

“THE WORLD IS OLD WITH CENTURIES”

The world is old with centuries,
But not for these she bows her head;
Close to her heart the sorrow lies:
 She holds so many dead!
Sad discords mingle in her song,
 Tears fall upon her with the dew
The whole creation groans—How long
 Ere all shall be made new?

Yet brightly on her smiles the sun,
A bounteous heaven delights to bless;
O! what shall be that fairer one,
 Wherein dwells righteousness?
 O happy world! O holy time!
When wrong shall die, and strife shall cease,
And all the bells of heaven chime
 With melodies of peace.

No place shall be in that new earth
For all that blights this universe;
No evil taint the second birth—
 There shall be no more curse.
Ye broken-hearted, cease your moan;
The day of promise dawns for you;
For He who sits upon the throne
 Says, “I make all things new.”

We mourn the dead, but they shall wake!
The lost, but they shall be restored!
O! well our human hearts might break
 Without that sacred word!
Dim eyes, look up! Sad hearts, rejoice!
Seeing God’s bow of promise through,
At sound of that prophetic voice:
 “I will make all things new.”