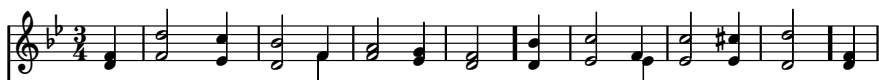


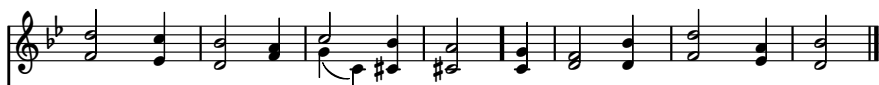
(Cross. C. M.)

Tregelles, 1846

Adp. from T. Hastings



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; In Je - sus now they sleep; And
3. How bright the res - ur - rec - tion - morn On all the saints will break! The
4. Our Lord Him - self we then shall see, Whose blood for us was shed; With
4. We can - not lin - ger o'er the tomb; The res - ur - rec - tion - day To



spir - its 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.  
 Him for - ev - er we shall be, Made like our glo - rious Head.  
 faith shines bright be - yond its gloom, Christ's glo - ry to dis - play.

