

Thou Art Gone to the Grave

Reginald Heber(1783-1826)

Southern Harmony.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of Heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphims' song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Savior hath died.