



- 2. Your watch is now on the eternal mountains; o u r eyes are gazing upward from afar. Your rest is now by the clear-welling fountains; ours is the journey still, the toil and war.
- 3. Years have gone by since the last words were spoken; O loved and saved, how gladly shall we meet in the home-city, where no ties are broken, where love is perfect, fellowship complete!
- 4. I see your crowns, the wreaths which cannot wither, and from the city-walls ye beckon me; 'Come up, and tarry not. Oh, come up hither, to this dear land of light we welcome thee!'
- 5. Only a little while: a little longer of tarriance here upon these death-swept plains. O well-beloved, death is growing stronger, and life more feeble in these ebbing veins.
- 6. To follow you we are each day preparing; and where you are, there we shall shortly be. Death is to us but as an angel, bearing the keys of life and immortality.
- 7. Yet not the less we say, 'Twere surely better that he should come and summon us away to meet him in the sky, ere yet the fetter of dark corruption bind our crumbling clay.
- 8. Then ye who slept, and we who knew no sleeping, should meet together each to tell his tale; the tale of earthly weariness and weeping, the short strange story of Time's cloudy vale.
- 9. Come then, Lord Jesus, come! Thy church is calling; the world is old, though still its skies are blue. Its flowers are fading, and its leaves are falling; come in thy glory to make all things new.

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