

One last look to each, was given
As we passed along,
And we turned our thoughts to Heaven,
Where thy soul has gone.
Gone to purest bliss divine,
Endless happiness is thine.

Oftimes did thy fancy wander,
Fondly plan to roam,
Far, to dear old Scotland yonder,
Thy lov'd childhood's home;
Mother! Home! the vision flies,
God has planned it otherwise.

While thou art in glory basking,
In thy Lord's embrace,
Sorrowing ones are vainly asking:
Who can fill thy place,
Who so loving true and kind,
Full of love for all mankind?

There will come a glorious meeting,
When this life is o'er,
O, the joy and bliss of greeting
Loved ones gone before,
And our Saviour, too, will come,
Bid His children welcome home.

Songs of praises high are swelling
In your blest abode,
Love and joy and peace excelling
By the throne of God,
There the ransomed sweetly sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

Farewell brother, life unending,
Purest bliss is thine,
Angel voices sweet are blending;
Like the stars doth shine,
The bright crown upon thy brow
Thou art safe in glory now.