

Joining the chorus of the blest,
"Worthy the Lamb once slain."

A little while, and then—
If I may, take my crown,
And harp, and at my Saviour's feet
Lay them in safety down ;
Then, by the Warder taught,
At the ever open gate,
The passwords back to that bright land
Where broken households wait.

Leaving those jasper walls,
Seek regions of Despair,
Down to the haunts of Sin and Death,
Again to enter there ;
To whisper to the sad
Soft words of hope and love ;
To point the fainting, falling one,
To rest and light above.

To stand unseen beside
The newly-covered bier ;
To calm the little orphan's heart,
To dry the widow's tear ;
To check the rising oath,
On lips that ought to pray ;
To check th' upraised avenger's arm,
And teach "a better way."