

**If There Be That Skills to Reckon**  
Words: From the Latin.  
Music: John Randall, ca. 1774.

If there be that skills to reckon  
All the number of the blest,  
He perchance can weigh the gladness  
Of the everlasting rest,  
Which, their earthly exile finished,  
They by merit have possessed.

Through the vale of lamentation  
Happily and safely past,  
Now the years of their affliction  
In their memory they recast,  
And the end of all perfection  
They can contemplate at last.

There the gifts of each and single  
All in common right possess;  
There each member hath his portion  
In the Body's blessedness;  
So that he, the least in merits,  
Shares the guerdon none the less.

In a glass through types and riddles  
Dwelling here, we see alone;  
Then serenely, purely, clearly,  
We shall know as we are known,  
Fixing our enlightened vision  
On the glory of the throne.

There the Trinity of Persons  
Unbeclouded shall we see;  
There the Unity of Essence  
Perfectly revealed shall be;  
While we hail the Threefold Godhead  
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,  
Whatsoever thy present pain;  
Such untold reward through suffering  
Thou may'st merit to attain;  
And for ever in His glory  
With the Light of light to reign.