



- 2. Go and dig my grave today!
 Homeward does my journey tend,
 and I lay my staff away
 here where all things earthly end,
 and I lay my weary head
 in the only painless bed.
- 3. What is there I yet should do, lingering in this darksome vale? Proud and mighty, fair to view, are our schemes, and yet they fail, like the sand before the wind, that no power of man can bind.
- 4. Farewell, earth, then; I am glad that in peace I now depart!
 For thy very joys are sad, and thy hopes deceive the heart; fleeting is thy beauty's gleam, false and changing as a dream.
- 5. And to you a last good night, sun and moon and stars so dear; farewell all your golden light; I am travelling far from here, to the splendours of that day where you all must fade away.

- 6. Farewell, O ye much-loved friends!
 Grief has smote you as a sword,
 but the Comforter descends
 unto them who love the Lord.
 Weep not o'er a passing show,
 to th' eternal world I go.
- 7. Weep not that I make my leave of the world; that I exchange errors that too closely cleave, shadows, empty ghosts that range through this world of naught and night, for a land of truth and light.
- 8. Weep not, dearest to my heart, for I find my Saviour near, and I know that I have part in the pains he suffered here, when he shed his sacred blood for the whole world's highest good.
- 9. Weep not, my Redeemer lives; heavenward springing from the dust, clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives; Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust; Love eternal whispers nigh, "Child of God, fear not to die!"

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