

For it saves its song till the end of life,  
And then in the soft, still even,  
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun  
It sings, as it soars into heaven ;  
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,  
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

Have you heard these tales ? Shall I tell you one  
A greater and better than all ?  
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,  
Before whom the hosts of them fall ?  
How He left the choirs and anthems above  
For earth in its wailings and woes,  
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,  
And die for the life of His foes ?  
O Prince of the noble ! O Sufferer divine !  
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine ?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,  
The tale of the Holy and True ?  
He died, but His life now in untold souls  
Lives on in the world anew.  
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth  
As the stars fill the skies above.  
He taught us to yield up the love of life  
For the sake of the life of love.  
His death is our life. His loss is our gain,  
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,  
Who for others do give up your all :  
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow  
Into earth's dark bosom must fall ;  
Must pass from the view and die away,  
And then will the fruit appear :  
The grain that seems lost in the earth below  
Will return many-fold in the ear ;  
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,  
The joy for the tear the peace for the pain.

—Henry Harbaugh, in *New York Sun*.