

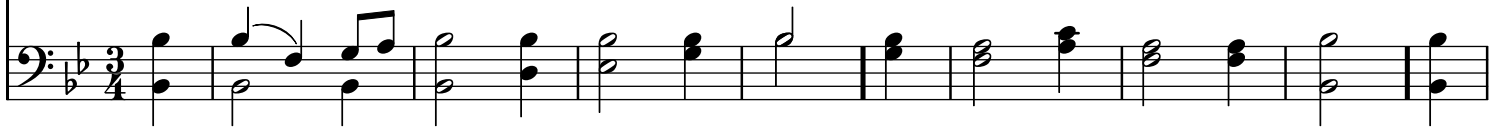
Tregelles, 1846

(Cross. C. M.)

Adpt. 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.

