

There may be some, whose faith has shown less plainly
 Has grieved to see my footsteps backward slip.
 Some kindly soul with grief might struggle vainly,
 To still the quivering of a trembling lip.

If such there be above my coffin bending,
 Surely my spirit will be hovering
 Lovingly near, its heavenly comfort lending,
 Like the soft fluttering of an angel's wing.
 What would it matter! nothing, if we're ready,
 Waiting and ready for the call to come.
 With faith's lamp burning ever clear and steady,
 Joyful should be the call that brings us home.

The parting hour has come at last,
 Life's weary journey's o'er.
 On hill and plain I've looked my last,
 On pond and wood and shore.

I'll never see September sheaves
 Nor Christmas holly even,
 My eyes have seen their last green leaves
 This side the gates of Heaven.