

"Zion fair city of the living God!"
So spake my guide. "Behold she comes arrayed
As Bride to meet the Bridegroom of her choice;
Her well beloved and chosen from the world."

An open doorway in a city wall!
Hand clasped in hand, led by my higher self,
Beneath the symbol of the Lamb of God
With Jesus by my side I passed the gate.

One voice is falling on a world at rest.
The voice of love that touched old Sinai's peaks
Now sweeps across the pleasant fields of life:
And over Zion shines the love of God.

Jesus, beneath the magic of your love
I saw a world at peace, a world redeemed,
And so the wond'rous paradox was true,
The life, the myth, Christ the reality.

Jesus, beneath the magic of your love
Weapons of war were beaten at the forge
And from them sprang ploughshares and pruning hooks;
In place of death, to give the people life.
Evolving force that makes for righteousness!
That cast the idols down, those deities
Evolved by man, more cruel far than he;
And in their place enthroned the God of love.

Jesus, beneath the magic of your love
I saw the heavy chains of slavery
Struck from the slave. Love set the captive free
And gave to each an equal right to live.
A right to live, in full sense of that word;
But not to starve in foetid alleys vile
Craving the refuse crumbs from Dives' board;
Like a lost soul in Dantes' pictured hell!
Worse than the fabled hell; bound, crushed beneath
The wheels of him who rode the gilded car.

Jesus, the magic of your love had wrought
A revolution in the hearts of men.
The Augean stable cleansed and purified