Come, let us join our friends above who have obtained the prize, and 

One family we dwell in him, one church above, beneath, though 

Ten thousand to their endless home this solemn moment fly, and 

Our spirits, too, shall quickly join, like theirs with glory crowned, and

On the eagle wings of love to joys celestial rise. Let

Now divided by the stream, the narrow stream of death; one

We are to the margin come, and we expect to die. E'en

Shout to see our Captain's sign, to hear his trumpet sound. O

Saints on earth unite to sing with those to glory gone, for

Army of the living God, to his command we bow; part

Now by faith we join our hands with those that went before, and

That we grasp our Guide! O that the word were given!

All the servants of our King in earth and heaven are one.

Of his host have crossed the flood, and part are crossing now.

Greet the blood-besprinkled bands on the eternal shore.

Come, Lord, the waves divide, and land us all in heaven.