis-turb our rest a - gain, When with Im - man - u - el we reign, For - ev - er blest.

1 2

pains and sor - rows are no more, There we our Je - sus shall a - dore, For - ev - er blest.
e'er dis - turb our rest a - gain, When with Im - man - u - el we reign, For - ev - er blest.

1 2

are no more,
rest a - gain,

1 2