To mourn our dead we gather here
In love and grief to-day;
Oh! thou whom we have held so dear,
Whom God hath called away -
Farewell!
A last farewell we say!

The strife is hushed in peace divine,
The earthly task is o’er,
Now everlasting rest is thine
Upon the heavenly shore.
Farewell!
Farewell for evermore!

By faith we hear the triumph song
That greets thy ransomed soul,
Thy Saviour’s love, through woe and wrong.
Hath led thee to thy goal.
Farewell!
Death’s waves between us roll!

Yet through our tears a whisper sweet
Falls with a heavenly strain,
What though we part ‘tis but to meet
For joy comes after pain!
Farewell!!
Until we meet again!

Across Death’s dim and shadowy sea
Bright rays of sunrise move,
From that far Land where we would be -
The deathless Land of Love!
Farewell!!
We meet again above! Amen.

Mary Bradford Whiting.