

The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, 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 laud 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 !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower :  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O bride that know'st no guile,