Sleep Thy Last Sleep

TAPHOS P. M.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep,
   Till the eternal morrow;
   Thy fainting soul! Jesus can deliver.

2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sadness; Brightly at last,
   Dawn's a day of gladness. Under thy sod Earth, receive our treasure, To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure.

3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dearest, They shall return,
   Christ, when Thou appear'st! Soon shall Thy voice Bid ding rejoice All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

Words: Edward A. Dayman, 1868
Music: J. Barnby

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