

Up above the host no man can number,  
 In white robes, a palm in every hand,  
 Each some work sublime forever working,  
 In the spacious tracts of that great Land.

Up above the thoughts that know not anguish,  
 Tender care, sweet love for us below,  
 Noble pity free from anxious terror,  
 Larger love without a touch of woe.

Down below a sad, mysterious music,  
 Wailing through the woods and on the shore,  
 Burdened with a grand, majestic secret  
 That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above a music that entwineth,  
 With eternal threads of golden sound,  
 The great poem of this strange existence,  
 All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below the Church to whose poor window  
 Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,  
 And a knot of worshippers in mourning,  
 Missing some one at the Sacrament.

Up above the burst of Hallelujah,  
 And (without the sacramental mist  
 Wrapt around us like a sunlit halo)  
 The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below cold sunlight on the tombstones,  
 And the green, wet turf with faded flowers,  
 Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,  
 Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers:

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,  
 And the white cap on that young face pale,  
 And the watcher ever as it dusketh  
 Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above a crowned and happy spirit,  
 Like an infant in the eternal years,  
 Who shall grow in love and light forever,  
 Ordered in his place among his peers.

Oh the sobbing of the winds of autumn,  
 Oh the sunset streak of stormy gold,  
 Oh the poor heart thinking in the churchyard,  
 "Night is coming, and the grave is cold."

Oh the pale and plashed and sodden roses,  
 Oh, the desolate heart that grave above,  
 Oh the white cap shaken as it darkens  
 Round that shrine of memory and love.

Oh the rest forever, and the rapture!  
 Oh the Hand that wipes the tears away!  
 Oh the golden homes beyond the sunset,  
 And the hope that watches o'er the clay!