

There's Peace and Rest in Paradise

John Vernon, 1889.

Johann Frech(1770-1864)

There's peace and rest in paradise,
In weary hours we say;
And oh that we had wings like doves
That we might flee away!

For here so strong the evil seems,
So weak appears the good,
Our standard wavers in the rush
Of evil, like a flood.

At times, through the long lonely watch,
Nor sun nor moon appears;
Without, incessant fightings are,
Within, incessant fears.

Then for the quiet land we long,
And the abode of peace;
And for the word, "Come, weary soul,
From war and vigil cease!"

But in our stronger hours we grasp
The warrior's sword again,
And burn the good fight yet to fight,
The faithful watch maintain.

We fain would tread the famous way
Martyrs and saints have trod;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
Of noblest war for God!

The Lord Himself hath need of us;
On! till the fight be won;
And the King's words shall thrill the heart:
"Servant of God, well done!"