AFTER MANY FAREWELLS



- All other hope must perish, all earthly props decay; then let the seed be buried, the husk be blown away.
- 3. Yet think not God has granted but to recall again, his gifts of love and goodness shall ever thine remain.
- 4. The seed, before it flourish, must low in darkness lie; and love, to live for ever, must for a season die.
- 5. But those like thee, bereavèd within earth's darkened home, are rich in many promise and pledge of joys to come.
- 6. "Trust in my mercy ever, my people!" saith the Lord; hold fast in deepest sorrow that soul-sustaining word.
- 7. The harvest-day is hasting, the rest from toil and pain, when those who sleep in Jesus shall come with him again.
- 8. And, more than all the treasures that morning shall restore, himself, himself shall meet thee, thy portion evermore!
- 9. Then rest, sad heart, in patience, with this petition, still,"Lord, all these vacant places with thine own fullness fill!"

Words: Meta Heusser-Schweizer. Translation: Jane Laurie Borthwick. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/444/