





- 2. Thou, O earth, art stripped of all thy beauty, all thy boasted glory now has fled, thou thyself dost preach to us our duty in a solemn sermon o'er the dead. Earth can yield us no enduring pleasure, we must part from that which most we love; wouldst thou seek an everlasting treasure, raise thy thoughts to heaven and things above.
- 3. Let the earth herself to heaven direct thee, seek not here thy home, but journey on to the mansions, where the friends expect thee, who before thee are already gone. Vainly seek'st thou here what thou desirest, therefore speed thee on thy heavenward way; every thing which thou from earth requirest is enough to hide thy mouldering clay.
- 4. But when Easter songs again awaken those who still are sleeping in the dust, earth shall bring the treasures she has taken, and discharge her solemn sacred trust. Think not here to find enduring pleasure, earth possesses nothing of her own; let her lead thee to the one true treasure, joy in heaven at God's eternal throne.

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