

The base worm creeps to its cold cocoon,
 And silent sleeps,
 But it bursts out soon
 And it speeds o'er steeps
 A live baloon,
 Yet its kind is known by the light of noon.

That noon-day light, when the reapers start,
 So dazzling bright,
 Classifys the mart.
 Those who love the night
 * Shall soon depart
 To the gloomy left, with breaking heart.

At the Master's right a merry throng
 Bask in that light,
 Many loved among,
 And their direst plight
 While dancing on,
 Is to half express their heavenly song,

Sea Shell would tell joyful news to all ;
 For all may dwell
 In that heavenly hall.
 He who conquered hell
 Calls great and small
 To his marriage supper where nought shall pall.

Have your wedding garment white as snow
 Washed in that blood
 Sin had caused to flow
 When the Saviour stood
 For man below,
 And together we'll feast with the King we know.