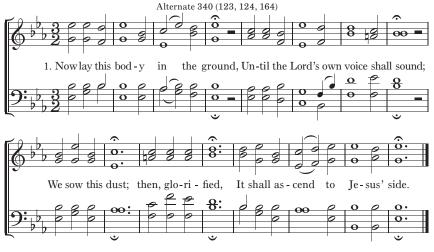
Now Lay This Body in the Ground



- 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!