

And in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear country !
My eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
The happy name, they weep ;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and light, and rest.
O one, O onely mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall :
With jasper glows thy bulwarks.
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardias and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays :
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced :
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The crucified that praise ;
His land and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise ;
Jesus the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring :
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court ;
The Day-star of salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !