

Of that eternal morrow,
 Of bliss without alloy ?
 How light our heaviest trouble !
 How short our sharpest pain !—
 Gone like a bursting bubble,
 Compared with all we gain !
 He comes, and we are risen ;
 We meet Him in the sky,—
 One step, as from a prison,
 To heaven's own home on high !

The world's vain, worthless pleasures,
 Its treach'rous hopes and lies,
 Its rusty, worn-out treasures,
 As baubles we despise :
 We look for His appearing,
 The Morning Star so bright ;
 This hope our spirits cheering
 Beguiles the hours of night :
 We know by many a token
 We soon shall reach our home ;
 For our " Beloved " has spoken,
 " Behold, I quickly come ! "

But, oh, most blessed Saviour,
 Before we see Thy face,
 Grant us each day this favour,
 To live upon Thy Grace !
 While groaning in this prison,
 With many a grief opprest,
 To look, with faith's strong vision,
 To our eternal rest ;
 Time's seen-things all are wasting,
 Night's shadows quickly flee ;
 O joy ! the day is hastening,—
 Eternity with Thee !