



- 2. His home is reached already, we still are on the road, death was the gate of heaven, it took him to his God.
- 3. He sees what we but look for, he hath what we still lack, the foe no more can spoil him, who still besets our track.
- 4. His disembodied spirit is with the Lord at rest, and while we still are weeping, he is supremely blessed.
- 5. He wears a crown of glory, and lifts the palm on high, and swells with saints and angels the chorus of the sky.
- 6. We still, poor weary pilgrims, in this dark valley roam, until again we see him, and share his happy home.

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