

My Soul, There Is a Country

Henry Vaughan (1621–1695)

from *Silex Scintillans* (1650)

. . .

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars;

There, above noise and danger
Sweet Peace sits, crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flow'r of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

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