

To stand with those who bow,
Before the Throne of God ;
A denizen of that blest clime,
Where spoiler's feet ne'er trod.
To know that peace and rest,
For aye to thee is given ;
To wear the robe that Jesus wrought,
This be thy lot in Heaven.

G L O R Y .

There's a strange glory in the setting sun,
Glory is where the 'crimson'd fields are won ;
Glory where earth's proud monarchs sweep,
Glory amid the ocean's broken sleep.
But brightest glory is reserved for those,
Who have pass'd far away from mortal foes ;
Unmingled glory to the throng is given,
Who rest upon the radiant shores of Heaven.

