

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Our dear ones to the tomb?
Where once our mighty Saviour lay
To take away its gloom.

3 The grave of every saint is blest,
A place of victory made,
A symbol of triumphant rest
Where burdens are all laid.

4 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labours of this mortal life
End in a great reward.

5 Break from God's throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, God's word!
When from the grave a glorious form
Ascends to meet the Lord!

Cento from Isaac Watts, 1674-1748