

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep

J. C. Tildesley, 1871.

Franz Abt(1819-1882)

Sorrow and care may meet,
The tempest cloud may low'r,
The surge of sin may beat
Upon earth's troubled shore;
God doth His own in safety keep,
He giveth His beloved sleep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

The din of war may roll,
With all her raging flight,
Grief may oppress the soul,
Throughout the weary nigh;
God doth His own in safety keep,
He giveth His beloved sleep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

In childhood's winsome page,
In manhood's joyous bloom,
In feebleness and age,
In death's dark gathering gloom,
God will His own in safety keep,
He giveth His beloved sleep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.