

## “Asleep In Jesus” ~ Margaret Mackay

I had been driven in a friend's carriage through some of the exquisite green lanes in Devonshire,” wrote the author of this hymn the year before her death. “We paused at Pennycross, attracted by a rural burial-ground, and went in to look at the graves. It was a place of such sweet, entire repose as to leave a lasting impression on the memory. There were no artificial walks or decorations, but the grass was very green, and there were no unsightly signs of neglect. On one of the stones were the words, “Sleeping in Jesus.” It was in such entire keeping with the lovely and peaceful surroundings that it clung to my thoughts. On arriving at home I took a pencil and commenced writing the hymn, little thinking that it was destined to find so much favor, and that part of it would be inscribed on many tombstones.”

Mrs. Mackay was born in Scotland, and died at Cheltenham, England, in 1887, at the age of eighty-five.

*Asleep in Jesus! Blessèd sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.*

*Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet,  
To be for such a slumber meet,  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his venomèd sting!*

*Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blessed;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Savior's power.*

*Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me  
May such a blessèd refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie  
And wait the summons from on high.*

*Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
Debars this precious “hiding place”;  
On Indian plains or Lapland snows  
Believers find the same repose.*

*Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But there is still a blessèd sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep*