

## To Jesus I Commend My Spirit

(25, 41, 75, 145, 227)

1. To Je - sus I com - mend my spir - it, Con - tent, in peace and  
2. To Je - sus I com - mend my spir - it, For dy - ing in His  
3. To Je - sus I com - mend my spir - it, And to His side my -

hap - pi - ness; For by His wounds I shall in - her - it His righteous -  
wounds is good; Death cannot harm, why should I fear it, For lo, I  
self be - take; Thus I can now His heav'n in - her - it — Break! e - ven

ness, my glorious dress.  
hide me in His blood. He is my Hope, for - ev - er nigh; In Him a -  
now, my heart, O break!

lone I live and die! In Him a - lone I live and die!

4. To Jesus I commend my spirit, Though all forsake, He will abide;  
He called me through His blood's great merit, And firmly I stand at His side.  
He is my Hope forever nigh; ♪ In Him alone I live and die! ♪

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; ♯ In Him alone I live and die! ♯

# 248

## Now Lay This Body in the Ground

Alternate 340 (123, 124, 164)

1. Now lay this bod - y in the ground, Un-til the Lord's own voice shall sound;

We sow this dust; then, glo-ri - fied, It shall as - cend to Je - sus' side.

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!