





- 4. Though with a scornful wonder
  Men see her sore oppressed,
  By schisms rent asunder
  By heresies distressed:
  Yet saints their watch are keeping,
  Their cry goes up "How long?"
  And soon the night of weeping
  Shall be the morn of song!
- 5. 'Mid toil and tribulation
  And tumult of her war,
  She waits the consummation
  Of peace forevermore;
  Till, with the vision glorious,
  Her longing eyes are blest,
  And the great Church victorious
  Shall be the Church at rest!

- 6. Yet she on earth hath union
  With God the Three in One,
  And mystic sweet communion
  With those whose rest is won,
  With all her sons and daughters
  Who, by the Master's Hand
  Led through the deathly waters,
  Repose in Eden-land.
- 7. O happy ones and holy!

  Lord, give us grace that we
  Like them, the meek and lowly,
  On high may dwell with Thee:
  There, past the border mountains,
  Where in sweet vales the Bride
  With Thee by living fountains
  For ever shall abide!
  Samuel John Stone, Lyra Fidelium, 1866