



Strangers here—
Not a link with earth unbroken,
Not a farewell to be spoken;
Waiting for their Lord to take them
To Himself, and like Him make them.



Strangers here—

With their hearts upon a treasure That has dimmed for them earth's pleasure, Lamps well trimmed, and brightly burning, Eyes forever upward turning.

Strangers here—
Earthly rank and riches losing.
Worldly ties and claims refusing.
On to Christ in glory passing.
All things there in Him possessing.

Strangers here—
But in Him their hearts are resting,
Faith looks up in days of testing,
Follows Him with true allegiance,
Loves to walk in His obedience.

Well know there—
Oh, what joy for Christ to take them
To the Father, who will make them
Welcome in His mansions yonder,
Strangers here—to be no longer.

—Zion's Watch Tower, 1880, R65.–



