

'Tis Sweet To Think of Those At Rest

(Cross. C. M.)

Tregelles, 1846

Adp. from T. Hastings



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;
 4. 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.

