THE
DREAM OF GERONTIUS

BY
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN
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THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS
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BY
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
CARDINAL DEACON OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, AND OF THE DEACONRY
OF SAN GIORGIO IN VELABRO (1879-90)

WITH A COMPLETE FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL FAIR
COPY AND OF PORTIONS OF THE FIRST ROUGH DRAFT

TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REVEREND JOHN (JOSEPH) GORDON
OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE ORATORY (TO WHOM THE POEM IS INSCRIBED)
COMPILED FROM DETAILS BY THE REVEREND EDWARD CASWALL AND
THE REVEREND WILLIAM THOMAS (PHILIP) GORDON, OF THE SAME
CONGREGATION, AND FROM OTHER SOURCES, AND CONTAINING
AN APPRECIATION BY CARDINAL NEWMAN

The formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; ampler scope
His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain.

WORDSWORTH.

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Facsimile of the complete MS., dated January 17, February 7, 1865.

Facsimiles of extracts from the first Rough Draft of MS., as follows:—
1. Jesu Maria! I am near to death.
2. O what a heart-subduing melody!
3. Then I was sent from heaven to set right.
4. Is in the case of each anticipated.
5. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment.
6. O man! albeit the quickening beam.
7. O loving wisdom of our God.
8. Softly and gently, dearest, [ ] soul.
MEMORANDUM ON THE MSS. OF THE 'DREAM OF GERONTIUS'

There are two manuscripts of the poem. The first, with repetitions, corrections, and erasures, is on fifty-two scraps of paper, some specimens of which are here given. This first rough draft, of considerable interest as showing the method of working, is thus referred to in a letter of Cardinal Newman to Mr. Allies¹, dated 11 October, 1865:—'On the 17th of January last it came into my head to write it, I really cannot tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly.' These were probably for the waste-paper basket.

The second manuscript, a fair copy on foolscap with further corrections and erasures, is dated at the top 17 January, 1865, and concludes with the date 7 February, 1865, so that the Dream, consisting of 875 lines, as numbered in pencil by the author at every fifth line, took twenty-two days in the writing. The author seems to have been fairly possessed with, and carried along by his subject to a completion, in spite of necessary interruption of every kind, whereas in the case of Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' one interruption was fatal to further progress.

In the fair copy, 'Help, Lord,' a hymn, written in 1857,² is inserted after Psalm lxxxix (xc), said by the Souls in Purgatory; and a second translation of the Psalm is pasted over the first. The omission of the hymn is indicated by a pencil-line down the centre. Amidst the variants, it will be readily conceded that the author's choice is always the best, which cannot be allowed of some final alterations of other great poets.

The ten lines beginning—

The eager spirit has darted from my hold

and ending with—

Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God

appear to have been an afterthought. They are not in their place, but are given (with their context repeated) on the last page following the conclusion of the poem.

A copy of the Dream, not holographic, now in the British Museum, was sent with autograph corrections to Fr. Coleridge, S.J.⁴, Editor of the Month, and appeared in two portions, in successive numbers of that periodical (April, May, 1865). On the 22nd of November, 1865, Dr. Newman wrote to the Editor:—

³ Neither the Douai nor the Authorized Version is chosen, and verses 5, 9–12 are omitted.
I am taking your suggestion and publishing Gerontius. This was done, and the Dream dedicated to Fr. Gordon. The inscription runs:—

FRATRI DESIDERATISSIMO
JOANNI JOSEPH GORDON
ORATORII S.P.N. PRESBYTERO
CUJUS ANIMA IN REFRIGERIUM.

IN DIE COMM.
OMN. FID. DEF.
1855.

A short biographical sketch of Fr. Gordon is in place here, the more so seeing that Cardinal Newman, who completed his poem exactly a week before the anniversary of the Father's death which took place on 13 February, 1853, had privately printed a 'Memoir of Fr. John Gordon, of the Birmingham Oratory, to whom the Dream of Gerontius is dedicated, London, 1888', which includes an appreciation by himself apparently written in 1856. In felicitous terms he appraises the character, abilities, and sacerdotal labours of his friend and brother Oratorian, in an estimate which leaves little to be desired. There are few, if any, now living, that ever saw or knew him, and none who could say better what the Cardinal says so well.

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH**

John Gordon was the second son of John Gordon of Dominica, West Indies, being one of a family of five sons and three daughters. He was born there 30 August, and baptized there 2 November, 1811. His mother, Victoire Madeline Rose, daughter of Balthazar Blanc, was married there 22 August, 1809. 'From the first,' writes Fr. Caswall, 'he was remarkable for his affectionate disposition and extreme sensitiveness, and at the same time for his high spirit, and also for his truthfulness.' John was sent to Rugby School when twelve years old, and remained there four years. He was in the first cricket eleven, and known on the football field as 'charger John'. He was also called 'modest John'. On leaving school he stood top of the fifth form.

He was now sixteen, and through the interest of Admiral Sir Charles Adam obtained at seventeen a cadetship in the Indian Army. He left England in February, 1829, and remained on duty at Calcutta with the 3rd Regiment. Two years later he chanced to injure his hand in a cricket match; stayed at the house of Archdeacon Corrie, to whom he opened his religious mind, already awakened by reading Law's *Serious Call*; and was advised to take Orders. Invalided home, after three months' illness in 1831, the doctors declared against

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1 Fr. Joseph was his name as Oratorian. General Charles Gordon's copy has the words 'Joanni Joseph' separated off by pencil marking from 'Gordon', thus delicately indicating an *impromptu* dedication to himself.
2 A note to the Memoir runs:—'Copied from a Memoir written by F. Caswall, and read on the Feast of St. Michael, 1856, premises that for all the details of the earlier part, I [i.e. Dr. Newman] am indebted to his brother, a priest of the Oratory of London [i.e. Fr. Philip Gordon].'
3 Sir Charles Adam, K.C.B., a Lord of the Admiralty, Governor of Greenwich Hospital (1780-1833).
4 Daniel Corrie, LL.D. Cambridge (Clare and Trinity Halls), first Anglican Bishop of Madras (1793-1837).
5 William Law, M.A. Cambridge, Fellow of Emmanuel College, whose book has been admired by Johnson, Gibbon, Wesley, and Newman (1686-1761).
a further Indian career, and John Gordon entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1833, and proceeded to B.A. in 1837.

‘He did not read for honours,’ writes Fr. Caswall, ‘but his tastes were all intellectual, and he was in the religious set... He was entirely free from all cant and mannerism. Wherever he went, he was the life of the party, and as eager as a boy in any game.’

At Cambridge he recounts listening with enthusiasm to Mr. Simeon1, the great Evangelical divine; at Oxford, on Ascension Day and the following Sunday, 23 May 1841, he heard Mr. Newman at St. Mary’s. ‘I thought I could have wept at times from mere fulness of heart. Newman’s reading is peculiar and most affecting,’ he writes. Again, ‘Newman both read and preached wonderfully, my heart was swelling the whole time.”

Mr. Gordon’s first curacy was at Levens, Westmorland; his second at Bark- way, Herts., under Mr. Irons3. Finally he joined Mr. Dodsworth4 in February, 1842, at Christ Church, St. Pancras, resigning with Mr. New and Mr. Garside5 in 1846. After further brief missionary labours he retired to Bath, lived with his mother, attended Mass regularly, and was received into the Church by Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Hendren6 at the Convent Chapel, Taunton, 24 February, 1847. He then published nine letters in the form of a pamphlet, entitled Some Account of the Reasons of my Conversion to the Catholic Church, of which there were eight or more editions. On the 12th of January, 1848, he and his brother William visited Mr. Newman at Maryvale, near Birmingham, spending three or four days there; returned thither on the 17th of February, and on the 24th, exactly a year after John’s reception, both brothers entered the Congregation of the Oratory7. Cardinal Newman’s appreciation is now added:—

‘The Father is accustomed to say8 that there is nothing which has touched him more, or has remained more deeply engraven on his mind, than the generous confidence with which Father Gordon committed himself to him, without as yet having any personal knowledge of him. At the time that Father Gordon was received, our Father was in Rome, whither he had gone to present himself before

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1 Charles Simeon, B.A. Cambridge, Fellow of King’s College, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, and a Founder of the Church Missionary Society (1790-1866).
2 The Sunday's text was from Apoc. iii. 21. These sermons are not in the dated list at the end of Mr. Newman’s Sermons on Subjects of the Day, edited by the Rev. William Copeland.
4 William Dodsworth, M.A. Cambridge (Trinity College), writer, and convert (1798-1861).
5 The Rev. Charles Brierley Garside, M.A. Oxford. Hulme Exhibitioner (Brasenose College), S.T.B. Rome, the scholarly author of Discourses on some Parables of the New Testament and The Prophet of Carmel, dedicated to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis and Dr. Newman respectively. He joined Frederick Oakeley at Margaret Street Chapel, and became a Catholic priest (1818-76).
7 William Thomas (Fr. Philip) Gordon, Oxford (Christ Church), eventually joined the London Oratorian Community, and became several times its Provost, after the death of Dr. Faber. He died 22 June, 1900, in London, aged 72.
8 On Fr. Philip Gordon’s written authority, and from internal evidence, it is Dr. Newman who is now writing in 1856 in the third person, the ‘Father’ referred to being himself. The ‘Father’ is a short term, used familiarly, for the ‘Father Superior’, Provost being the present official term.
the Pope [Pius IX], and to ask leave of His Holiness to set up the Congregation of St. Philip in England. Immediately on his return, Father Gordon hastened to him, and put himself into the Father’s hands without reserve. The love he felt for the Father did but increase the mortification of this act. From the nature of a religious congregation, two persons who wished to be intimate with each other could not be so without an intervening delay. Accustomed from the singular clearness of his perception, the keenness of his intellect, and the persuasiveness of his conversation, to make friends rapidly and soon to be amongst the foremost wherever he was, he now at once had to subside into the position of a novice, who has to be silent, and to do nothing which is not pointed out to him. The first had to become last, and to take the lowest seat. He had to postpone the gratification of wishes which had led him to be where he was. And so it was, that, not even when the Congregation left their country home and came to Birmingham, had Father Gordon had the opportunity of familiar intercourse either with the Father himself, or with the others who had come with him from Rome. A second time, then, was he obliged to give proof of an affection which had not been visibly returned, and of a magnanimity to which most men would have been unequal. He promptly and unreservedly put himself afresh into the Father’s hands and at the Father’s service, and was one of the chief of those who began the Mission in Alcester Street [Birmingham]. With what success, with what a blessing he then laboured, it needs not me to tell. In some departments of missionary and Oratorian work, he stood by himself with an excellence of his own. We all recollect what animation he imparted to any undertaking which he began; how interesting was his conversation; how impressive were his instructions; how his remarks struck home; how very mild, how courteous was his manner (what the world calls gentlemanlike), tempering the impetuosity of his reasoning by the meekness and gentleness of his bearing; and then, besides, how he could bring people together, mark out their work for them, and keep them to it; how skilfully and efficiently he managed the schools; what vigour he imparted to the singing of the Oratory Hymns, the first collection of which in a printed form is due to his zeal: how forcible he was in discussion, and above all how happy in making converts; conversion, indeed, seems to have been his special gift; and as it was with a view to making converts that he published his little work already mentioned—still so popular—Reasons for my Conversion, so it was in a great measure for their use that he compiled that other larger work, now in such repute both in England and in America, The Golden Manual. To him, as much as anyone (under Divine Providence and the patronage of St. Philip), the establishment of our Mission in Alcester Street was owing. It is a great mercy when a man’s work endures; there are some who are active and create a sensation, who are brilliant and winning, but the effect of whose exertions

1 Here, and twice later on, Dr. Newman drops the third person, apparently by inadvertence.
soon ceases, and is forgotten—they begin well and end poorly. The grace of Him to Whose supreme service Father Gordon had devoted himself, dealt otherwise with him. He has been taken away early, but not his work,—his work remains.

'But, alas! that work was almost limited to Alcester Street; he was not allowed to serve St. Philip and assist us here.' He had taken a foremost part in choosing our site, but he did not live to see or do more than take possession of it. The building of this house had not long commenced, when he showed symptoms of that feebleness which brought him to the grave. The house was begun in December, 1830. On the 14th of February after (just two years before his death within a day) we felt it right to send him on a short visit to St. Leonards in Sussex, for change of air and a milder climate. He returned by the first of March, the Saturday before Ash Wednesday, and remained in Birmingham for Lent and Easter till St. Philip's day. Immediately after, on May 27th, he set off to Brighton for two months, till the 4th of August. He still was not well; indeed fresh symptoms then showed themselves of an alarming character, as the event bore out. In the Autumn, when the Father had need of the presence of friends in Italy, in order to collect evidence for the serious trial in which he was engaged, Father Gordon was one of the two Fathers deputed by the Congregation for that purpose. He was selected, among other reasons, because of his state of health, which it was hoped a southern climate would benefit. I say, among other reasons, because that loving zeal which had ever actuated him in our Father's behalf manifested itself on this occasion; and he exerted himself beyond his strength for the attainment of the object which was the direct cause of his journey. He was absent for three months; and when he returned his appearance was not satisfactory. This was on the 10th of February, 1852. It was a most exciting, trying year. He returned only to see the last month and the death of our dear Brother Aloysius [Boland]. The death of Lady Olivia Acheson followed. The trial in which he was so much interested took place in June: but the suspense and anxieties of the process continued after it, and to the end of the year he was harassed by anxieties, which certainly preyed upon his health, which still declined.

'On St. Cecilia's day, November 22nd, the Father was called up to London for judgment. It was too much for Fr. Gordon: faithful to his own loyal heart; on that day he was seized with a pleurisy, and when the Father returned from London on the morrow with his process still delayed, he found him in bed. It was the beginning of the end. He languished and sank, got worse and worse,

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1 i.e. at the Oratory, Edgbaston.
3 The other was the Rev. Nicholas Darnell, M.A. Oxford (New College), who died 8 April, 1872.
4 2b March, 1852. She was third daughter of Archibald, and Earl of Gosford, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada, and one of the early workers in, and benefactors of the Oratory Mission, and a donor of free seats to the Church.
and at the end of nearly three months, on the 13th of February, 1853, he died at Bath. We all loved him with a deep affection; we lamented him with all our hearts; we keenly feel his loss to this day. But the Father's bereavement is of a special kind, and his sorrow is ever new.

'We are warned by the Apostle "not to be sorrowful as others who have no hope". For dear Father Joseph the change is gain; nor to us, in spite of the appearance of things, is it really loss. He Who takes away can compensate: and our Holy Father St. Philip himself reminds us that "God has no need of men". His mercies abound and continue. Every year brings with it fresh instances of them. In our degree we may humbly use the Apostle's words, and bless the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulation; for as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also by Christ doth our comfort abound'.

'We could not have a greater loss than Fr. Gordon's,' Dr. Newman wrote. 'He was the life of our Oratory. I do not know what we are to do without him'.

Fr. Gordon received the last Rites from Fr. Hodgson. Taking the hand of his brother Robert, a clergyman of the Established Church, he said, 'I do not say that I do not fear to die; for death must always be a fearful thing. God's justice is very terrible, but then in the crucifixion, God's mercy appears so very great, so awful that it supports us under the awfulness of His justice.' At another time, at Our Lady's name, he brightened up and said 'Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve'. After the Recommendation of the Departing Soul, and amid short ejaculations by Fr. Philip Gordon, Fr. Joseph quietly expired in the presence of his mother, whose mainstay he had been during her widowhood; and surrounded by brethren mourning a heavy bereavement. He was laid in the vault of Bath chapel, after a solemn Requiem had been sung; and he was finally interred in the little cemetery at Rednal, Worcestershire, where rest also Cardinal Newman, and Fr. St. John, Fr. Mills, Fr. Caswall, Fr. Neville, Fr. Ryder (to all five of whom the Apologia is inscribed), and other Oratorian brethren.

The Cardinal's inscription to him in the Birmingham Oratory cloister is subjoined:—

| ORATE PRO DULCISSIMA ANIMA |
| PATRIS JOANNIS JOSEPH GORDON |
| QUEM FIDEI SIMPLICITATE ET SINCERITATE |
| MORUM COMITATE INGENII SINGULARI VI FRAEDITUM |
| LEPIDUM HUMANUM AMABILEM |
| HINC AD S. PHILIPPUM SUUM |
| DEO SIC DISPONENTE |
| POST BREVE QUINQUENNIUM |
| LENTA EHNU! TRANSMISIT AEGROTATIO |
| DIE FEB. XIII M DCCCLIII |

Edward Bellasis.

1 St. Paul, 2nd Ep. Cor. i. 3-5. Here Dr. Newman's tribute to his brother Oratorian ends.
2 Letter of 10 Feb. 1853, to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis.
3 These details are from a letter of Fr. Philip Gordon, dated 14 Feb. 1853, to Mrs. John Bethell, printed with the "Memoir". Mrs. Gordon died 26 May, 1872, aged 79, in London; her husband was buried 15 June, 1836, at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, aged 58.
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§ 1

GERONTIUS

JESU, MARIA—i am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now—
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! Great God! I look to Thee.)
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he! . . .
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou.)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came:
This is it that has come to pass in me;
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

ASSISTANTS

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
Holy Mary, pray for him.
All holy Angels, pray for him.
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
Holy Abraham, pray for him.
St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.
St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
All holy Innocents, pray for him.
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

GERONTIUS

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;
And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall;
By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis orô te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis orô te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here
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Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis or te,
Miserere, Judex mens,
Mortis in discriminate.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
In Thine own agony. . . . .
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power:—(Amen.)
Enoch and Elias from the common doom; (Amen.)
Noe from the waters in a saving home; (Amen.)
Abraham from th’ abounding guilt of Heathenesse; (Amen.)
Job from all his multiform and fell distress; (Amen.)
Isaac, when his father’s knife was raised to slay; (Amen.)
Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-day; (Amen.)
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Moses from the land of bondage and despair; (Amen.)
Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair; (Amen.)
And the Children Three amid the furnace-flame; (Amen.)
Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame; (Amen.)
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul; (Amen.)
And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall; (Amen.)
Thecla from her torments; (Amen.)
—so, to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands . . .

THE PRIEST

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the name of God
The omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name
Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;
And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Sion:—in the Name of Christ, our Lord.
I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—someone softly said
"He's gone"; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home.
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid’s instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e’en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and me?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel; someone has me fast
Within his ample palm; ’tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
Oh what a heart-subduing melody!

**ANGEL**

My work is done,
My task is o’er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.
My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

Soul
It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God:—he never has known sin;
But through those cycles all but infinite,
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of God
And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
Hark! he begins again.

Angel
O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the thrones which angels lost through pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whole essence shattered and unsound,
And, coiled around his heart, a demon dire.
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.
Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh what a shifting parti-coloured scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, lifelong fray!
And oh the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name;—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,
Linked one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

Soul

Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body: had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.
§ 3

SOUL

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL

All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest thou?

SOUL

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

ANGEL

You cannot now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

SOUL

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?
Angel

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge:
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in the immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property;
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and grasped
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
And memory lacks its natural resting-points
Of years, and centuries, and periods.
It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.

Soul

Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
I had it aye before me, and I saw
The Judge severe e'en in the crucifix.
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

ANGEL

It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is past.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world—
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipate
Upon his death; and, as the last great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

§ 4

Soul

But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL

We are now arrived
Close on the judgment court; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there.
It is the middle region, where of old
Satan appeared among the sons of God,
To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.
So now his legions throng the vestibule,
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

SOUL

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS

Low-born clods
Of brute earth,
They aspire
To become Gods,
By a new birth,
And an extra grace,
And a score of merits.
As if aught
Could stand in place
Of the high thought,
And the glance of fire
Of the great spirits,
The powers blest,
The lords by right,
The primal owners,
Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,—
Dispossessed,
Aside thrust,
Chucked down,
By the sheer might
Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown,
Who after expelling
Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Each forfeit crown
To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners,
To every slave,
And pious cheat,
And crawling knave,
Who licked the dust
Under his feet.

ANGEL

It is the restless panting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS

The mind bold
And independent,
The purpose free,
So we are told,
Must not think
To have the ascendant.
What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,
Ha! ha!
When life is o'er,
Which rattle and stink,
E'en in the flesh.
We cry his pardon!
No flesh hath he;
Ha! ha!
For it hath died,
'Tis crucified
Day by day,
Afresh, afresh,
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Ha! ha!
That holy clay,
Ha! ha!
This gains guerdon,
So priestlings prate,
Ha! ha!
Before the Judge,
And pleads and atones
For spite and grudge,
And bigot mood,
And envy and hate,
And greed of blood.

Soul

How impotent they are! and yet on earth
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;
And books describe, how that the very face
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force
Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life
Of him who saw it.

Angel

In thy trial-state
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
And therefore is it, in respect of man,
Those fallen ones show so majestic.
But, when some child of grace, angel or saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
They scud away as cowards from the fight.
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,
Not yet disburdened of mortality,
Mocked at their threats and warlike overtures;
Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

DEMONS

Virtue and vice,
A knave’s pretence,
’Tis all the same;
Ha! ha!
Dread of hell-fire,
Of the venomous flame,
A coward’s plea.

Give him his price,
Saint though he be.
Ha! ha!
From shrewd good sense
He’ll slave for hire;
Ha! ha!
And does but aspire
To the heaven above
With sordid aim,
And not from love.
Ha! ha!

SOUL

I see not those false spirits; shall I see
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne;
Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word
With personal intonation, as I now
Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto
All has been darkness since I left the earth;
Shall I remain thus sight bereft all through
My penance time? If so, how comes it then
That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,
Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?

ANGEL

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The presentations of most holy truths,
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.
A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
No converse with aught else beside thyself;
But, lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
Some lower measures of perception,
Which seem to thee, as though through channels brought,
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.
And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams,
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical;
For the belongings of thy present state,
Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.
And thus thou tell'st of space, and time, and size,
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,
Of fire, and of refreshment after fire;
As (let me use similitude of earth,
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask)—
As ice which blisters may be said to burn.
Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts
Correlative,—long habit cozens thee,—
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not heard of those, who, after loss
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man;
So will it be, until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.
How, even now, the consummated Saints
See God in heaven, I may not explicate.
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess
Such means of converse as are granted thee,
Though, till that Beatific Vision thou art blind;
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,
Is fire without its light.

Soul

His will be done!
I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day; far less His countenance
Who is the very sun. Nathless, in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

Angel

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment:
Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
Thus will it be: what time thou art arraigned
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
On His right hand among His pure elect,
Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach,—
One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul

Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

Angel

There was a mortal, who is now above
In the mid glory: he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified,—
Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped
Upon his flesh; and, from the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform....
HARK to those sounds!
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He willed to be
A marvel in his birth:
Spirit and flesh his parents were;
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

ANGEL

We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment; and whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial; and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

Woe to thee, man! for he was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
He lived, and toiled, and died.

He dreed his penance age by age;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by Angel-visitings,
At length he sought his God:

And learned to call upon His name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state.
Glory to Him who from the mire,
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people to His praise!

SOUL
The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind among the lofty pines;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
Descend ecstatic odours.

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
The Angels, as be seemingly
To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,
And took their seats in heaven.
For them no twilight or eclipse;
No growth and no decay:
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,
Or beatific day.
But to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawning on all.
And ages, opening out, divide
The precious and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass,
Mature the heirs of grace.
O man! albeit the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth;
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Yet still between that earth and heaven—
   His journey and his goal—
A double agony awaits
   His body and his soul.

A double debt he has to pay—
   The forfeit of his sins,
The chill of death is past, and now
   The penance-fire begins.

Glory to Him, who evermore
   By truth and justice reigns;
Who tears the soul from out its case,
   And burns away its stains!

ANGEL

They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of:
It is the face of the Incarnate God
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain:
And yet the memory which it leaves will be
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound;
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more.

SOUL

Thou speakest mysteries; still methinks I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words:
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

ANGEL

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart,
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e’er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

SOUL
My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
Of many waters.

ANGEL
We have gained the stairs
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; there
A band of mighty Angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR
Father, whose goodness none can know, but they
Who see Thee face to face,
By man hath come the infinite display
Of Thy victorious grace;
But fallen man—the creature of a day—
Skills not that love to trace.
It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,
Amid the garden shade,
The great Creator in His sickness saw,
Soothed by a creature's aid,
And agonised, as victim of the Law
Which He Himself had made;
For who can praise Him in His depth and height,
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?

Soul
Hark! for the lintels of the presence-gate
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

Fourth Choir of Angelicals
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,
As if He reckoned ill,
In that He placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.
For even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.
As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,
Who had angelic life.
And when, by blandishment of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,
"A sorry sentinel;
"The Maker by His word is bound,
Escape or cure is none;
He must abandon to his doom,
And slay His darling son."

Angel
And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.
FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.

O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

§ 6

ANGEL

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL

I hear the voices that I left on earth.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

ANGEL

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,
Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .

ANGEL

. . . . Praise to His Name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intertemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.
SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

§ 7

ANGEL

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

SOULS IN PURGATORY

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was: from age to age Thou art God.
3. Bring' us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.
4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday: and as a watch of the night which is come and gone.
5. The grass springs up in the morning: at evening-tide it shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger: and in Thy wrath we are troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight: and our round of days in the light of Thy countenance.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy: we shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation: and the years in which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work: and direct their children.
12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and the work of our hands, establish Thou it.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

ANGEL

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.
The Dream of Gerontius.

Gerontius. Jesus Maran! I am near to death, but Thou art calling me: I hear it, and
Not by the tokens of the following breath,
The whole at heart, this human soul, in my love,
- I am here now! My prayer for me! —
This is the feeling, never felt before,
- Be with me, Lord, in my extremity! —
That I am going! that I am no more.
This the strange supernova abandonament,
- Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,—
The emptying out of terrestrialament
And natural force, by which I came to be.
- Play for me, O my friends, a visitant
To knock in his deep sorrow at my door,
The life of whom, to score me end to heart,
Has never, never come to me before:
To the death, — O loving friends, your prayers, — let be!

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now, though
And could fall back on nothingness to be my stay,
- Help, loving Lord! Thee my sole Defence, Thee,
And twice no Helper, but must needs decay
And drop from out this universal frame
Into that dark abyss, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness of which I came,
This is it that has come to pangs in me,
A horror! This it is, my dearest, this!
So pray for me, my friends, As have not strength to pray

Visits us: Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
Hail, Mary, pray for him.
All holy angels, pray for him.
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
Holy archangels, pray for him.
All seraphim, all cherubim, all thrones, Holy.
All apostles, all evangelists, pray for him.
All holy patriarchs, all holy prophets,
All holy priests, All holy bishops,
All holy martyrs, All holy confessors,
All holy virgins, All holy saints of God, pray for him.

Jerome.

Rouse then, my fasting soul, and pray to me.
And through each weary span
Of life and thought as still has to be told,
Prayer to wait thy God.
And, while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, even after the calm in thee falls,
This will at intervals.

Assistant.

Be merciful, be gracious, open in, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious, lead all to know
From the ruins that are past;
From Thy presence and Thine eye;
From the perils of dying,
From the perils of slumbering,
With sin, or slumbering;
His God, or being;
On self, at the last;
From the wrath of fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For me and for ever.
By Thy birth, and by Thy life,
Rescue him from endless strife;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall.
By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the light of gracious love,
By the light of the day of doom

Sermon. Sanctus patri, sanctus filius,
De profundis cor tu,
Amen, Jude meum,
Pax et misericordia Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I most acknowledge daily
I thank by the name of the Lord.
And I trust and hope most fully
In the merciful crucified;
And each thought is dead
Do to death, as He has said.
Simply, to the grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
True, holy, true, the strong.
Sanctus patri, sanctus filius,
De profundis cor tu,
Amen, Jude meum,
Pax et misericordia Domine.
And I hail with veneration,
For the love of You alone,
Holy Church, as this creation,
And her teachings, as the one.
And I take with joy whatever
You bestow me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I saw
On the stream think brought me here:
Adoration grew in me,
With and through the mystic rest,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Savior forte, sanctus Deus,
In profundis ora tua,
\textit{Alas! for a dumb beast,}\n\textit{Jesus, forgive us,}\n\textit{Lord, forgive us.}\n
I saw no more; for now I come again
That bare of pain, with God more than pain.
That marred my nature, and collapse
Of all that makes me man: as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some other infinite descent;

Or worse, as though
Oh, dear, dear farewell I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,

But mind must sink, and sink
Into the vast abyss, and, similarly still,
Until a fierce instinct fought to rise
The memory of my soul, and, worse, worse, and worse,
Some holy form of ill

Floats on the wind, with many a lamentable
Painting the blacklist air, and shape

To hostile words,
And makes us wild with horror and dismay.

O Jesus, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Somewhere, in the noise, such as came to Thine,
In Thine own agony.

Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.

Apostate.
Blest and thrald from the common born;
Not from the water in a saving home;
Abraham from the abounding guilt of heathenness;
Job from all his multiform and foul delicts;
Jacob, when his father's knife was raised to slay;
Not from burning edicts on the judgment day;
Slaves from the bond of bondage and despair;
Daniel, from the hungry lions in their lair;
And the children. There end the powers of flame;
Christ became from the hands and the throne;
David from Goliath, and the wrath of Saul;
And the two Apostles from their prison thrall;
Nicholas from his torment; so, to Thine power,
Rescue thy servant in his evil hour.

The Doctor.

Proclaim, loving Christian, to thy friends!
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul.
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God,
The omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the living God, who blest for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Ghost,
The third and powerful one of these! Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Principalities and Powers; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth.
Go in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
And of Apostles, and Evangelists;
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
Of Holy Men, and Bishops; in the name

Servants.

Now, Jesus, here art; and I pray would help.
The pain has 'beared me ... into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands ...
Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course,
And may thy place today be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the joy element
Of men; — through the same, through Christ, our Lord.

(paraphrase)

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel! He brought again His people from captivity, as He promised, by the hand of his servant:

I went to help; and now I am refreshed.
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
As with my fingers I beat, its struggling pulse.
For has the moment differ from the past?
I had a dream; yes: - I saw one softly walk
'He's dead,' and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I barely heard a faintly voice say "Subvenite," and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still, into their end now,
And fainter and more faint, his accents come,
As at an ever widening interval.
Ah! What is this? What is this evermore?
This silence proves a loosening,
In the very essence of my soul;
And the deep still, as soothing and as sweet,
Tooth something of the strings of pain.
For it does lack my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange voice, a vision, and perfume
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have sought else to feed upon.

Do I alive or dead? I am not dead,
Nor is the body still; for I perceive
A rent of confidence, which things to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As here before, combining with the rest
Into an harmony, that vastly new round,
And make me man; and truly should move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.

And yet I cannot, to my laws being lone,
By my will, that I have the power.

It's strange! I cannot shut a hand or foot,
I cannot make my finger or my lips
My muscles instantly reach to reach,
So by the eye with instantaneous strokes
From myself I have a holy still.
No do I have my very altitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

To much I know, but knowing how I know,
That to work analysis, there I have doubt.
It giving me, or I am giving it.
Or I or it is working on the urges.

Of light or lightning in an awkward course,
And as she now an million mitre apart.
Yet in their promising solutions.

Brought out in lightning measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply, by speed and time!

Or am I traversing infinity.

By subtle subversion, hungry back.
From feet towards eternal.
This dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me part
With his ample palm; he's not a grasp.
Each as they are on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable.

To be accepted thus, a uniform.
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
dead moving; but borne forward on my way.
And back! I hear a slumber; yet it reor.
I cannot of that music truly say
Which I hear, or touch, or taste or trace
Or what a heart-subduing melody!

Angel: My work is done
My task is done
And it be done,
Felicity's home,
For the crown is better.
Alas! no more,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me,
This child of earth
Born from its birth,
To save and care,
Alas! no more,
And rapid to

This child of clay
To me was given,
To save and care
By sorrow and pain
Is the narrow way,
Alas! no more,
From earth to heaven.

Lord: It is a menion of that family
Of wondrous things, the, in the world can make,
Children of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God: - he never has known grief
But through the cycle all but infinite,
Has let a strong and pure celestial life,
And come to gaze on the inivinced face of God.
And draw from the eternal Font of truth,
And pour its dews into a heart so hard and dry.

Angel: O Lord, how wonderful is depth and height,
But most of all, how wonderful Thou art!

ill what a love, what soft persuasion, might,
Victims of the station, right heart.

Then take complete of justice. The lost friends,
To fill the thorns which angels look through pride!

He lay a groaning, dead upon the ground,
Wounded in the heart of his first love,
With his whole essence shattered and undone,
And, coiled around his heart, a demon die,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To build and form his sapient mind to ill.

This was I kept from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And 1 have waged a long and laborious fight,
Resolved that death should triumph upright to win,
Which, from the fallen state, with all was lost,
And he re-purchased at the cross a cot;

O, what a shifting scene, how near
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of rickety and penitence, how near
The history of that day, let history forget,
And 0 the power to love and to lead,
How potent, prompt, and lavish in his need!
O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Slightly derived from earthy substance,
Running to poison and death;
Failing capacities, wasting powers!
The nerve not to know to err and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some kind of fame;
How should errant nature comprehend
Life, heavenly made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not staked to move, live and to talk,
Lived each a week through this mortal day?
More than the trumpet in his height of place,
The angel-guardian knows and loves the round race.

Lord. Now hear I shall tell how that I was brought
Out of the holy; had I part with the earth,
I knew well how deep those mysteries in,
And not been worshipped as a god by man.
That was so unnatural; but now I am
So much of heart, so calm, so self-propelled,
Into such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can interrupt.
May hear I ever true in all things
Just I am charged by such a heart-binds.

Angel
All praise to thee, at all these sublime hours
The last are past, the first before the last;
By thee the highest thought is set free,
And all the mightiest power from that manner are cast.
The highest mystery be blessed for ever,
Praise ye Lord, who loved and comforted and comforted.

Lord. I will help him. Mighty son, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!
All hail! my child,
My child and brother, hail! what couldst thou then?

Lord. I would have nothing but to speak with thee.
 Forgiveness, &c. I wish to hold with the
Conscience communion; though I fear I would know
A stage of things; since it is but eight to ask
And not a curiosity.

Angel. 

You cannot now
Cherish a child which ought not to exist.

Lord. Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That at the moment when the Struggling Soul
Established its mental case, first with it fell
Under the awful presence of its God,
Then the judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

Angel. Thou art not yet; but with extremest speed
Art hasty at the first and holy judge;
For scarcely art thou delivered yet.

Judge a moment, as we measure time,
But its millions—millions—millions past,
Yet thou art one of those that the interval
Since thou hast left the body, and the Priest
Practiced Infirmitate; and they fell to prayer.

They, exactly yet how they began to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards with
The life and gait in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, principal ordinances,
By stars which run and set harmoniously,
By the recurring seasons, and the tides,
This way and that, if the suspended soul.
Purist and practical, men divide the hours,
Equal, yet unequal, for their common use.
Not so with us in the immaterial world;
But intervals in time receive
As measured by the waking thought alone,
And gone or come with its activity.
And time is not a common property,
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and spent
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
But memory lacks its natural resting points,
Including the designation found in books of years, or centuries, or periods;
Wit the very essence of thought
Which keeps them from their goal.

Soul

Why have I now no fear of meeting thee?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
Had ftightened me to me most terrible,
I had to Live before me, and I saw
The judge severe, and in the furnace,
But that the time is come, my fear is gone,
And that silence of my housed,
Nor close upon me, I can forward bold
With a serene joy.

Angel

It is because
Then they did not fear, that men then dead not fear.
Then had foretold the agony, and so
For this the bitterness of death is perfect.
Also, because truly it they could
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
Oue and the same for the collected world.
That infinite consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipated
Upon his death; and, on the last great day
In its particular judgment is rehearsed,
So was too, ere then comes to the throne,
A passage; all upon them, as a way
Straight from the judge, regenerator of the lost.
That calm and joy, superseding in thy soul,
Is first-present to thee of thy re-appears a
And heaven begins.

Soul.

But hark! I upon more fear
(comes a future habitation which would make me fear,
Could I be frighted.

Angel.

We are now arrived
Come to the judgment court; and that fallen host
To be removed from the heavens who opposed thee.
It is the middle region, there of old
That man appeared among the sons of God,
To cast his joys and welfare, at holy Job.
To see his legions among the volatiles,
Hungry and void, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell, how to their joy.

Lord. How sour, and how unquiet a difference!

Demons.

Let-born clods
Of brute earth;
Day again
To become gods,
By a new birth,
And an extra grace,
And a sense of worth,
As of ought
Could stand in place
Of the glance of pain,
And the high thought,
of the great spirit,
The power that,
The lights by night,
The primal wonder
Of the profound darkness
And maker of light,
Disparted,
Afeaks the knot,
Abeaked some,
By shine right
Of a profound well,
Was after expelling
Their armies, gone,
Triumphed still,
And still on pikes,
Each pike crowded
To pooling dreamer,
And century goamer,
Gravel clear
And point clean,
And crockery knew,
And kicked the dust
Under his feet.

Angel. It is the whole preening of their being,
The bounds of joy, the caged within their base,
In a deep hithermore passing keen their life,
And an inept pace, to end for

Dame. The mind fled
And independent,
The purpose gone,
To one on told,
Mind yet think
To bear the ascendant.
That's a trial,
On shore! When
That to the shore
But after his
A bundle of bars,
Which forth alone,
When life is over;
Which with and think
Can to the flesh,
Venge his
Worthy has he!
So to his fell,

Ha, ha, what conceit!
Day by day,
After, after!
Ha, ha, that holy day,
And rich, judge,
be pretentious back!
Be his guardian.
Before the judge,
And plain, and awa,
For spite and grudge,
And bigot mood,
Thespoolcwood-forks,
And envy and hate,
And breed of blood.

Tenday, now important they are! and yet are vast.
They have respect for wornome power and skill.
And be good to love, how that the my face
Of the last one, if can, would has a force
To purge the very blood, and shake the whole
Of him who saw it.

Angel, in thy trial state
Thou hast a tender meeting close at home.
Commit, the with the power of hell
Not Corrupted, and of my sinners kept together,
And that deadlier sin unlocked my heart.
And therefore is it, in respect of man,
Thus falls one short of majesty.
But, then, some child of pure, angel or saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, seals the demon's shriek.
You send away as reavers from the field,
Thus with boldness to his heart in his cell,
Not you, but heaven's God, mortal,
Socked at their treats, and warlike contests;
Or, dying, then they swarmed, like flies, around,
Depraved them, and departed to his judge.

Satan:  

Virtue, and vice,
A man's without pretence,
Satan was in the temple;
He, he, God was his prince;
Says, that he be;
From showed good men,
Are rich for him,
Whatever his plea,
Heard safe from harm,
And him, but aspargh
To be beams above,
In self and sin.
And not for less,
Whatever happens.

Soul:  

I am not these false spirits; shall I see
My heart's desire, when I reach to them?
Or hear, or taste, this awful judgment-word,
With personal invocation? as I was
Here then, not see thee, Angel! knowing
All has been dark since I left the earth;
Shall I remain this light-burnt all through.
My penance then? If so, here comes it then

But lo these bearing still, and trust, and teach,

yet not a glimmer of that parent view

which breeds ideas in me, and makes them live?

faint.

her feet, her breath, her bearing lost then we;
then lived in a world of signs and types.
The presentations of most holy ts, the
living and strong, which are encompassing the
a benumbed soul, then lost by sight
no-one more with taught else beneath himself;

But that is then a solitude should lead

and back the being, in every one on the edge

are loses memories of perception,
which came to them, as though through channels taught.
They ear, or senses, or palpate, which artked,

And then are wrapped and twisted around in dreams,

Dreams that are true, yet so unmythical;

For the belongings of the present staff

I am through each yard the came to home to this.

And then there is nothing of space and time and looks,

of present, red, blue, brown, musical.
Of shine, and of refinement after shine.

As, the man was touching a earth,

And in this the may be said it was.

her head there was elevation with its parts

correlated, — long, lethal cogges this, —

No peace to more they all, no looks to more,

than there was heard of them, the other life

of hand or foot, still stood that they had pare

in hand or foot, as though they had been still?

So is it now with this, who had not love

The hand or foot, but all which made up man.

So with it be, until the purgative day

of resurrection, when then will regain

all then last look, remade and glorified.
And thus far were the concentred doubts
Our joint to heaven, I may not tell it true.
Meanwhile let me confide the to myself
And mean of course as are granting thee.
They fill the breast's need in this art high;
For in thy purgatory, Christ comes like fire.
To part without its light.

And

Her will be done!

I am not worthy yet to see again
The face of day; for life the countenance
Was the very sun. Nor else, in life,
Now I looked forward to my purgatory,
In which was my sole desire.

Yet, once, I plunged into the angry flame,
And I had one sight of Heaven to strengthen me.

Angel. How such a man is that contentment:
Yes, - for one moment, there shall see thy lord.
Thus will it be; - what time they set arraigned
Before the Lord tostand, and thy lust
So cast foron, should it be to sit
By the right hand among the pure elect.
Then right, in that which to the soul is right,
As by a lightening flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
When they feel at their, and would fair approach.
One moment; - but then known of set, my child.
What then dost ask; that sight of the short Fair,
Will glad thee then, but it will pierce thee too.

Son. Then спокойні сірі, Angel, and an awe,
Fells on me, and a fear but I in each.

Angel. This was a mortal, she is now above
In the midst glory; she, when near to him,
Was gratifying communion with the crucified.
And, that the arrows of his wounds were stamped
uppon his flesh, and in the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace,
didst thou, the flames of that burning love
Oft be born, or it transform thee, Lord? To these sounds!
Thy ears of tender brings angelic,
And most childlike of the love of God.

Choir of Angels.

Praise to the Father in the height,
And in the depth to praise
And in the depth to praise,
In all His works, most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

To see, His elder race, His years
To battle and to win,
To understand the consummation of pain,
Without the soul of Bliss.

The younger son of Honour,
In pure earth in his birth,
Spirit and flesh his parents born,
His home was known and called.

The Eternal lifted the child, and armed,
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To be the victor in the world
Of matter's wars;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A constant defence.
And so the scene at the gate, and all within
The house of judgment; and, thence on earth.
Temple and palace of port and space;
Gods and men, but all mortal,
So is the world of spirits. Thought is found,
To thought united, lighted and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial; and all
The deaths and pleasures of this eden;
Or would the man, or beholder, or other.
The way pavement, as each step of delight
Of life, blessed, and immortal beings.
So the hymn, their Medici prize curiously;
From the time above is length, and in its depth is power;
To be one and ever mindful, that man is the true way.

O man! for love found, a word in the light
A recant in the light;
And lost his relationship with heaven
And fellow ship with light.
Near
Given him from the angry sky;
Around the transport's skin.
The never kind angels for his friends,
And lost the brother for him.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that men's breed;
The treaded the sea-side once, and climb
The coast of the east.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which she had supplied.
From youth to age, from sea to sea,
His kind, and greatest, and dead.

In closed her presence, eye to eye,
And step by step began
Silently to seek her Savage hound
And in again a man.
And guided by the Almighty's hand,
And shorn by his rod,
And taught by long experience,
At length he knew his God,
Right glory to thee, O Lord, from the rising

(2)
In patient length of days
Established into life
A people to his praise.

And hallowed be the name
And in the fear thereof
A household, and a fatherland,
A city, and a state.

The sound is like the rushing of the wind,
The summer storm, among the lofty trees,
Shaking and dashing, a wakening sound abroad,
Now louder, now distant, wild and beautiful,
While, arrested from the branches of his street,
Descend ecstatic sounds.
But it the y Birmingham n""rose
his hope up to the fall;
and ouchly, nearly gracefully,
The morning shone in all,
and age, growing out, divide.
So precious did he live,
and Lord and Lord so fine to and the fallen moon
Shone the kind of grace.

Oh, man! albeit the quickening ray,
Yet from his head's birth,
Shakes here at height what can be one,
And becometh grow out of ear,
Yet still becometh that rest and becometh,
To journey and his good,
To death a glory awful,
Deep body and his soul.
To death he be in his to pay,
The perfect of his life.
The child of death is past; and now
The process in begins

Says the man; the commerce
By Christ and joy's reigns,
The cross the soul from out it live
And becometh away it stain.

Angel. The way of the approaching grace,
Which showeth present of it sapiens.
It is the pace of the serpent's head,
Such with this worth to harm and subtle pain,
And not to the meaning, which it has, will be
In a wondrous fashion to heal the wound.
And yet like as will the wound proceed,
And approved and take it to her.
Soul. There speaks mystic's jest, methinks, I know
To disengage the tangled web of life;
Yet rather would I hear thy gentle voice,
Than for myself to be the interpreter.

Angel. Then thus, if such thy lot, then seek thy Judge,
The right of him will dwell in thy heart,
All tender, precious; essential thought.
The will be with both love, and yearn for thee,
And soo; as though thou calledst but pity them,
That one so sweet should here have pleased herself
at disadvantage each, on the end
So wildly by a fancy to like or that.

Soul. There is a pleading in the gentle eyes,
Will pierce them to the finish, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt wish to be with that soul,
As sweet as thou didst feel; and will shine
To think away, and hide thee from the sight.

Angel. We have gained the stairs,
Which lead towards the Presence-chamber; then
A band of mighty angels keep the way,
Or rather else, and begin the incantation.
Falter, where goodness are can know, but they
Were in the face of peace;
Thou seeing, beholding
The man in found the infinite depth;
Of Thy all-loving grace,
But fallen man, the creation of a boy,
Shall we that love to true.
It needs, to tell the truth, that this had brought,
Through the angel's death to fix, an angel's work of thought.
It needs, that every angel, the eilt one
Bend the popular cheek,
The great Creator in this Archangel can,
Seeking by a creature's aid,
And aggrandiz'd, as within of that how
Which the earth had made;
For who can praise Him in His depth and height,
But how the very son of that tremendous light.

Soul. Work! for the learnt of this yonder gate

be vertuous, and calmly both the strait.

Fourth Third view of the
— pleads.

Praise to the refuge in the high
And in the depth, to praise;
In all His works most wonderful,
Most rare in all the ages.

Sis for Baphomet, the Holy Lord,
As if He shrouded it,
In that He placed His most perfect man.
The freethis place to feel,
For, even in His best estate,
With omnipotent gift extended,
A very sentient soul he,
A being of fire and blood.
As through a thing; as for his help
Most need: not only a wife,
Could eke with them forth rebel just,
The had angel's life.
and then, by blest abode of God,
that earth-born Adam fell,
be shrivelled in triumph, and he cried,
"A very fruitful!"

The thunder of the wind is bound,

And now the threshold, as in Europa, is

All the strength of his heart, in the height,

And in the right to praise,

And now the threshold, as in Europa, is

All the strength of his heart, in the height,

And in the right to praise,

And now the threshold, as in Europa, is

All the strength of his heart, in the height,

And in the right to praise,

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All the strength of his heart, in the height,

And in the right to praise,

And now the threshold, as in Europa, is

All the strength of his heart, in the height,
Angel. It is the voice of friends around the bed,
Who say, "Be comforted, "tis yet a breath;
Till other voices come; before the Throne
Bands the great Angel of the Bystones.
The time the string thrummed thin, that time the brisk
dawn in the garden flashed, belated with blood.
That Angel best can plead into pain for all
Territorial souls, the dying and the dead.

Angel of the
Bystones.

Jest ! by that fixed having found Which fell on Thee;
Jest ! by that old dimness Which ordained Thee;
Jest ! by that song of heart Which thrilled in Thee;
Jest ! by that voice of side Which crippled Thee;
Jest ! by that sorrow of grief Which stifled Thee;
Jest ! by that innocence Which girded Thee;
Jest ! by that memory Which came into Thee;
Jest ! by that Godhead Which was in Thee;
Jest ! save these souls to them to Thee;

As in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
Father, Lord, their hour, and let them come to Thee;
With Thy promise that they also shall partake Thee
In the future hour, when Thy Kind was gay in Thee.

Soul. I go before my Judge. Ee !

Angel. O happy, serene soul! for he is safe,
Consoled, but graced, by the place divine.

Soul. Take me away, and in the least sleep
Then let me be;
And then in peace the long night-wight keep,
For he is high.
Then, methinks, and happy is my pain,
You, poor sufferer,
Then will I sing my placid even strain,
Until the morn;
Then will I sing about my love and dead:
Take me away,
That corner I may rise, and go abroad,
And the joy is the brighter of everlasting joy.
sage. Now let the golden Koran open to light,
shining great music, as each fold uncurls,
when to ready kings. Heaven from me
angels of Paradise, receive from me
thy change, a precious stalk, until the day,
then, from all bond and perfection released,
I shall reclaim it for the count of light.

Seals in Paradise

1. Seals. Their last line is to convey: in every generation
   before the holy war. In the west war: Rome is on the last of
   2. These are for the seal that
   Rome in west, but, in the last, to: lead the last
   3. A hundred years before this age we at no yesterday: as we looked
   at night with but one a year
   4. Though the gods appearing up in the morning; in the morning is shall
   think up of another
   5. They are used in the great ages; and by twice or in today
   The last one on me. In my night: as our end of days in
   a year of my continuance
   6. Red, and by how to: be sent to for my account
   In the morning be confused with my way; in the last
   7. On the eighth of all days
   We still are glad seeing the days of our continuance, as to
   years I shall in have own what
   8. Or, and up to the day of my year: and direct their

If the word is in the king's hand, I come shall be known.

Right choice of God. God, and, the Holy spirit. Then last week,
unite by.

The seals to The west door,
In.jd. at the latter special
of two connected here.

Their other holy seals, they conform to,
Revised - last of help
With thy high great is how,
and justice in it's fill.
Salt = Many clay.

2. Where the rain and the wind were; from my to my hand fell.

3. The dawning man to the sun; the three days, 0 sun of Adam, from you.

4. A foot in my right ear last as yesterday is a foot of the left.

5. They are as a dream: a grasp, a grip on his arm, a celling in his soul.

6. Veer around is the earth, and in my hand is my imagination.

7. Thy hour is not yet expired before the, in the light of thy continuance.

8. Return, O Lord, how long? and be entreated for the fervent.

9. Fill us with thy presence in the morning, 0 we will praise Thee forever.

10. Make us glad, O Lord, in the days of our years. As Christ died for us, and

Let every man in his heart, the joy of the Father, and to the Holy Ghost,

And to every man in us, 0 we were made to live.

11. And to the Father, the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,

And every man in us, 0 we were made to live.

He who made us glad, a king, a king.

He who made us glad, a king, a king.

The king, the king, our comfort, our comfort.

The king, the king, our comfort, our comfort.

Salt = Many clay.
In daily falls, for pastured crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of the deep below,
With sorrow in their eyes to see,
Help, Lord, to save us, whom we have cast aside,
The shadow of the deep is clear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sin committed here.

O, by thy patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their heart shall turn away,
Disfigurement and stain,
O by their fear of love, yet high,
Be keeping them to shame,
O by their very lightness,
O by they are great alone,

Sent forth, help, I must fear, aid,
The world is their most dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sin committed here.

Angel: Softly and gently, beard, consort soul.

In my most loving arms, I now confide them,
And, on the purest waters, as they roll,
I praise thee, and I love thee, and hold thee
And carefully I keep thee in the dark,
And then, without a sob or a resistance.

Through the depth floods they rapid way shall take,
And through a flood of rapid way shall take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dark distance.

Translation
Angels, to where the victory has been gained,
will tread and march, and settle their feet
and prayer on the earth, and prayers in heaven.
will aid thee at the Throne of the Lord's splendor.

Farewell, but not for now! 

Be pure and patient on the Lord of sorrows;
surely shall pass the night of trial long;
And I will come and comfort thee on the morrow.

February 7, 1862
lord. I go before my judge. Ah!

Angel. Pray to the name!

Hereupon, fancy Mary is led forth from her hold,
with the image of love,
and, with the image of love,
fixes to the heart of Emmanuel.
But, in it reach there, the heart sanctify,
which use to give me, like a play, clothes
and circles round the Conception, has seized,
and searched, and shrivelled it, and now it live
Papin and still before the awful Throne.
A happy, forgiving soul! for it is safe,
release me, yet punished, by the glance of God.

lord. Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
and there in hope the poor bright watch keep,
drained out for me.
This make me, and happy in my pain.
Love, not forsake,
This will bring my soul perpetual strain,
until it cease.
This will I cry, and twist my striken breast,
Which cease can cease.
To it, and poor, and languish, till perfected?
To it, and cease.
Then will love my about love, and heard:
Take me away,
Not tears, not war, and peace,
and the kiss in the breath of everlasting love.

Angel. More let the public ask.
FACSIMILES OF EXTRACTS FROM

THE FIRST ROUGH DRAFT MS.
1. Jesu Maria! I am near to death.
2. O what a heart-subduing melody!
3. Then I was sent from heaven to set right.
4. Is in the case of each anticipated.
5. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment.
6. O man! albeit the quickening beam.
7. O loving wisdom of our God.
8. Softly and gently, dearest, [ ] soul.
Dear  [name]. I am sorry to dwell
on the past. I am glad to know it was.
I have been thinking about it lately,
for I feel a pang in my heart.
Yet, I am not too much to blame - my boy,
and how many years have passed?
I have been feeling, have I not?

You little one, and I, my heart,
I can only be as we are.

The other day, I was at a loss to understand,
for the valley, the hills, and the sea.
The thrush sang, and the wind was strong.

And now, my dear, may I be?
May I, my friend, a witness,
for I know this is more than I can bear.

The sky above is empty, and the heart
has been known to be before.
And now, I must part you forever, it is.

Be brave, my boy. Be strong, my boy,
For I have seen a small town once.
The 1 was not from here at that night

The balance in the end of quite was

29 than wage along directly fight

It had no how far a little 80

With from its fall the rest. We will we be

And we suspect it to know a cost.

That a little pair here

We often do of complete being

At table, eagles and furniture by them

The hiring it December, lifting put

And O had part of was story at pain

As of pain in me - the.

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'In the time of such a truth
Every man's heart doth
The best of virtue, weeping by day
In the presence judgment is declared,
'For before thin love runs through,
To forgive men for their, or a way
That calm the spirit, the future in joy
Was to be thought of, these days
But when upon my ears
From a first rebuke, which could not frighten
Could be frighten.
So can we consider
So the time upon
Close on the judgment shall be the fall
Come in the dreamer the after the time
Is the middle which of all
The appeared among the sons of God
And, if there be a voice in the presentiment of the hour,

of a voice in the presentiment of the hour,

as the world shall be to the world,

of a voice in the presentiment of the hour,

as the world shall be to the world,
The passage is not clearly legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be written in English, but the characters are not clearly discernible. The text seems to be a collection of lines or sentences, possibly a poem or a letter, but the content and context are unclear from the image provided.
There was a little of our faith,
In all we've seen in them.
In deed and in the sight
Of the pure love, with a heart so true!
If we be at
Although you're in your rest
That did not then speak
That from the pure gifts of the past
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
And from the gifts of the past you
Life is but a journey, dear,
A journey that we make with care.
In its way, we seek the light,
And when our journey ends, we rest in peace.

So carefully we travel on,
And when we reach our final home,
We find our peace, our rest, our peace of mind.

As carefully, I pray, we take the road,
And keep a lamp or a beacon lighted
Through the clear dawn they reach high here and there.

Walking, sleeping, praying, at the time I have.

People, when the calling test is given,
Will find we hear a toot of the horn.
And as we answer, they know we're near.
Will come before the dawn of the day, and near ever.

To dwell but not for ever, because loving for
Or love is sent, though it be near or near.
Sings with the might of true prayers sung.
As I will come a friend that is the more.