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Amen!

## HYMN SUNG AT THE FUNERAL.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new Treasure to thy trust,
And give this sacred Relic room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear Invade thy bounds,—no mortal woes Can reach the Lovely Sleeper here; And Angels watch her soft repose.

So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Past through the grave, and bless'd the bed,
Rest here fair Saint; till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from his Throne! illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
She must ascend to meet her Lord.