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" Servant of God, well done !  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won, —  
Enter thy Master's joy.

" The voice at midnight came ;  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame, —  
He fell, but felt no fear.

" At midnight came the cry,  
' To meet thy God prepare !'  
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

" His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumb'ring clay ; —  
His tent, at sunrise on the ground,  
A darkened ruin lay.

" The pains of death are past ;  
Labor and sorrow cease ;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

" Soldier of Christ, well done !  
Praise be thy new employ ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

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