

But to my tale—she deemed that throngs
 Of matrons round her pressed,
 Who, with warm welcomes on their tongues,
 Her and her babe caressed.

And there she saw the sacred mount
 Where dwells the great Three-One,
 The living water's flowing fount ;
 And high upon his throne,

A lamb was seen, crimsoned with stain
 Of sacrificial blood,
 Who looked as if he had been slain,
 But lived enthroned with God.

The saving glories of whose beams,
 Reach the eternal hills,
 And from the virtue of his names,
 Their balm of life distills.

She saw life's river roll its flood
 Midst palaces and flowers,
 Where reign the ransomed sons of God,
 As potentates and powers.

Where that mysterious tree still lives,
 Of Eden's primal growth,
 Whose monthly fruit and healing leaves,
 Preserve immortal youth.

And from each radiant mountain top,
 She heard responsive sounds,
 Rising, like burning incense, up
 To Him whose bleeding wounds