

Hymn Lyrics

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O thou in whom thy saints repose

O Thou in whom thy saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close,
Behold us met before thy face
To hallow this their resting-place:
Safe are the souls whom thou dost keep;
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

Thou knowest, Lord, for thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememberest, on thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealed stone.

Bid then thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude,
Profane the sacred solitude.

Here when thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel reapers find
Full many a sheaf for thee to bind,
And in thy golden garner store,
Our fruit of tears for evermore.