

Festival of St. Laurence

98. I Know of a Sleep in Jesus' Name

Jeg ved mig en Sövn i Jesu Navn

Magnus B. Landstad, 1861, ab.

Tr., composite

Den signede Dag

Christoph E. F. Weyse, 1826

1. I know of a sleep in Je - sus' name,
 2. I know of a peace - ful e - ven - tide;
 3. I know of a morn - ing bright and fair
 4. Oh, that is a morn - ing dear to me,

A rest from all toil and sor - row;
 And when I am faint and wea - ry,
 When ti - dings of joy shall wake us,
 And oft, o'er the moun - tains stream - ing,

Earth folds in her arms my wea - ry frame
 At times with the jour - ney sore - ly tried,
 When songs from on high shall fill the air
 In spir - it its heav'n - ly light I see,

And Through shel - ters that it are till the mor - row;
 And hours that are long and drear - y,
 And God to His glo - ry are take us,
 As gold - en the peaks are beam - ing.

My soul is at home with God in heav'n, Her
 Then of - ten I yearn to lay in me down And
 When Je - sus shall bid us rise from sleep, - How
 Then sing I for joy like birds at dawn That

sor - rows are past and o - ver.
 sink in - to bliss - ful slum - ber.
 joy - ous that hour of wak - ing!
 car - ol in loft - y lin - dens. A - men.

5. God's Son to our graves then takes His way,
 His voice hear all tribes and nations;
 The portals are rent that guard our clay,
 And moved are the sea's foundation.
 He calls out aloud, "Ye dead, come forth!"
 In glory we rise to meet Him.

6. O Jesus, draw near my dying bed
 And take me into Thy keeping
 And say when my spirit hence is fled,
 "This child is not dead, but sleeping."
 And leave me not, Savior, till I rise
 To praise Thee in life eternal.