

"Thou shalt go, thou favored thread,  
 Where no woman's foot may tread—  
 Where the wondrous veil is hung,  
 And the golden censer swung;  
 Where the golden lamp is glowing,  
 And the mystic oil is flowing,  
 Where the priests alone may go,  
 In their vesture white as snow.  
 In the High-Priest's raiment fair,  
 Thou, methinks may'st have a place:  
 Not for me to weave thee there,  
 Nobler hands have won that grace.  
 Bezaleel is wondrous wise,  
 Threads to weave, that we have spun:  
 Well he blends their gorgeous dyes,  
 Like the clouds at set of sun:  
 He may twine thy stainless white  
 Where scarce venture Aaron's feet:  
 Where the inner veil is bright  
 With the changeless holy light,  
 Shining o'er the mercy-seat.  
 Not for me thy place to choose;  
 Only let my work be done,  
 So that God may deign to use  
 What His servant's hands have spun.

"Soon, I know that eager groups  
 Glad, will bring their treasured store.  
 When the women throng in troops  
 Round the Tabernacle door.  
 Scattered *here*, we *there* unite;  
 Gladly, *there* our hands shall bring  
 Gold, and gem, and mirror bright,  
 For the temple of our King.  
 Soon the *time* for gifts is done:  
 Soon the *time* for work is o'er;