

Is shaken down—a bridal veil
It seems to be, with brilliant trail.
Its walls are built of jasper stone,
The gates are pearled with ivory bone ;
Gates and walls resplendent seem,
As emerald, topaz, beryl gleam,
With jacinth, sapphire, chrysolite,
From base to crown, from left to right.
Gold as clear as glass transparent
Constitutes the City's pavement.
Then within those mansions gaze !
Chambers, arches, domes ablaze
With splendor from that Orb divine,
Who pours His rich effulgence down
On pillars, porches, peaks and spire,
On fountains, flowers, harp and lyre.
Till music yields its sweetest strain
And beauty drips from every fane.

Then, again, behold and wonder !
Not at Sinai, whence the thunder