

He's Gone
Words and Music by
Philip Paul Bliss

He's gone,
He's gone,
Gone to the "Silent Land."

1.
Over the "River of Death."
Into the "Silent Land."
Glad are the Heavenly Choirs,"
Sad is our "Pilgrim Band."
Safe in the "Evergreen Shore."
Joining the glad "Jubilee,"
"Welcome," the bright angels say,
"White Robes are waiting for thee."
"Welcome," the bright angels say,
Soon shall be "Resting at Home."

2.
Close by the "Great White Throne."
"Thousands of children stand."
"Welcome, oh, welcome," they sing,
"Home to the 'Beautiful Land.'"
"Marching along," on our way,
Pilgrims and strangers we roam,
Soon shall we join the glad throng,
Soon shall be "Resting at Home."
Soon shall we join the glad throng,
Soon shall be "Resting at Home."

[Coda. From "Dear Ones all at Home."]
Love, rest and home,
Sweet, sweet home.
O how sweet it will be there to meet
the dear ones all at home.
O how sweet it will be there to meet
the dear ones all at home.