



- 2. Sweeter than words of mortal love, we hear the message from above, by ransomed souls in glory sung: –"Now all our tears are wiped away, while Jesus leads us, day by day, the trees of life and living streams among."
- 4. And every pilgrim, who has passed through all our trials, safe at last, leaves a bright track along the way to the fair City, where each guest is welcomed to the bridal feast, by the great King, whom all in love obey.

- 3. The shades of evening hasten on, the summer heats will soon be gone; short, at the longest, is our road; hark! every hour, with passing-bell, seems of that coming hour to tell which brings us to our Father's blessed abode.
- 5. How bright the dear ones gone before, beside the Lord for evermore, now to the eye of Faith appear!Let feeble knees and hearts be strong: Forward! the toil will not be long, for victory, and rest, and home are near!

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