

Not one of all that trust in Him,  
Shall sink beneath the darksome tide,  
Mighty's the arm that holds the universe,  
Watchful the eye o'er Israel kept—  
Tender God's love for them.

Yea, e'en the devices of wicked men,  
Shall for His Israel's good appear;  
All things shall work for good to them,  
Till all gloriously upon the edifice,  
The last stone is raised.

Till in meridian splendour grand,  
God's spiritual temple forth shall stand,  
Elect and precious, from whom shall rise  
A shout—'twill rend the sky,  
Of victory through grace.

Then, and not till then, shall  
The volume great of time be closed,  
And on the brow of this fair universe,  
Lofty and magnificent, shall written be,  
" 'Tis finished."