

The World Is Sad with Hopes That Die

Samuel Stone, 1866.

Peter Lutkin(1858-1931)

The world is sad with hopes that die,  
With joys that gleam and then go by,  
And dim the mortal eyes that gaze  
On setting suns of parting days.

Better the hope, the joy, the light  
For spiritual heart and sight!  
For they whose life is hid on high  
Shall never part and never die.

They never part! that saintly band,  
Heirs of the heavenly, holy land;  
Whom God the Spirit hath made one  
With God the Father and the Son.

They never die! the deathly strife  
But ushers them to glorious life:  
From their last enemy they gain  
Their birth to bliss, their end to pain.

But woe to them whose hearts are given  
To joys and treasures not of Heaven;  
Their wild awaking is to shame,  
The second death in endless flame.

O Jesu, teach our hearts to soar  
And grasp those things which are before,  
That after death our life may be  
The immortality with Thee!