

And then the angel led me on,
With looks surprising sweet,
Treading the pure celestial plain,
With his immortal feet.

Then o'er the blest immortal field,
With swiftness he did pass,
And reached the glorious city wall,
Which seemed like crystal glass.

Their stately gates of precious pearls,
Adorn that beautiful side,
To which transported I was led
By my celestial guide.

Then two of those resplendent pearls,
Which turned on rubies bright,
Opened inviting my approach,
O'erwhelmed with vast delight,

And then the angel led me on,
With his most tender hand,
And led me to an awful bar,
Near which the Judge did stand.