

On thy hearthstone the ashes are fireless,  
In thy dark home the lights never burn,  
In thy garden the sweet flowers have perished,  
To thy bower no song-birds return !  
Yet a mansion of bliss glory-lighted,  
Where anguish and death are unknown,  
Where beauty and bloom are unblighted,  
Henceforth are forever thine own.

Oh ! joy for thee, glorified spirit,  
With Jesus forever to be,  
And with sinless and sainted companions  
The bliss of His Paradise see !  
Joy, Joy ! for thy warfare is finished,  
Thy perilous journeying o'er,  
And, above the deep gloom of Earth's shadows,  
Thou art dwelling in light evermore !

