

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.

FINIS.