AWAY! HE CALLS THEE HENCE AWAY



- 2. The storm is hushed, and all is still, her conflicts are for ever past; and now, beyond the reach of ill, she waits the trumpet's final blast,
- 3. the signal of our Lord's return, when all his saints shall rise again, the mark no more of human scorn, but glorious like their master then.
- 4. The people of the Lord may say,
 The friends we mourn are gone before,
 and soon we hope to see the day,
 when we shall meet, to part no more.
- 5. How sweet, how blessed thus to see the last great foe bereft of pow'r! 'Tis Jesus sets his people free, and gilds with light their final hour.
- 6. O teach us, Lord, to follow those who run the heav'nly race, and win! That when our mortal life shall close, our life of glory may begin.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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