

She Sweetly Dwells Up There
Ellen McAfee, 1913.
C. A. Brock.

A loving wife, a mother dear,
A sister kind and sweet,
A precious daughter, oh! so fair!
Now rests at Jesus' feet!
She left us here to mourn alone
In this sad world of pain,
And gained a home of perfect peace
Where she will ever reign.

Refrain

She dwells up there in mansions so fair
That Jesus said He'd go and prepare,
And some bright morn, when earth-life is o'er,
We'll meet her where we'll part nevermore.

Our hearts beat heavily with grief,
Our tears unbidden flow
To part with one we loved so well,
But she is safe, we know,
For God who doeth all things well,
Who knoweth what is best,
Hath called, "Come home, thou faithful one,
And share eternal rest."

Refrain

And when death's solemn hour drew near,
With hope naught could dispel,
She called her husband to her side,
And told him all was well;
She bade him live a Christian life,
And raise her children right,
And meet her in that happy land,
Where sin can never blight.

Refrain

Her memory fresh will ever be
To all who knew her here,
For she was kind to every one,
Bright, smiling, full of cheer;
Her life was such a Christlike one,
While here on earth she stayed,
And now she dwells in that bright home,
In snow-white robes arrayed.

Refrain