Sleep Thy Last Sleep

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

TAPHOS P. M.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow;
   Rest, where none weep,

2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sadness;
   Brightly at last,

3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dearest,
   They shall return,

Till the eternal morrow;
Tho' dark waves roll
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod
Christ, when Thou art present!
Soon shall Thy voice

Comfort those now

rivers, Thy fainting soul!
Treasure, To rest in God,
weeping, Bid ding rejoice

Jesus can deliver.
Waiting all His pleasure.
All in Jesus sleeping.

A men.