O eyes that are weary
Sacred Song

John N. Darby

F. Flaxington Harker. Op. 1, No. 3

Rather slowly

Voice

Piano

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light of His countenance shineth so bright, That

dim.  
here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

mp  
While

Andante con moto
look ing to Jesus, my heart cannot fear, I

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tremble no more when I see Jesus near; I know that His presence my safeguard will be; For, "Why are you troubled?" He saith unto me. Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found, When
Jordan's dark waters encompass me round; They bear me away in His presence to be: I see Him, still nearer, whom always I see.
Tempo I?

Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how His Love went before me each day, And
wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

slower

eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore, Look

morendo

off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more!