

Of them we may discourse again,
As on we voyage o'er the main;
They sleep in Christ, and hence shall rise
To dwell with Him in paradise.

Hark! the music, floating, trilling,
Vessel, ocean, air are filling.
Let notes triumphant, songs celestial,
Ring out aloud from lips terrestrial;
Unfurl all flags, let pennons stream,
Let every countenance brightly beam.
Onward, living sons and daughters,
Bound away across the waters;
Yonder gleams the City Golden,
Let it every heart embolden;
By faith's keen vision see the gates,
The gates of heaven, where Jesus waits
To welcome all who overcome,
And give to all a mansion home.

Behold the City! wondrous fair!
A silver mist from wings of air