

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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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.