

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places ;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each others' faces :

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border-land—
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand—

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul ; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm ?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee ?
When I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river ;
They speak of death with fear, and weep.
Shall my soul perish ? Never ! never !

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee : I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.