St. Patrick

(7.7.7.7.D.)


1 He is gone — A cloud of light
   Has received Him from our sight;
   High in Heaven, where eye of men
   Follows not, nor Angels ken;
   Through the veils of time and
   space,
   Passed into the Holiest place;
   All the toil, the sorrow done,
   All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone — Towards their goal;
   World and Church must onward
   roll;
   Far behind we leave the past;
   Forward are our glances cast:
   Still His words before us range
   Through the ages as they change:
   Wheresoe’er the truth shall lead,
   He will give whate’er we need.

3 He is gone — But we once more
   Shall behold Him as before;
   In the heaven of heavens the same,
   As on earth He went and came.
   In the many mansions there
   Place for us He will prepare;
   In that world unseen, unknown,
   He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone — but not in vain,
   Wait until he comes again:
   He is risen, He is not here
   Far above this earthly sphere;
   Evermore in heart and mind
   There our peace in Him we find:
   To our own Eternal Friend,
   Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1859.