



1. 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest, Who sleep in Christ the Lord,
2. They once were pil-grims here with us; In Je - sus now they sleep;
3. How bright the res - ur - rec - tion morn On all the saints will break!
4. Our Lord Him - self we then shall see, Whose blood for us was shed;
5. We can - not lin - ger o'er the tomb; The res - ur - rec - tion day



Whose spir - its now with Him are blest, Ac - cord - ing to His Word.
 And we for them, while rest - ing thus, As hope-less can - not weep.
 The Lord Him - self will then re - turn, His ransomed church to take.
 With Him for - ev - er we shall be, Made like our glo - rious Head.
 To faith shines bright be - yond its gloom, Christ's glo - ry to dis - play.

