

(Rest. L. M.)

Mrs. McKay

W. B. Bradbury



1. Asleep in Je - sus, bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. Asleep in Je - sus; oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet,
 3. Asleep in Je - sus, peaceful rest! Whence wak - ing we're su-preme-ly blest;



A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Where pow'r-less is the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost its ven-omed sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav-iour's power.

