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Amidst them. And he said, "Are they not seas,  
Whose waters are contiguous, and mix?  
There is one other sea—we scarcely fix  
Our eyes upon it in the distance dim."  
What sea is this, I said—is it the sea,  
Which is the ocean of eternity?  
He answered, "Yes: And there is one sweet hymn,  
Friend, canst thou sing it?"

And I answered thus:  
My heart is a well of music; yet its voices.  
With many sad thoughts have grown tremulous,  
And also sad. Sing this sweet hymn for me.  
He answered, "'Tis a song which aye rejoices  
The saddest heart: the only sweet—sweet song.  
Friend, canst thou sing it?" I replied to him  
In the same language I had used before.  
He said: "I hope to sing it evermore,  
In a fair world which shall not once be dim.  
It is the song of pardon for the past,  
And blessing while eternity shall last. —  
This golden language of the holy Book—  
I know that my Redeemer lives,—even this,  
Is the true knowledge and the only bliss:  
The secret of perpetual happiness.  
He who knows this, has found the treasure of  
treasures;  
He who knows this, shall drink the river of  
pleasures.  
All other attainments walk in to the grave:  
This lifts us high above the heaven's blue brink.