

GONE.

Gone without a word of warning—
Gone without a last good-by—
Gone beyond our range of vision,
Far beyond the deep blue sky.

Days will come and days will vanish,
Many suns will wax and wane;
Eyes will look till they are weary
But she'll never come again.

Oh, how weary seems the waiting
As in this lonely world we roam,
Till the call shall come that frees us
And the wanderer's called home.

Then the pain shall all be over
And our tears be wiped away,
When we gather to our Father
In the home of endless day.

There for us a rest remaineth,
There our hearts are free from care.
And we'll never lose our loved ones
For we're told there's no death there.

Oh, the glorious re-union
When our pilgrimage is trod,
And we gather with our loved ones
Safe at home, at home with God.