

As the great, the grandest plaudit  
Comes from Jesus' lips, "Well done,"  
Enter good and faithful servant,  
Take the crown so nobly won.

Brethren, weep, but gather nearer  
The great shadow of the cross ;  
Lift the blood-stained banner higher,  
For the Church ill spares her loss.

Widow, clad in sable robes,  
Mourning now in sorrow deep,  
Lean upon the arm of God,  
Faithful will his promise keep.

Husband tender be to thee,  
Father to thy darling child,  
Through the darkness safely guide,  
To the palace undefiled.

There to find your precious dead,  
Never more to say farewell ;  
There to prove thy loss was gain,  
And He doeth all things well.

Parents, mourning o'er the grave  
Of your cherished much-loved son,  
Heaven the mist will clear away,  
Why his work so soon was done.

Why so early sink to rest,  
Why first go the brightest, best,  
Heaven the great grand truth will tell,  
He liveth long who liveth well ;  
How deeds are measured and not years,  
Will all be seen when Christ appears,  
To meet the rising dead.