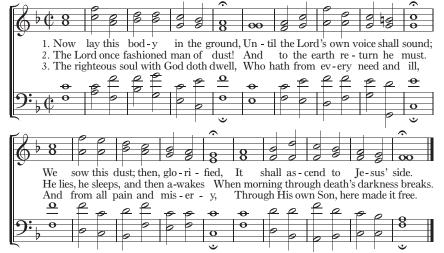


340 Now Lay This Body in the Ground Alternate 248



- 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. Sleep, thou redeemed one, rest thee now! We here unto our dwellings go, 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!