

AT LAST



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At Last

An Illustrated Poem

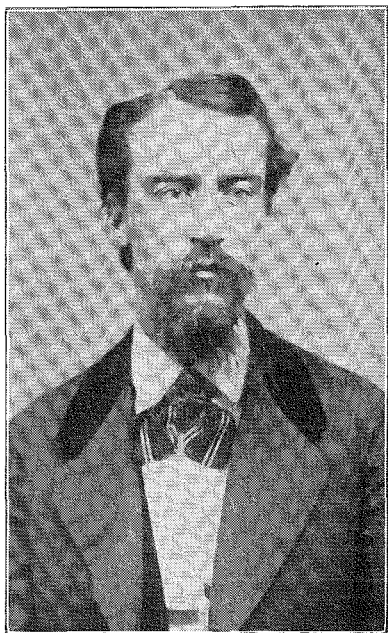
By

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The road that seemed so long at first
is coming to an end;

The inn which we have sought to
reach is just beyond the bend;

The way behind us stretches far,
and strewn along its length

Are graves in which they lie who
lacked our luck or will

or strength.





The morning's long sought cheering light,
Comes pouring o'er the eastern hills,
Flecking the lake with silver bright;
The vale with pleasant radiance fills.
The night of watching now is past,
The morn of gladness dawns—at last.

Slowly the sun is sinking now,
Amidst a wilderness of hues;
Till on the western mountain's brow
His broad round disc the toiler views—
How it is gone—the light fades fast;
The day of toil is o'er—at last.

God's work goes on; its course the same;
How loved by many, now by few;
Many who now despise the same,
At last may serve it well and true;
Many who now stand proudly fast,
Shall, tried and tempted, fall—at last.

Look well upon the quiet flowers;
Hate while you may the wild-bird's song;
Use while you can, God-given powers;
Count you his blessings all day long;
Soon shall the snow, from heaven cast,
Drift round your lowly grave—at last.

Speak kindly to the humble one,
However humble he may be,
For every club and every stone,
Cast by thy hand, so cruelly,
Each jest and taunt upon him passed,
Returns with added force—at last.

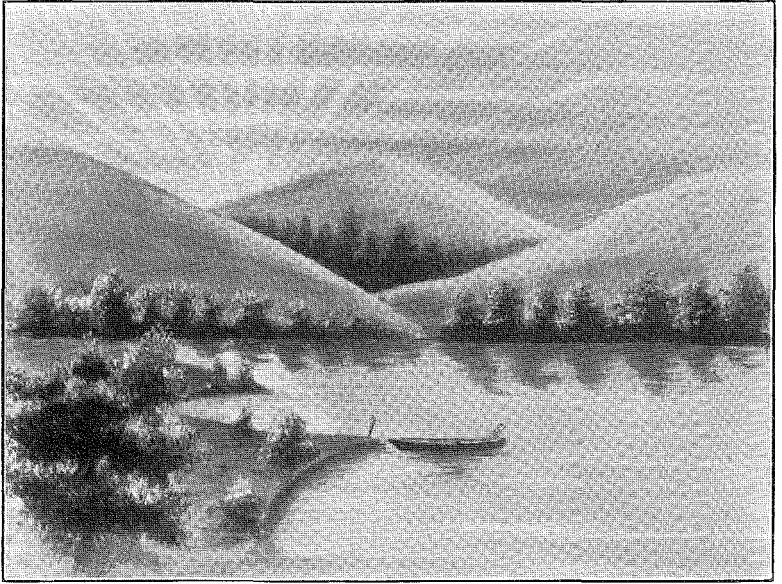
Trust on, lone one; trust firmly on;
Be pure and true, and God will see,
Thou shalt have rest when years are gone
Into the past eternity;
Songs shalt thou sing of darkness past,
In happy, love-lit home—at last.

Toil on, weak hand, so feeble now,
Beset with faltering and pain;
Toil boldly, by thy toil I trow
Thy power and thy strength shall gain;
Until thy chains behind thee cast,
Thou soar as on great wings—at last.

At last, dear Saints, the warfare o'er,
How shall we sing on Zion's land?
Those who are now despised and poor,
Shall nobles in God's kingdom stand;
Brows on which storms beat thick and fast,
Lean on Emanuel's breast—at last.



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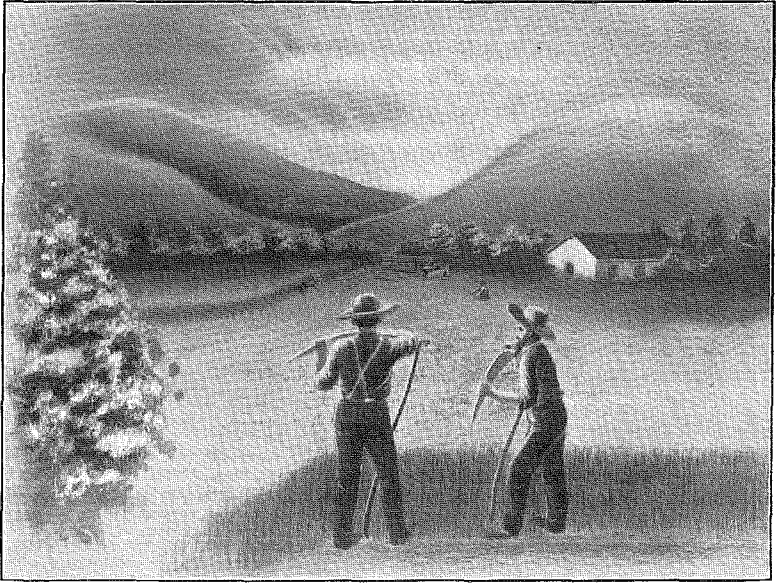


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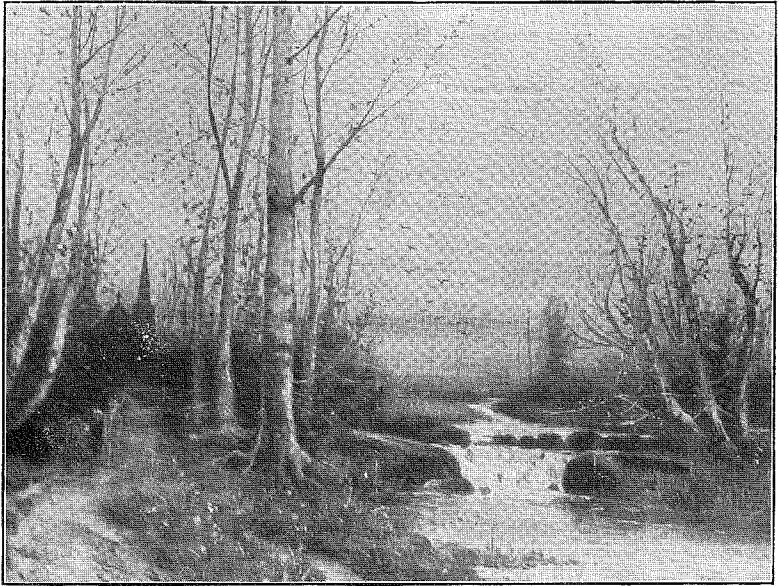
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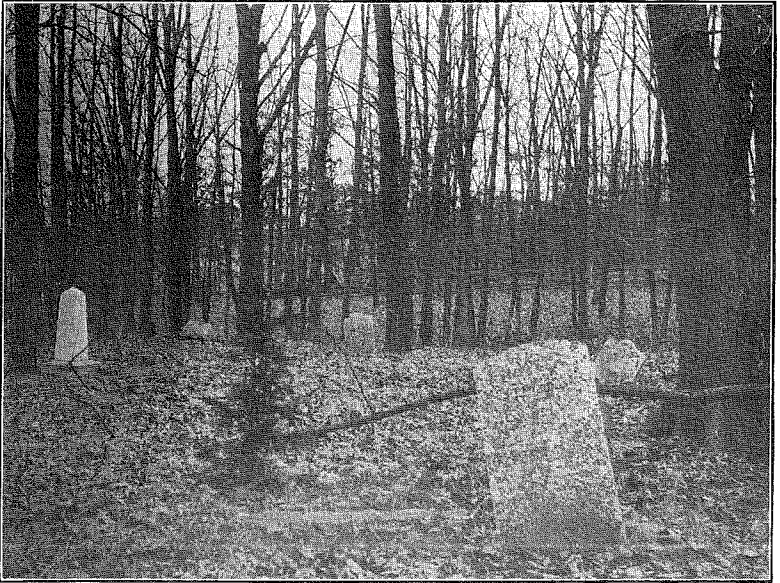
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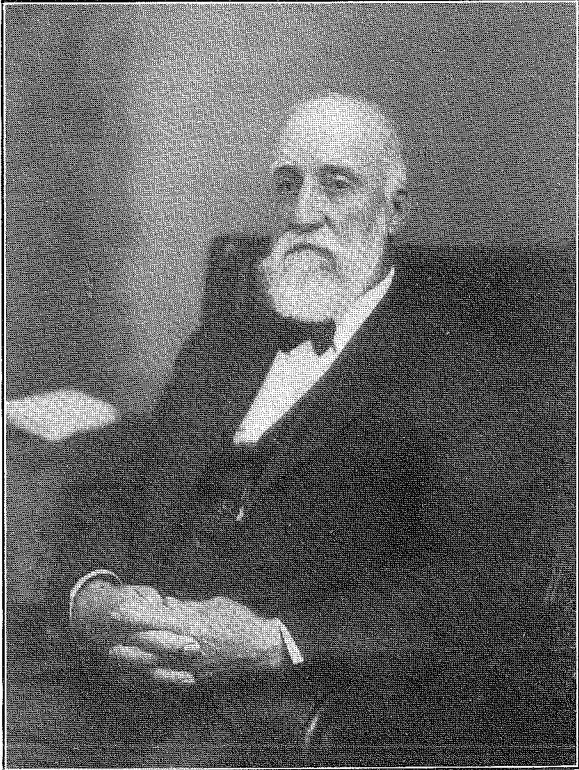


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