

The yearnings of the soul tend heavenward.
The world's apportionment of joys and griefs
Is too unequal to be permanent.
Shall life's accounts unbalanced e'er remain?
Shall Virtue ne'er receive its due reward?
And Vice, the punishment it well deserves?
Shall anguished hearts continue e'er to bleed?
And shall the tear of woe remain unwiped?
Will not Eternal Justice weigh our deeds,
To each of us allotting what is due?
What must succeed our earthly pilgrimage?
Shall it be endless day, or endless night?

Oh! let my thoughts and contemplations be
Of regions bright, eternally serene;
Of scenes and visions paradisial;
Of joys and of enchantments heavenly;
Of Saints; of Cherubim and Seraphim;
Of Choirs angelic ever praising Him
Who is th' Eternal Truth, the Way, the Life.
Abode of Peace and Immortality!
There happiness ne'er ending, unalloyed,
Is Virtue's meed; there rapturous delights
Succeed deep earthly sufferings nobly borne.
Abode of rest! The weary pilgrim's goal!
Th' eternal home of all who, here below,
Fear God, and tread the paths of righteousness!