Servant Of God, Well Done
GREENWOOD L. M.

1. Servant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved employ;
   The voice at midnight came; He started up to hear;
   His spirit with a bound Left its encumbering clay;
   The pains of death are past, Labor and sorrow cease,
   Sol-dier of Christ, well done! Praise be thy new employ;

   The battle fought, the victory won, Enter thy Master's joy.
   A mortal arrow pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
   His tent, at sunrise, on the ground A dark en'd ruin lay.
   And, life's long warfare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
   And, while e-ter-nal ages run, Rest in thy Sav-ior's joy.

Words: James Montgomery
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