

## A HYMN.

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In hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes,  
Waiting to see the Morning Star arise :  
How bright, how gladsome will His advent be,  
Before the Sun shines forth in majesty.

How will our eyes to see His face delight,  
Whose love has cheered us through the darksome  
night !

How will our ears drink in His well-known voice,  
Whose faintest whispers make our soul rejoice !

No stain within, no foes or snares around,  
No jarring notes shall there discordant sound ;  
All pure without, all pure within the breast ;  
No thorns to wound, no toil to mar our rest.

If here on earth the thoughts of Jesus' love  
Lift our poor hearts this weary world above,  
If even here the taste of heavenly springs  
So cheers the spirit, that the pilgrim sings.

What will the sunshine of His glory prove ?  
What the unmingled fulness of His love ?  
What hallelujahs will His presence raise ?  
What but one loud eternal burst of praise ?