

Evermore

Light of Truth ! consuming fire !
Purifying errant men ;
Chastened, they come forth again,
Clothed in virgin white attire.

Light of Love whom we adore !—
Beauteous forms by Time unkept,
We have lost them, we have wept—
Thou wilt keep them evermore.

We shall weep, yea, weep, no more—
They, our own, are with thee there
And hath fled our dark despair,
From thy light, O Evermore !