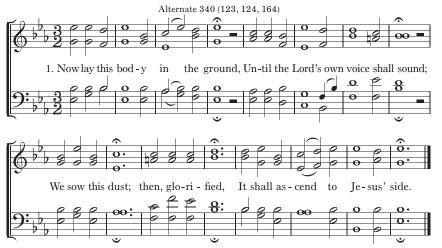
5. To Jesus I commend my spirit, When sight shall here mine eyes forsake, When lips shall pale in death, why fear it, E'en though the heart at last shall break. He is my Hope, forever nigh; I: In Him alone I live and die!:

## 248 Now Lay This Body in the Ground



- 2. The Lord once fashioned man of dust! And to the earth return he must. He lies, he sleeps, and then awakes When morning through death's darkness breaks.
- 3. The righteous soul with God doth dwell, Who hath from every need and ill, And from all pain and misery, Through His own Son, here made it free.
- 4. Though sorrows here him oft oppressed, Now, Lord, is he by Thee refreshed; Here he through gloomy vale did go, Now he is free from every woe.
- 5. He faithful was until death's day; Now God doth wipe his tears away; Who can compare the ills of time, Lord, with Thy glory so sublime?
- 6. Now, thou redeemed one, sleep and rest! Homeward we go to do our best, With joy and trembling to prepare Eternity with thee to share.
- 7. Lord Jesus, may Thy bitter death Sustain us to our dying breath!
  Lord, we commend our souls to Thee—
  And may our dying blessèd be!