

Nor is the least a cheerful heart;  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.  
 Through ev'ry period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide the works no more.  
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 For oh! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

### HYMN XIII.

#### FUNERAL CONSOLATIONS.

HEAR, what the voice from heav'n declares  
 To those in Christ who die!

"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,  
 "They reign with him on high.

Then, why lament departed friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?

Death's but the servant Jesus sends  
 To call us to his arms.

If Sin be pardon'd, we're secure,  
 Death hath no sting beside;

The law gave sin and strength its pow'r;  
 But Christ, our ransom, died!

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
 When in the grave he lay;

And rising thence their hopes he rais'd  
 To everlasting day!

Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
 To Christ, our life, we'll sing—

"Where is thy victory, O Grave?

"And where, O death, thy sting?"