

And sun-glow and sky-blue and little cloud-fringes,
Tinctured with scarlet on mouth of a maiden
Pale from the pain of the joy of her first kiss,
Where the dusk green of the arbours of ivy
Brings out the gold on the gourds in the garden—
Why wilt thou weep with desolate tears
And crying of one who can not be comforted?
Know that the day is at hand when the terror
Shall fall from the face of the mourner;
When crying shall cease and the loud lamentation;
When nation shall not make war against nation:
When love, like the light of the sun in his strength,
Shall shine on the earth and fill the waste places—
Shall bring in the joy of the Lord and His Sabbath!