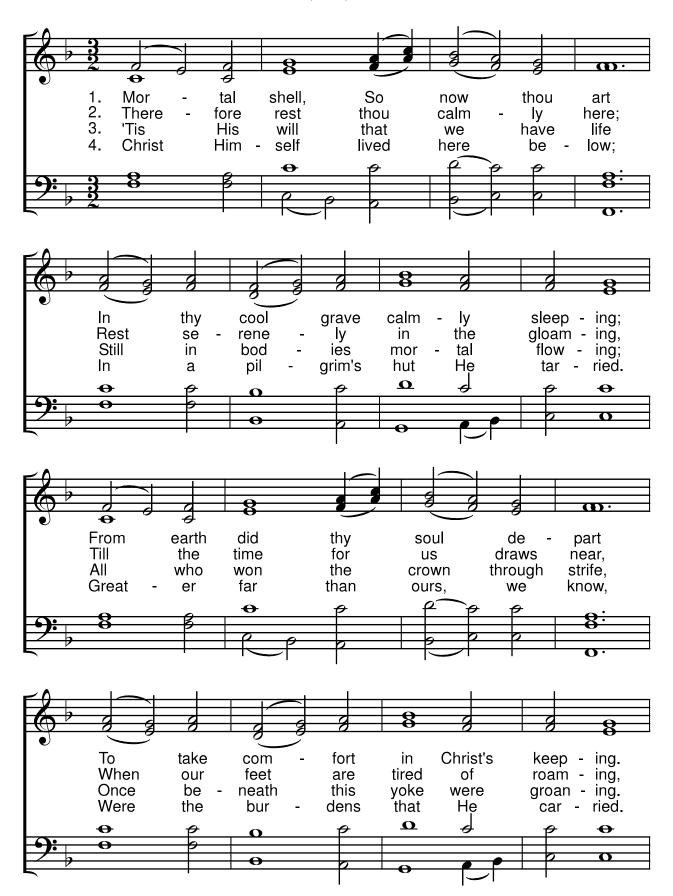
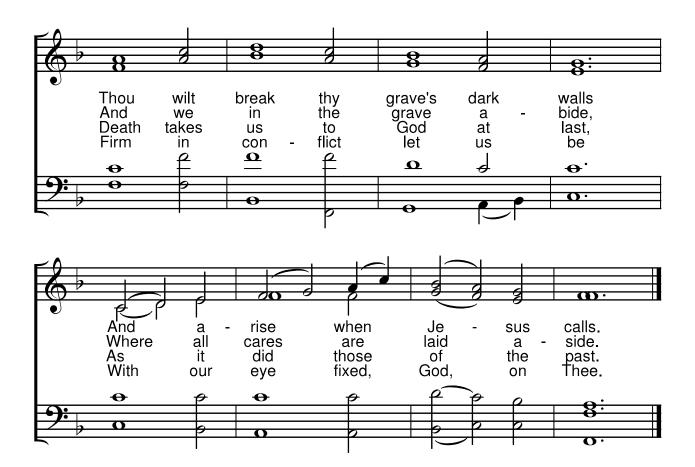
104. AT THE GRAVE OF THE BELIEVER

99, 119, 253.





- 5. What is life passed in this frame,
 This short space with gloom o'erclouded,
 Toward life with immortal fame?
 Yet on this short hour enshrouded
 Hangs, Thou God of mystery,
 Either death or life with Thee.
- 6. Thou in whom our all we stake!
 Ours will be eternal pleasure,
 When earth ties in death we break,
 Thou wilt give us then this treasure.
 Son of Man and God, our Friend,
 Thou on us Thy peace doth send.
- 7. Lord, to Thee, not to the world,
 We belong -- Thou shalt awake us.
 This pow'r of the better world
 Let us taste when death does take us.
 May we here in faith abide
 And in death with Thee reside.