

- And on earth we hear the echoes
  of that chorus in the sky;
  trough the day of toil or weeping,
  faith can raise a glad reply.
  It is well, O saints departed,
  well with you, for ever blessed;
  well with us, who journey forward
  to your glory and your rest!
- 3. Times are changing, days are flying, years are quickly past and gone, while the wildly mingled murmur of life's busy hum goes on; sounds of tumult, sounds of triumph, marriage chimes and passing-bell, yet through all one key-note sounding, angels' watchword, "It is well."
- 4. We may hear, it through the rushing of the midnight tempest's wave, we may hear it, through the weeping round the newly covered grave; in the dreary house of mourning, in the darkened room of pain, if we listen meekly, rightly, we may catch that soothing strain.
- 5. For thine arm thou hast not shortened, neither turned away thine ear,O our Saviour, ever ready the afflicted's prayer to hear!Show us light, still surely resting over all thy darkest ways;give us faith, still surely trusting through the sad and evil days.
- 6. And thus, while the years are fleeting, though our joys are with them gone, in thy changeless love rejoicing we shall journey calmly on; till at last, all sorrow over, each our tale of grace shall tell, in the heavenly chorus joining, "Lord, thou hast done all things well!"

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