

The assembly of the saints.
They stand those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast :
And they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn ?
O sacred, sweet reflection,
And peace of Seraphim !
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true peculiar vision
Of God omnipotent !
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim :
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee ;
Even here thy walls discern :