

IMMENSITY. L.M.D.

William Caldwell

1. There is a world we have not seen, That time shall nev - er dare de-stroy, Where mor-tal foot-step hath not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy:
 2. There is a world, and oh how blest! Fair-er than proph-ets ev - er told, And nev - er did an an - gel guest One half its bless-ed-ness un - fold:

3. It is not fanned by sum-mer gale; 'Tis not re-freshed by ver-nal show'rs; It nev - er needs the moon-beam pale, For there are known no eve-ning hours:
 4. There forms that mor-tals may not see, Too glo-r'ous for the eye to trace, And clad in peer-less maj - es - ty, Move with un - ut - ter - a - ble grace:

There is a re-gion love-l'er far Than an-gels tell or po - ets sing, Bright-er than sum-mer's beau-ties are, And soft-er than the tints of spring.
 It is all ho - ly and se - rene, The land of glo - ry and re-pose; And there, to dim the ra - d'ant scene, The tear of sor - row nev - er flows.

No, for this world is ev - er bright With a pure ra-d'ance all its own; The stream of un - cre - at - ed light Flows round it from th'e - ter - nal throne.
 In vain the phil - o - soph - ic eye May seek to view the fair a - bode, Or find it in the cur-tained sky: It is the dwell-ing place of God.