Verse 3
The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon to the loyal faithful comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise so blest.

Verse 4
But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.

Verse 5
From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
Through gates of heaven streams in the countless host,
Singing to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: