

And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below ;
And, following our triumphant Head
To further conquest go !
The vineyard of their Lord
Before his laborers lies ;
And lo ! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end ;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain ;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy return
To our eternal rest.