BEYOND THE MISTS



2. Years hurry past, and earth grows old, and time's sad sea is ebbing dry; long-covered hills their heads unfold, the distant has become the nigh.

3. Round us the darknesses still grow, but brighter burn the lights above; earth's lamps are waxing dim and low, as onward through its wastes we move.

4. Our earthly treasures lessen fast; larger our heavenly stores become: earth like a waste becomes at last, and heaven more truly seems our home.

5. They go; we weep, yet dry our tears: they die, yet die not; all is well: they leave but feebleness and fears, in immortality to dwell.

6. 'Farewell!' we say. Why speak we thus? Is it not 'well' for ever there?'Tis they should say 'Farewell' to us, still compassed here with sin and care.

7. They enter in, we mark the road; we follow with our eyes afar, like one who watches, as some cloud blots from our view some long-loved star.

8. Nearer now seems the land unseen, and nearer too the glorious day, when the thin veil, now drawn between, shall vanish into light away.

9. Meanwhile the little flock remains, and Israel's Shepherd keeps the fold; safe, while his arm this earth sustains under his shadow as of old.

10. And one by one he calls them up, out from the peril and the war; above the fear, above the hope, beyond the tumult and the jar.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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