

The clouds that gather up on high
May hide the glowing sun.
Or melt in ether of the sky
Before the day is done.

But verses sung by Poesy wise
Inscribed on deathless page,
Embalmed in song that never dies,
Live on from age to age

Inspiring hope in fainting hearts,
Instilling love therein,
They shoot truth's bright, exhaustless darts
At citadels of sin,

Until some weary soul repents,
Surrenders to the call
Of an All-Gracious Providence
Who overruleth all.