

The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile ;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own.
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone ;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect ;
And He Himself the mansion
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot ;
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy king's.

Jerusalem the golden
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed :
I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !
And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints ;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The day-light is serene ;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,