

The lamplight faintly gleameth  
When shines the noonday ray ;  
From Jesus' face there beameth  
Light of a sevenfold day ;  
That pales earth's brightest story,  
Earth's twilight shades dispels ;  
'Tis that which gleams from glory—  
The glory that excels.

No broken cisterns need they  
Who drink from living rills ;  
No Siren music heed they  
Whom God's own music thrills ;  
Above earth's boisterous voices  
Within the spirit swells  
The song which Heaven rejoices—  
The glory that excels.

Oh ! he who once sees Jesus,  
Shall never more again  
Count aught that earth possesses  
A thing of joy or gain ;  
O'er every hope prevaieth  
The hope His word foretells ;  
O'er every gain availeth  
The glory that excels.  
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