

1. Now lay this bod-y in the ground, Un - til the Lord's own voice shall sound;  
 2. The Lord once fashioned man of dust! And to the earth re - turn he must.  
 3. The righteous soul with God doth dwell, Who hath from ev-ery need and ill,

We sow this dust; then, glo - ri - fied, It shall as - cend to Je - sus' side.  
 He lies, he sleeps, and then a-wakes When morning through death's darkness breaks.  
 And from all pain and mis - er - y, 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. 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!