

Brief life is here our portion

Brief life is here our portion;
brief sorrow, short lived care;
the life that knows no ending,
the tearless life, is there.

There grief is turned to pleasure;
such pleasure as below
no human voice can utter,
no human heart can know.

The morning shall awaken,
the shadows flee away,
and each truehearted servant
shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
in fullness of his grace,
shall we behold for ever,
and worship face to face.

O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
where tears are ever banished,
and smiles have no alloy;

the Lamb is all thy splendor,
the Crucified thy praise;
his laud and benediction
thy ransomed people raise.

O sweet and blessed country,
the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
that eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us,
to that dear land of rest;
who art, with God the Father,
and Spirit, ever blest.

Words: Bernard of Cluny, 1145;
trans. John Mason Neale, 1851
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