

Yet all of us must, soon or later,  
Leave all our load of earthly care  
And stand before our Great Creator—  
What matters, then, or when or where

We lay aside our heavy armor  
To "cross the bar," where Jesus waits?  
Each country, whether cold or warmer,  
Has one of Heaven's entrance gates.

We cannot tell why this affliction  
By God, our Father, has been sent ;  
It may be that a benediction  
His changeless love for us has meant.

The chain that binds our hearts to Heaven,  
Grows stronger as the number swells  
Of those we love, and who, forgiven,  
Have said on earth their last farewell.

Then let us learn to be contented,  
For soon we all again shall meet ;  
When our short pilgrimage is ended,  
Our union then will be complete.