

Hush! Blessed Are the Dead
Edward Bickersteth, 1873.
Maria Tiddeman, 1875.

Hush! blessed are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
Forever on His breast.

O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

Them the Good Shepherd leads,
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

But soon at break of day
His calm almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake! Arise! Rejoice!