

Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watch-word
Of Jesus Nazarine :
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where foul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day :
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are turned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze :
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above.
Instead of torment, glory ;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
True Israelites ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there,
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high !
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky !
To all one happy guerdon