

And through the freshness of the summer dawn,
Like music from its very stillness drawn,
A sweet voice call'd them—"Children"—at the word
The lov'd disciple cried, "It is the Lord."
Oh, joy! oh, tenfold joy, from sorrow born!
No longer listless now they droop forlorn;
Th' impulsive Peter cannot even wait
For boat to bring him to his Saviour's feet,
But plunges in the wave with ardent haste,
To be the first that perfect bliss to taste.

Oh, perfect bliss! again to look upon
One whom we thought for ever, ever gone!
Oh, perfect bliss! to have the deed forgiv'n,
For which remorse our very soul has riven!
Oh, utmost bliss! that perfect love can prove,
Allow'd to say—"Thou *knowest* that I love."

My Saviour, oh, my Saviour, would that I
With truth, could utter that same heart-felt cry!
My faithlessness eradicated be,
By one sure look, e'en of reproach from Thee,
That I Thy presence here might realize,
Thus see Thy very Self before me rise!

Audacious thought! presumptuous and vain,
Not for the cold of heart and dull of brain,
Such high, ecstatic vision may appear,
Or Earth-tied souls approach to Heaven so near.