

Unveil Thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb

Isaac Watts, 1734.

From George Handel.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds, no mortal woes,
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose;
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed:
Rest here, fair saint, till from His throne
The morning break and pierce the shade;
Rest here, fair saint, till from His throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! His sovereign Word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
She must ascend to meet her Lord;
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
She must ascend to meet her Lord!