

Sleep Thy Last Sleep
Edward Dayman, 1868.
Joseph Barnby, 1869.

Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep, till th'eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll o'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.

Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last, dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod, earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God, waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn those in life the dearest,
They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall thy voice comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice all in Jesus sleeping.