Friend After Friend Departs

1. Friend after friend departs; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no
   union here of hearts. That finds not here an end: Were this frail
   world our final rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time, Beyond the reign of death, There surely
   is some blessed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life’s after
   tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

3. There is a world above, Where parting is unknown; A whole e-
   high and higher shines To pure and perfect day; Nor faith be
   holds the dying here Translated to their happier sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines, Till all are passed away; As mor-
   stars in empty night: They hide themselves in heaven’s own