

(CROSS. C.M.)

♩ = 100

1. 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest, Who
 2. They once were pil - grims here with us ; Through
 3. How bright the re - sur - rec - tion - morn On

sleep in Christ the Lord, Whose spi - rits now with
 Je - sus now they sleep : And we for them, while
 all the saints will break ! The Lord Him - self will

Him are blest Ac - cord - ing to His word.
 rest - ing thus, As hope - less can - not weep.
 then re - turn His ran - somed church to take.

4. Or raised or changed His saints will meet, 5. Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
 All grief and care removed : Whose blood for us was shed ;
 What joy 'twill be to us to greet With Him for ever we shall be,
 Each saint whom here we loved ! Made like our glorious Head.
6. We cannot linger o'er the tomb :
 The resurrection-day
 To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
 Christ's glory to display.

Alternate Tunes : Manoah, 83 ; Spohr, 259 ; Evan, 88.