

Thou City of Jerusalem, that crowns the sev'n-hilled site!
How oft have tears bedewed mine eyes to wash thy stains
more white !

How oft beneath Love's sheltering wing, would I have
gathered thee ;

But thou would'st not, and now alas, woe waits Gethsemane!

Way in the far and distant north, Mount Hermon rears
his crest,

And glitters in transforming light, a world serenely blest ;
Midway as gleaming in the tear, that fell from heaven's
blue eye,

Sweet Sharon and Gennesaret, in earth-bound friendship lie.

There, may the budding roses bloom, and bursting, blossom
fair,

Yet, ere their beauties blush the plain, or fragrance scent
the air,

The heart's rich treasure of the Just—by envious mortals
shed—

Will with affection's roseate hue, shade Love's white roses red.

Incarnate things like kernels sown, in earthliness must die :
For Love doth crucify foul hate, and Life, morality.

But Good—whose seed lives in Itself, can ne'er decay or wane;
Immortal germs ne'er live to die, nor die to live again !

Affection's seed in human heart—Love's vital germ divine—
Must soon take root and grow and bud, with summer's rain
and shine ;

And like a vine in gardened soil, that mounts the cloister
high,

Will flower and fruit and crown at length the Cross of
Calvary.

Soon, soon the Christly Son of Man! The Just and Innocent,
Shall suffer and endure, to save a world malevolent !

Fain would I shun to kiss the Cross that wins a kingly
Crown ;

Yet, Father, not my will, I pray, but Thine own will be done.