

They Whose Course on Earth Is O'er

Words: John Neale, 1844.

Music: Frederick Iliffe, 1889.

They whose course on earth is o'er
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

We, by enemies distressed
They in Paradise at rest;
We the captives-they the freed-
We and they are one indeed.

One in all we seek or shun,
One-because our Lord is one;
One in heart and one in love-
We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part,
Fellowship of heart with heart?

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak-

Yet in sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch and fast, and litany.

Saints departed even thus
Hold communion still with us;
Still with us, beyond the veil
Praising, pleading without fail.

With them still our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise,
Rendering worship, thanks and love
To the Trinity above.