

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!