THEODORA



- 2. I must go hence, the pale night violet closes its fragrant petals at the dawn of day, the nightingale is silent through the valley the streamlet to the ocean hastes away; –
- 3. I must go too, my trial-days are over; where I am going there is no more pain; no cold, rude grasp, shall crush the heart's affection, the wounds of earth shall all be healed again.
- 4. I must go hence, while others joy in spring-time, the early autumn of my life has come; the early ripe must be the early gathered, come, reaper-angels, bear me safely home!
- 5. Yes, I go home; on my brief pilgrim journey no bridal wreath for me let Love prepare; yet in the distance I behold one gleaming, a wreath of amaranth, more pure and fair!
- 6. I must go home, why are ye sadly weeping?
 I was not made for toil and conflict; why
 should your true hearts, kind friends, be sad and troubled,
 because a drooping flower must fade and die?
- 7. I must go home, a strange and lonely journey, through Death's dark valley; but I see afar beyond the gloom, a beacon light is shining, the guiding rays of Mercy's morning star.
- 8. I must go home, O Saviour! thou hast spoken peace to my heart; I come at thy command! Thou too hast died; but thou hast life eternal, and my soul's life is safe within thy hand.
- 9. The hour has come, oh, I am weary, weary!
 Are there not angel-voices in the air?
 Heaven's gates unfold, in peace my eyes are closing;
 I shall awake in joy and safety there!

Words: Meta Heusser-Schweizer. Translation: Jane Laurie Borthwick. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2018 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1963/