St. Patrick

(7.7.7.7.D.)

Composed for "Church Hymns with Tunes", S.P.C.K., 1874.



 He is gone — A cloud of light Has received Him from our sight; High in Heaven, where eye of men Follows not, nor Angels ken; Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place; All the toil, the sorrow done,

All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone — Towards their goal; World and Church must onward roll:

Far behind we leave the past; Forward are our glances cast: Still His words before us range Through the ages as they change: Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead, He will give whate'er we need.

- 3 He is gone But we once more Shall behold Him as before; In the heaven of heavens the same, As on earth He went and came. In the many mansions there Place for us He will prepare; In that world unseen, unknown, He and we may yet be one.
- 4 He is gone but not in vain, Wait until he comes again: He is risen, He is not here Far above this earthly sphere; Evermore in heart and mind There our peace in Him we find: To our own Eternal Friend, Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1859.