

Sweet cure of all distress !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight :
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fullness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou midst heavenly citizens,
A home like their's shalt gain.
Here is the war-like trumpet,
There, life set free from sin,
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in.
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great ;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate :
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fallen from them that stand
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand :
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph, then ;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them :
They paid the price on earth
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth :
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified :
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watch-word
Of Jesus Nazarine :
Who, fed with heavenly nectar.