

- 2. Not such as poets can bestow on those whom they extol; the brightest honours here below for us are far too small.
- 3. The honour we desire to have, from God alone descends; the honour that survives the grave, that never, never ends.
- 4. A real immortality, substantial blessedness, 'tis this we seek, nor can we be, though poor, content with less.
- 5. For ever be his name adored, who bids us hope for this! Eternal honour to the Lord, who saved and made us his.
- 6. Yes, 'tis our hope, that thro' his love, we shall at last arise, and from the springs of life above, drink everlasting joys.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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