

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 blessed be!