

Thine had been still the thunderclaps ;
The bolts had fall'n on us the same ;
But misery, unheard Thy name,
Had slept a dreamless sleep perhaps.

XII

If prayer may never reach to Thee,
O King of Glory, close the door
On Thy lone splendour ! Evermore
From mortals hide Eternity !

But if an ear to earth inclined
Be yonder, and to grief awake ;
If the Eternal Country take
Heed of the moaning of mankind ;

Oh, rend the Heaven ! Break up the height,
The depth, between Thy works and Thee !
Tear off the veil, that Earth may see
The Fount of good, the Judge of right !

XIII

Ah, what a world should then be found !
No loveless heart, no faithless soul.
Yea, all mankind, from pole to pole,
Should bow before Thee to the ground.

The tears, that from our earth-sick eyes
Run ever in unceasing fount,
Should like the dews of morning mount
A mist of silver to the skies.

No voice should any more withstand,
But all in concert sing Thy praise,
Sweet as the hymns that angels raise
Where Thou art in the Eternal Land.