

Thou art in His keep - ing. O blessed sleep Where ills ne'er mo-lest thee!
 And hushed is thy weep - ing. From tears and woes, From earth's mid-night dreary,
 In heav - en we meet thee. O un-ion sweet That death cannot sev - er!

Why should we weep? For Heav - en hath blessed thee. Sweet be thy rest.
 Thine is re - pose Where none ev - er wea - ry. Sweet be thy rest.
 There we shall meet, Where sad tears fall nev - er. Sweet be thy rest.

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He Sleeps in Jesus

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EDWIN BARNES

1. He sleeps in Je - sus—peace - ful rest— No mor - tal strife in - vades his breast;
2. He lived his Sav-iour to a - dore, And meek-ly all his suf-ferings bore:
3. Does earth at-tract thee here? they cried; The dy - ing Christian thus re-plied,
4. He sleeps in Je - sus—soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies;
5. He sleeps in Je - sus—cease thy grief; Let this af - ford thee sweet re - lief,

No pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care, Can reach the si - lent slum-berer there.
 He loved, and all re-signed to God, Nor murmured at His chas-tening rod.
 While pointing up-ward to the sky, "My treas-ure is laid up on high."
 Then burst the fet - ters of the tomb, To wake in full, im - mor - tal bloom.
 That, freed from death's trium-phant reign, In heav - en he will live a - gain.