



- 2. Earth's joys are but a dream; its destiny is but decay and death; its fairest form sunshine and shadow mixed; its brightest day a rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.
- 3. Yet is there blessedness that changeth not, a rest with God, a life that cannot die, a better portion, and a brighter lot, a home with Christ, a heritage on high.
- 4. Hope for the hopeless, for the weary rest, more gentle than the still repose of even! Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblessed, homes for the desolate in yonder heaven.
- 5. The tempest makes returning calm more dear, the darkest midnight makes the brightest star; even so to us, when all is ended here, shall be the past, remembered from afar.
- 6. Then welcome change and death, since these alone can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell; welcome all present change, which speeds us on so swift to that which is unchangeable.

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