

Little they dream, those haughty souls,
Whom Empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree :
As bloodhounds hush their baying wild,
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.

On, champions blest, in Jesus' Name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lighten'd of the World's mis-rule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

