1. What is this thing that men call death, This quiet
    passing in the night?

2. O God, touch Thou my aching heart And calm my
    troubled, haunting fears. Let hope and faith, transcendent,

3. There is no death, but only change, With recom-
    pense for victory won. The gift of Him who loved all

   sis pure, Give strength and peace beyond my tears.
    men, The Son of God, the Holy One.

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