

The Lamb for ever blest,
Enthroned upon the Altar where
His martyr's relics rest!

Hush'd is the Anthem's solemn peal;
The Vesper hymn is o'er;
And priest and mitred prelate kneel
Around the shrine no more,
While the last ling'ring stragglers steal
In silence from the door.

Gone is the radiance rich and bright
The sunset's glorious beam;
But the pale moon's reflected light
Falls in a silver stream;
It glistens o'er the pavement white,
And makes it whiter seem.

One only figure still is bending
On the cold marble stone;
One heart-drawn voice is still ascending
Unto the Heavenly Throne,
Prayers for the wasted army blending
With pleadings for his own.

Midnight is past, and still untired
The Grecian pilgrim prays;
His soul, with Heavenly strength inspired,