

And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below,
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope :
But He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay ;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away ;
And none shall then be jealous,
And none shall there contend :
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I ?
All ill, all ill shall end !
And there's David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow :
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,
That spirit's food and sunshine