

Asleep in Jesus



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Blessed God, Thy love and mercy, oh, how, great ! that Thou should'st hide my loved one in the grave until Thy wrath be overpast !— Ah, yes, dear heart, sleep well, sleep well, no dreams disturb thy deep repose.

“asleep in Jesus.” Undisturbed, the while earth's breast is rent by “Armageddon's” strife, and all creation travails in the pangs that must precede her glorious “second birth”. Sleep well beneath His overshadowing wings.

Sleep well, sleep well, until His Kingdom comes. “The ransomed of the Lord shall then return”, and He shall bid thee waken out of sleep. A highway shall be there, a way of life, and thou, dear heart, with joy shall walk thereon, up, up until perfection's goal is won, when there shall be no pain, nor any death, when God's dear Hand shall wipe all tears away. In this blest hope I lay thee down to rest. Good night, dear heart, 'twill no be long.

Sleep Well!