

No. 1000. There

At the close of the day,  
When I am called to die,  
I sing songs of holy rest,  
& I staff my soul on high.

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There will be no more sorrow  
There will be no more sorrow  
In Heaven above, where all is love  
There'll be no more sorrow there

When cold and sluggish sleep  
Hath of my marble brow  
Break in song of joyfulness  
Let Heaven begin to sing

There'll be no etc

When the last moment comes  
I watch my dying face  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam  
Which o'er each feature plays

There'll be etc

Then to my raptur'd ear  
Let one sweet song be given  
Let music charm me last on earth  
And put me first in Heaven

There'll be etc

When close my sightless eyes  
And lay me down to rest  
And clasp my cold and ice hands  
Upon my lifeless breast

There'll be etc