

Oh! who can tell, what joys to those who drink
One draught of life from its enchanting brink!
A time shall come, Gennes'ret, when thy wave,
No longer rock, or shore, or hill shall lave;
And ev'ry sea be merg'd in liquid fire;*
Aye, Time itself, by rosy time expire.†
But far away that river still shall flow,
And endless life and happiness bestow.

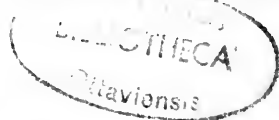
Oh, that my soul a longing thirst could have‡
For one deep draught of that celestial wave!
So might I freely of its waters take
From Earth's cold sleep in perfect life to wake!



*“And there was no more sea.”—Rev. xxi. 1.

†“And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the Earth, lifted up his hand to Heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever, that there should be time no longer.”—Rev. x. 5, 6.

‡“And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.”—Rev. xii. 17.



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