

Earth, with Its Dark and Dreadful Ills

Alice Cary, 1870.

James Walch, 1860.

Earth, with all its dark and dreadful ills,

Recedes and fades away;

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,

Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;

My blindness is my sight;

The shadows that I feared so long

Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,

My faith doth so abound;

I feel grow firm beneath my feet

The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,

Low as the grave to go;

I know that my Redeemer lives

That I shall live, I know.

The palace walls I almost see

Where dwells my Lord and king;

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?