

Amid the seraph's strain,
Where sorrow's moan, and griefs unknown,
With the celestial train.
With thine compared the pleasures shared
On earth are grief and pain ;
For worldly joy is base alloy,
And earthly pleasures vain.

But how or why came you to die
Ere sin took virtue's place ?
Except design of power divine
No reason can I trace.
Some power, indeed, must have decreed
That such should be the case.
While we to moan, to sigh and groan,
Deprived of such a grace,
On earth are left, of joy bereft,
Your eyes behold his face.

From wishes vain, from toil and pain,
Though you are ever free,
Yet joy is brief, our lot is grief,
While here below are we.
Then from above look down with love,
And pray that yet we be
Allowed to share the crown you wear
For all eternity,
And voices raise to sing the praise
Of one great God in three.

THE END OF THE
SACRED HISTORY