

Not Dead, but Sleeping

All wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. Lk. 8:52

Slowly and softly

1. "Lo, *she is not dead, but sleep-ing,"— Thus the bless-ed Mas-ter spake—
2. Just a-sleep, her soul im-mor-tal, Dwell-ing now be-yond life's woes,
3. As a dream when one a-wak-eth, As a tale when it is told;
4. Like the pearl-y drops of morn-ing Soar-ing up-ward toward the sun,
5. Death no dread-ed sting con-tain-eth, For the soul, in Je-sus blest,

Why are all these tears of weep-ing? We shall in His like-ness wake.
Finds from care and pain and sor-row Sweet and un-dis-turbed re-
Thus its flight the spir-it tak-eth, Dust re-turns to earth-ly mold.
Thus our spir-its are re-turn-ing To their Mak-er, one by one.
O'er the grave a vic-t'ry gain-eth— He who finds this heav'n-ly rest.

Refrain

On-ly sleep-ing, sweet-ly sleep-ing, While the an-gels vig-il keep;

Je-sus gives to His be-lov-ed Rest at last in peace-ful sleep.