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When Musing Sorrow Weeps the Past
Gerard Noel, 1813.
John Dykes, 1875.

When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:

It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earthborn woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Savior's bliss to share!

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