Beloved, Sleep
Words and Music: William Clark (1854-?).

Beloved, sleep,
Thy conflicts now are past,
Life's battle fought, thy bliss begun,
And thou art crowned at last.

Rest, sweetly rest,
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy sighing hushed, thy song begun,
And thine eternal day.

Sweet, dreamless sleep,
The Master said, "Well done!"
Thy weary head, upon His breast,
Reclined at set of sun.

We wait in hope
Till Jesus comes again;
We'll meet thee then, to part to no more,
Beyond the reach of pain.

Beloved, sleep.