

But Shall like a Flower

Job XIV. 2.

6-80.

1 Where is the fair Elysian flower,
The blooming youth that charmed our eyes?
Cut down, and withered in an hour!

But now transplanted to the skies;
He triumphs o'er the mouldering tomb,
He blossoms in eternal bloom.

2 Nor did he perish immature,
Who starting won the short-lived race;
Unspotted from the world and pure,
And saved, and sanctified by grace,
The child fulfils his hundred years,
And ripe before his God appears.

3 Witness his one extreme desire,
To live if spared, for God alone;
But rather with the timorous quire,
To join the souls around the throne,
He grasps on earth the prize above,
And all his soul is prayer and love.

4 'Tis done, the soul is entered there,
Where hundred saints and angels join;
We cast away our mournful care,
We bow, and bless the will divine:
Let God resume whom God hath given,
And take us after time to heaven.