

- 2. I go from poverty to wealth, from rags to raiment angel-fair, from the pale leanness of this flesh to beauty such as saints shall wear. Let our farewell then be tearless, since I bid farewell to tears; write this day of my departure festive in your coming years.
- 3. I go from chains to liberty; these fetters will be broken soon; forth over Eden's fragrant fields I walk beneath a glorious noon. Let our farewell then be tearless, since I bid farewell to tears; write this day of my departure festive in your coming years.
- 4. For toil there comes the crownèd rest; instead of burdens, eagle's wings; and I, even I, this life-long thirst shall quench at everlasting springs. Let our farewell then be tearless, since I bid farewell to tears; write this day of my departure festive in your coming years.
- 5. God lives! Who says that I must die?
 I cannot, while Jehovah lives!
 Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;
 he life to me for ever gives.
 Let our farewell then be tearless,
 since I bid farewell to tears;
 write this day of my departure
 festive in your coming years.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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