

Brief life is here our portion

Thule
76.76

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

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground,
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.

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

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope

And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

Then all the halls of Sion
For ay shall be complete,
And, in the Land of beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

Bernard of Morlaix, 12th Century.