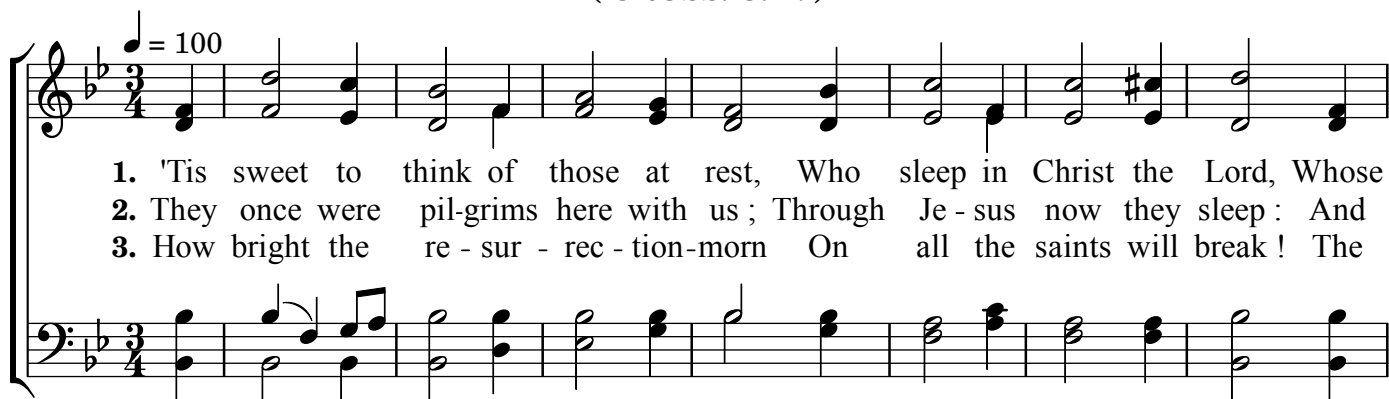


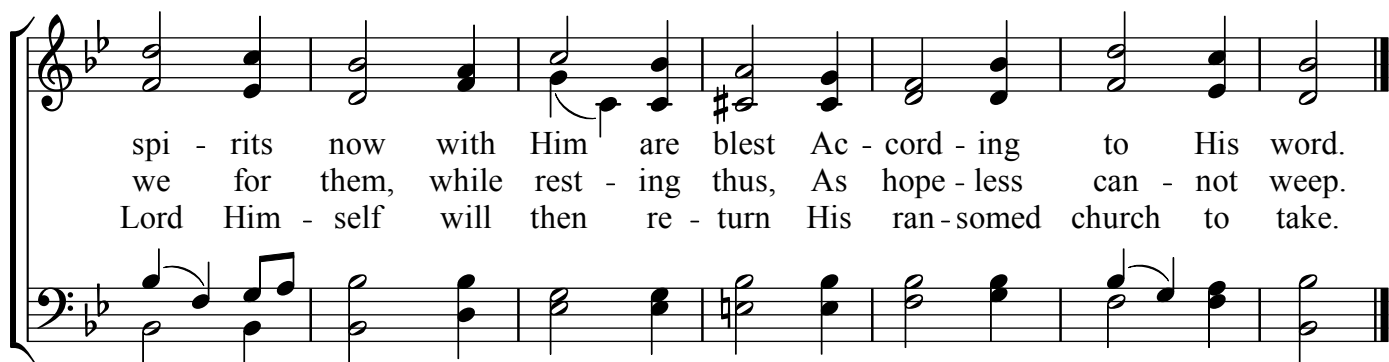
'Tis sweet to think of those at rest

(CROSS. C.M.)

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest, Who sleep in Christ the Lord, Whose
 2. They once were pil-grims here with us ; Through Je - sus now they sleep : And
 3. How bright the re - sur - rec - tion-morn On all the saints will break ! The



spi - rits now with Him are blest Ac - cord - ing to His word.
 we for them, while rest - ing thus, As hope - less can - not weep.
 Lord Him - self will then re - turn His ran - somed church to take.

4. Or raised or changed His saints will meet,
 All grief and care removed :
 What joy 'twill be to us to greet
 Each saint whom here we loved !

5. Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
 Whose blood for us was shed ;
 With Him for ever we shall be,
 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.