

THE DAY OF SATISFACTION.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,
And find how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall rise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint and stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds and storms and shadows overcast,
And know that I am saved and blest at last,
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,
The unbelief, the darkness, and the fear,
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all be without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day
I shall be satisfied.