

The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth:
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high:
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The Halls of Zion know: