

He Is Gone, a Cloud of Light

Words: Arthur Stanley, 1859.

Music: Joseph Barnby (1838-1896).

He is gone-a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in Heav'n, 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.

He is gone-and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft.
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone-we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away,"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all ours powers.

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.

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 shall yet be one.

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.