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THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS
THE

DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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 necessity 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 1857², is inserted after Psalm lxxxix (xc), said by the Souls in Purgatory; and a second translation of the Psalm is pasted over the first³. 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
ORATORI S.P.N. PRESBYTERO
CUJUS ANIMA IN REFRIGERIUM.

IN DIE COMM.
OMN. FID. DEF.
1865

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 33rd 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

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, premising 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 (1780–1853).
4 Daniel Corrie, L.L.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 Barkway, Herts., under Mr. Irons². Finally he joined Mr. Dodsworth³ in February, 1842, at Christ Church, St. Pancras, resigning with Mr. New and Mr. Garside⁴ 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) Hendren⁵ 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 Oratory⁶. Cardinal Newman’s appreciation is now added:—

‘The Father is accustomed to say⁷ 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

¹ Charles Simeon, B.A. Cambridge, Fellow of King’s College, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, and a Founder of the Church Missionary Society (1759-1839).
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 Exhibitor (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. Sergeant 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 me¹ 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, 1850. 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,
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 PRAEDITUM
LEPIDUM HUMANUM AMABILEM
HINC AD S. PHILIPPIUM SUUM
DEO SIC DISPONENTE
POST BREVE QUINQUENNIIUM
LENTA EIHEI! TRANSMISIT AEGRATATIO
DIE FEB. XIII M DCCC LIII

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 28 May, 1872, aged 79, in London; her husband was buried 15 June, 1836, at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, aged 58.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

§ I

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.
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 oró 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 oró 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

C'2
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 oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus.  
Mortis in discrimine.

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.
§ 2

Soul of Gerontius

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,
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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 expansed 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.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

ANGEL

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
    The last are first, the first become the last;
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
    By whom proud first-borns from their thrones are cast;
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,
    While Lucifer is left, condemned and unforgiven.

§ 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?
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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 DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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 majestical.
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.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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. . . .
§ 5

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 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 beseemingly
    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 dawned 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 c'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.
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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.
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 intemperate 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.
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.
The Dream of Gerontius.

Gerontius. Jesus Maria! I am near to death,
but Thou art calling me: I know it was.
Not by the token of the falling breath,
This shiff at heart, this damping in my love,
- I can hear now? Lady pray for me! -
This thrill passing, never felt before,
- Be with me, Lord, in my extremity! -
This I am going, that I am no more.
This strange increase of abandonment.
- Holy soul! great God! Lord to Thee,-
This emptying out of emptiness,
And natural force, by which I came to be.
May for me, O my friends, a visitant
To knock at his door summons at my door,
The life of whom, to screen me and to haunt,
This never, never come to me before.
This death, - O loving friends, your prayers,- let he.

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could roll back to nothing to be my stay,-
Help, loving Lord! Then my soul departs, Then,-
And I was no whiter, but must needs decay
And drop from out this universal frame
Into that shapeless, seaply, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came;
This is it that has come to pass in me,
A horror! this it is, my dearest, this,
So pray for me, my friends, that has not strength to pray.

Spirits. 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.

Holy patriarchs, pray for him.
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
All holy men and women, pray for him.
All holy martyrs; all holy confessors;
All holy hermits; all holy virgins;
All ye saints of God, pray for him.

Dear Lord, my father’s soul, and pray to me:
And, through such woeing sins,
Of life and thought as still has to the soul,
Pray that we meet thy God.

And, while the storms of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere aforeset the rain or thee fall,
We call to Internal.

Be thine
Be merciful, be gracious, open thine, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious, Lord, deliver him.
From the rear that ever past;
From Thy furnace and Thine fire;
From the pains of dying,
From any employing
Both sin or denying
His God, or relying
On self, or the last;
From the everlasting fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
All servant deliver,
For aye and for ever.
By Thy birth, and by Thy cross,
Rescue him from evil's ways;
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,
His soul in the day of doom.

Veni, veni, veni
Sanctus pater, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis ego te,
Elsion, Jackson mens,
Pax ad nobis, Dominici.
Firmly I believe and truly
Believe there, and God is one;
And I most acknowledge fully
The Lord's body taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that most holy crucifix; in each thought or deed unreally
Do to death, as He has died.
Singly to the grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Thee, the Holy, One the Strong.
Sanctus pater, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis ego te,
Misereor, De Jackson mens,
Pax ad nobis, Dominici.
And I hail into veneratio,
For the love of God alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now befits me; pain or fear,
And with a strong will I swear
All the tone that built me low.
Adoration age to grow,
With and through the duplicit host.
So the gods of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus Jesus, Sacrament Deus,
In profound awe to,
Hosannah, Juba mensa,
Three units, Domine.

I can no more, for now it comes again
That sense of ruin, which I had at pain.
That most profound vexation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some as infinite desert;
Or worse, as though
Dove, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss; and, woe to all!
A scene so fright begat to rise
The memory of my soul, so kind, worse and worse,
Some likely form of all
Floats on the wind, with many altogether cruel
Hymns, and Tanting to hellward air, and slopes
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesus, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some angel, Jesus! such as came to This,
To Their own agony.

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

Revere him, O God, in that His ever hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power; —
Bread and olives from the common house;
Sor from the water in a savory home;
Abraham from the abounding guilt of heathenness;
Lot from all his worthless and fell delights;
Jacob, then his father's levi was raised to day;
but from burning abode on to judgment day;
Israel from the land of bondage and despair;
Daniel from the hungry lion in their lair;
and the children They said to furnace flame;
Shadrach from the furnace and the flame;
David from Goliat, and the wrath of Saul;
And the two captives from their prison thron;
Isaiah from his torment; so, to thee Thy power,
Rescue thy servant in his evil hour.

 Jeremiah

For Thee, have set; and I seek world wide.
He past his restless ... into Thy hand,
A bed, into Thy hands ... 

The Preist

Professors, anxious Christians, do hear words!
Go first upon thy journey; Christian soul,
Go from the world! go, in the Name of God,
The Merciful 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 Spirit, the
Hat thee 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 Men; and Apostles; in the name
Of holy Virgin; and all saints of God.
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course,
And every thy place to-day be found in peace,
And every thy dwelling in the holy mount
Of him: - through the same, through Christ, our Lord.

(a pause)

Gerontius. I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
-A strange refreshment; A how still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No more my flustered breath, no struggling pulse.
No doth my moment differ from the rest.
I had a dream; yes: - some one softly said
"He's dead;" and then a rush went round the room.
And then I heard a faint voice say "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint; but accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.

Ah! What is this? What is the reverie?
This silence prove a solemnity
But to the eye of my soul.

And the deep still, no sound, and no voice,
But something to of the noise of pain.
For it bears back my thoughts, upon the wings
By a strange intercession, and perforce
I was born to feed upon myself,
Because I have nothing else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But is the body still? for I protest
A sort of confidence, which brings me to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As before, continuing with the rest
Into the symmetry, that wraps me round,
and make me wise; and truly learn now,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I come to my own being born,
By my soul, that I have the power,
To change; I cannot but a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure without speed to reach,
or by the eye's instantaneous stroke
Before myself I have a body still.
Nor do I have my own attitude,
Nor if I speak, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

To mark I know, but knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have thought,
Is putting me, or I am putting it.
Or is it in rushing in the waves
Of light or lightning or an uncounted course,
And we this now ten million miles apart.
Yet in this preternatural
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time!
Or am I traveling infinity
By such subduction, hurrying back
From finite towards infinite
That dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: how one has one foot
Within his ample palm; he is not a pool
Such as they are on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my infinite being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accented there, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hard! I hear a crying; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music duly say
Whether I love, or hate, or hate it now.
I what a heart-subduing melody!

Angel. My work is done.
My task is done
And so I come,
Takin' it home.
For the cross is done.
Alleluia
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
His from its birth,
To live and grow,
Alleluia
And save it he.

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

Fool. Here's a mention of that family
Of wondrous things, the one the world can make,
Millions of ages back, has stood around
The throne of God - he never has known one;
But, through the cycle all but infinite,
He's lost a stranger and pure celestial life,
And come to gaze on the unwelshed face of God,
And drank from the eternal fountain of truth,
And turned back with a keen aesthetic love.

He set the scene again.

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

But what a love, what selfless sacrifice!
Victims in the holocaust, burnt heart.
Their souls complete of saints. Their lost parts,
To fill the thrones which Angels lost through pride.

He lay a powerless babe upon the ground,
Whose life in the blood of his forefathers,
with his vital essence sheltered and undisturb
And, woe be to his heart, a demon diese,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To trick and form his slavery such as ill.

This was last from heaven to set right.

The balance in the ball of truth and lies.
And I have waged a long relentless fight.

Resolved that death, imperious spirit to pain,
Which, from its fallen state, than all was lost,
Had been repurchased at the broad expanse.

O, what a shifting party—shoved back
Of hope and fear, of triumph and disparity
Of wickedness and ferocity, how near

The history of that aim—delated forever!
And to the grace to bend him and to lead,
Nor patient, prompt, and humble to his need!
O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
slightly swayed by passions, a thousand dangers
resulting in prisons and pain, and many more
fleeing corruption! Unsound, cautious power!
the master of the seven and thirteen stars,
also the host of the kingdom of heaven.

1. How should eternal nature comprehend
the body, made up of spirit and of clay,
who in the flesh is to move heaven and earth,
limbs made to bend through the mortal day?
never to touch the height of his height of place,
The thought—guardian knows and loves the redeemed race.

2. Now know I must surely that I am aught
of the body; had I part with the earth,
I never could have broken those treasures in,
and not have worshipped as a god in this world.
That was so unatural; but now I am
so full of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
so full of content, and with a sense
to apprehension and discrimination,
as no temptation can intoxicate.
May heaven I ever terror at the thought
that I can despis'd by such a sect of brutes.

3. All power to thee, at whose will these beams
in whom we trust, the first became the lord;
by whom the highest reputation is set free;
by whom bright first born, from this thrones and earths,
the brighter than all the brave of heaven;
with Lucifer united, of sin and damnation.

4. I will obey him. Mighty one, my lord,
my guardian spirit, all hail!
Angel. 

All hail! my child,
My child a brother, hail! what wonder then?

Lord. I would have nothing but to speak with the
For rejecting's sake. I wish to hold with the
Counsel of compassion, though I fear I would know
A range of things, even it but slight to ask
And not a curious one.

Angel. you can't now

Cherish a wish that ought not to exist.

Lord. Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That in the moment when the struggling soul
Exulted its mental ease, just with it fell under the angel's Presence of its God,
Then the judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

Angel. Then art not yet; but with extreme speed
Art hurrying to the feast and holy judge,
For scarcely art thou dismissed yet.
Divide a moment, as was measure time,
Into its million - million - million part,
Yet even this time that the interval,
Then thine death leave the body, and the Lord
Forbid "submerge", and they fell to prayer.
Way, scarcely yet than they began to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards met
The life and greater is the flow of time.
By sun and moon, propitious obstacles,
By other which rise and set harmoniously,
By the reversing seasons, and the diving,
This way and that, if the suspended rod
Peruse and practical, now divide the hours,
Exact, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in the unnatural world;
But idioms in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its activity.
And time is not a common property,
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, or received and lost.
By this mark and by that, all very one
Is standard of his own chronology.
And memory lacks its natural resting-ponts,
And I know, this is a computers memory, are commended to many of years, centuries, in periods.
Wit they very energy of thought
Which keeps them from thy God.

And

Dear angel, my

Why have I now no fear of meeting him?
Along my earthly life the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible,
I had it ever before me, and I saw
The judge in the seat of the omnipotent,
I saw that the hour is come, my fear it gone;
And at that balance of my destiny,
Now closer upon me, I am armed both
With a secret joy.

Angel.

Not, because

Then they did not fear, that now they do not fear.
Then had foretold the agony, and so
For this the bitterness of death is prefect.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world,
Not, in the case of each, anticipated upon his death; and, as the last great day in his particular judgement is rehearsed, so now too, in their coming to the throne, a passage follows upon this, as a way straight from the Judge, righteous of the lot. That calm and joy, surprising in the soul, is first-fruits to them of the resurrection, and heaven begun.

Angels, we now ascend

Here is the judgment enacted; and that fallen host doth become part of the demons, as yon forthwith.

It is the middle region, where of old Satan appeared among the sons of God,

To cast his issue and offsets at holy Job.

To see his legs in strong the vertebral,

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,

And gather souls for hell, dead to their very soul.

Here now, and here recount a difference.

Demon. har-bored choke

Of brute with,

They again

To see his issue,

As a new host,

And an extra grace,

And a score of worse,

As if caught

(first stand in place

Of the glance of pain,

With hands to heart

That I may judge of its shape and its form, by the glass of pain.
And the light shone,  
of the great spirit,  
It passes blunt,  
It lifts by sight,  
The primal tensions  
of the formlessness  
And realm of light,  
Dips in barb,  
Aside thrust,  
Cheeked down,  
By other might,  
Despot,  
Of a tyrant's rule,  
We, after expelling  
Their armies, our  
Triumphant still,  
And still ungirt,  
Each prophet crowns  
To ponder dreams,  
And counting grooves,  
So every star  
And pine cheat,  
And crowning known,  
He picked the dust  
Under his feet.

Angels. It is the noblest portion of their being,  
Like braids of prey, they hang within their base,  
In a deep hideous passion burn their life,  
And an incipient passion to end for

Demons. The wind bold  
And independent,  
The prophet fierce,  
To in an old,  
Alert at truth  
To keep the ascendant.
What a feat?

On white breast

Sitting in your breast

Before his death.

A bundle of bones,

Which forth above,

When life is done;

Which with and with

she is the flesh.

Once his

Sadden'd more,

To feel how he!

In his God,

Illuminated!

Ha, ha, what a cup of life,

Day by day,

Against, against!

Ha, ha, that holy clay,

And such fudge,

He prostitute's \\
Is his passion,

Before his judge;

And plucks and gives a 

For spite and grudge,

And bright mood,

Thalapodi great,

And every such hate,

And greed of blood.

I tell, how important they are! and yet so small!

They have reput, for wonderful power and skill;

And books describe, how that to my face

Of the last one, if seen, would have a force

To freeze the very blood, and shake the life

Of him who saw it.

Angel, in my word shall

Thou hold all mystery close at home.
Constraining, she with the power of hell
Was conjured, and of the power kept steady,
And that deadness for unlocked thy heart;
And therefore is this, in respect of man,
Then fall not ever thus to majestical.

But, thou same child of grace, angel or saint,
Pres and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meet the enemies of heaven's height;
They shriek away as cowards from the fight.
Near, and help hermit in his cell,
Nor yet desirous of mortality,
Looked at their threats and war-like storms;
Or, lying, then they swarmed, like flies, around,
Defend them, and depart from their judge.

Dooms.

Victor and wise,
A brave defender wise,
To whom one and the same;
Ha, ha, give him his price;
Saint that he is,
From shroud good ease,
Art water for him,
Whatever his plea
Bad not from him,
And ever but again
To the heaven above,
With self-worth sake,
And not for less
Whatever-champion.

Soul. How not those false spirits; shall I ever
My dreams showest, when I walk for them?
Or hearken at last, is awful judgment-bound
With personal intercession? as I now
Hear them, and see thee, angel! listen
All has been dead; since I left the earth;
Shall I remain thus light-burthened still through
My pen runs thin? or, how come it then
That there are words, and tone, and touch,
Yet not a glimpse of that finely woven
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?

Yet there is, no touch, no leaving last there now;
Then lived in a world of types and types.

The presentation of work here to all,
Living and strong, which was incapable then.

A disembodied soul, then lost by sight.
No one rose with height else here or self.

But still is there a solitude should lead
And back, this being, in empty an overheated

In love, measure of perception,
Which came to this, as though through channels brought.

Here, or in others, or words, which are lost.

And then, at wrapped and crooked armed in dreams,

Dreams that were true, yet so much more.

For the believing of the present state.

And through each word, the coming one to this
And there the tides of space and time and truth.

Of savor, depth, filler, musical.

Of fire, and of refreshment after fire.

As, the snow was frost, the earth.

And in which this too may be said to burn.

No heart than now expansion with its parts
Correlation, - long, both ages, this.

No power to move the self nor lends to move.

There then was heard of them, the after life
Of land or foot, still found that they had pain
In land or foot, as though they had them still?

So it was with those, who had not lost

But hand or foot, but all which made up man.
So was it to, until the joyous day

Of resurrection, when there shall again
Sit them lost lost, reformed, and glorified.
And even now the consummated limbs
Her glove in heaven, I may not tell it then.
Meanwhile let it suffice that to forlorn
Such means of course we can grow them.

We are the Beatitude, O men that art kind.
For even they purgatory, which comes like fire,
As fear with its light.

Soul

Hear will be here!

I am not worthy her to see again
The face of day: for life, the countenance
Was in the very sun. Not life, in life,

And I looked forward to my purgatory,
It was my release to believe,

That, even I plunged into the burning flames,
Died, I had one light of hope to strengthen me.

Angel

For such a grace is that preteriment:
Yes, — for one moment there shalt see thy Lord.
That will it be; — what time then are wrapt
Before the place to travel, and thy blood
To rest forever, should it be to sit
On this right hand among the pure elect.
Then right, or this which to the soul is right.
As by a lightening flash, look comes to thee,
And there shalt see, amid the dark profound,
When they shall breathe, and would fear approved.
One moment; — but thou knowest best, my child.

What then shall ask; — that sight of the glad sight Fair.
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul

Then spakest darkly, angel, and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear, but I beark.

Angel

Then was a mortal, who is now above
In the midst glory; he, when near to die,
Was granted communion with the crucified,
I ask, that the Father's very wounds may stamp
Upon his flesh, and in the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in the embrace,
Lest at the flames of the consuming love
Both burn, and be transformed. Hack to these sounds!
They are of tender beasts angelical,
And most children of the love of God.

Choir of Angels.

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

For we his elder race, his years
To life and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the toil of tears.

The stage young in son, half king,
In every scene crowned, his birth,
Spirit and flesh his parent own,
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal upheld the child, and saved,
And set him hence afar,
So soon as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To the victory of the world
Of victory of love,
Again the frontier, towards the sea,
A endless battle.
Angels. We have now professed the gate, and are within
The house of judgment; and, there as earth
Temples and Palaces are formed of priests,
Costly and rare; but all mortal,
So is the world of spirits wrought in form,
To mould within begins
And form into a child,
But that is immortal; and all
The matter parts of this edifice,
Grown or broken, or dissolved, or dried;
The very pavement is made up of spirits
Of help, support, and immortal beings,
Who keep: these all their power continually,
Flame to the habitation bright, and in the depth beyond;
So do the winds and wondrous, that move in all its ways.
Woe to thee, man! for he was found, a wanderer in the light;
A convert to the light;
And lost his relationship with heaven
And fellowship with light.

Man above him; then the angry sky,
Around the tempest his;
The sweet mind angels for his friends,
And took the treatise for him.

A man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that men toหอม;
And died the sun-side case, and thence
The giants of the world.

With was a fear, and was a hope,
With walls which chains supplied;
From youth to age; from sick to rich,
It lived, and remained, and died.
It loved; his presence; day by day,
And step by step began,
Slowly to help his escape bound
And in again a man.
Land governed by the heavenly's breath,
and charioted by the rod,
and taught by angel's sceptre,
at length he knows his God.

Glory to him, from the een

(2)
In patient length of days
established into life
A people to the praise.

And be ye proud, you sons of Jacob, call upon his name.

(1)
And in the faith create
A household, and a fatherland,
A city, and a free.

Lord. The sound is like the melody of the wind,
The summer sound, among the lofty pines,
Singing and flying, an echoing sound that
None other has duration, still and beautiful.
While, starting from the branches of his shroud,
Descend ecstatic strains.

They speed: choral and mystical:

Hymn to the Mother are the light, and in the light to praise;
And to the light to praise.
In all good works most wonderful,
Each new in all his ways.

The angels, as luminously
To sing—each bright new genre,
Let men in kind be perfected,
And raise their seat in heaven.

For them we sweat, to believe,
In every heart a being.
Saw holy, all omnipotent right.
In beatific joy.
But in the younger voice then rose
A hope upon his soul;
And slowly, slowly, graciously,
The morning dawned on all.
And eyes, opening out, divide
The precious to the bare,
And as from out the golden raft
Within the heart of grace.

O, man! albeit the quickening ray,
Yet from his sacred birth,
Shake here and lay at that once he was,
And heaven from out of earth.
Yet dwell between that earth and heaven,
Yet poverty and his goal,
He daily agonises,
This body and his soul.
A death below he has to pay,
The perfect of his sin,
The child of death is born, ad war.
The universe for breve.

Shy to them, the covorn
By earth and piston rings,
The turn the soul from out its bone
And comes away it stirs.

England. They know of the approaching agony,
Like their later question of simplicity.
Yet the pain of the incarnate God,
Shall cause the earth to Tremble from
And out of the memory which it leaves, will be
To exorcise fabrication to heal the wound,
And yet asking it will the wound provide,
And apprehend and write in the hour.
soul. Then speak in mystic tones, yet, arthurs, I know
To disengage the gale of thy soul;
Yet rather would I hear thy sweet voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

angels. When then, of such thy lot, there met thy judge,
The sight of men will bind in thy heart
All tender, gracious, remotest thought.
The will be rich with love, not fear for him,
And fair as though then called but pity then,
That one so great should our place disdain
Yet not disadvantage such, as the word
Solitude by a being so wise as thou.
Thus is a pleading in thine ear,
As if given to thee as grace, and trouble the
And there with hate and loath thyself: But, through
Thee truly, then with foul that thou hast seen;
So more time desire; and with desire
So thick away, and hide thee from the sight.
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Better the beauty of the contumace.
And then his pains, so counter and so keen,
The longing for them, when then seem their ilk;
The shame of self at thought of seeing them,
To be thy mind's sharpest purgatory.
My soul is in my head: I hear a voice;
The voice, which might implore for mercy, or we
Not with a dream, but with a harmony;
Which, when it speaks, in all its sound
Is without end, like the unseen sound
Of many voices.

angels. We have gained the stairs
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber, there
A band of mighty angels keep the way,
Orin, Olen, and hymn the ineffable God.
singly past

By man both own

Faster, where goodness here can know, but they
Who see the face to face;

Long is the distant voyage,

Toward the infinite depth,

Of the all-loving grace,

And falls man, the creature of a day,

He'll need that love to prove.

If needs, do tell the dead what they have brought,

For through the angel's death's first, an angel's reach of thought.

It needs that every angel, the spirit more

Bend the garden shade,

The great Creator in the world's love,

Sought by a creature's aid,

And engrafted, an iner of that love.

Which he round and made:

From the sun praise him in the depth and height,

And in the deep in praise;

Who all this works most wonderful,

Most rare in all height ways.

The Son blasphemed the holy Lord,

As if to reclaim it,

So that he placed his puppet men

The former place to fill,

For, even as its feet earth,

With simplest gift of earth,

A very sentient rose, the

Lacing of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, his for his help

Most need, perfect a wife,

Could age with them from rebuked love,

The last angel's life.
And then, by blandishment of love,
That earth from heaven fell,
He destined it to triumph, and to pride,
"A sovereignty,"

The maker of the world is bound,
From His throne or height is gone,
He must abandon its love,
They despise and mock this planned ruin.

And now the threshold, as in transom,
With glow of its glad expression clasp.
Prayer to the brother in the height,
Angels, and in the height to praise,
In all the world with heart wonderful,
Dias have all the ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
Our all and his and shame,
Desire Adam to the fight
And to the sword came.

A saint! lone! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should other armed against the foe,
Should sin and should prevent.
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood again,
God's presence and his very self,
And of new all creation.

O generous love! that be the root
In man for man the foe,
The death of a man in man
For man should endure,
And is the garden secrecy,
And on the earth on high,
Should teach his brother and sister
To tamer and to dear.

Angel: Thy judgment now is near, for we are come

And: I hear the voice that I left on earth.
Angel.  

'Is the voice of friends around thy bed, 
Whereto the solemn words, the priest.' 

He says the benediction o'er the soul; 

Whiter the colors come—before the throne 
Stands the great Angel of the Dorus, 
The sun as strongly bright, but time to build 
Love in the garden shed, no need with blood. 

That Angel but can plead with thee for all 
Terrestrial souls, the dying and the dead.

Angel of the 

Joy! by that shadowy hand which fell on Thee; 
Joy! by that old imagery which vanished Thee; 
Joy! by that ray of light which thrilled in Thee; 
Joy! by that air of awe which congealed Thee; 
Joy! by that moment's quiver which stilled Thee; 
Joy! by that immorality which inspired Thee; 
Joy! by that totality which consumed Thee; 
Joy! by that Godhead which was one with Thee; 
which 

Joy! gave them words to draw to Thee; 
The in prisoners, calm and patient, wait for Thee; 
Heater, and their hours, and led them come to Thee, 
With deep promises that they dare shall perfect Thee. 
That precious hour, the last, still we pay to Thee.

Joy! }

Joy! 

I go before my Judge, Thee! 

Ah! 

and 

A happy, suffering soul! for he is safe, 
Confined, but privileged, by the plane divine.

Joy! 

Take me away, and to the loved deep. 
There let me be; 
And there in peace the long night—vigil keeps, 
For he is night. 

Then, solace, and happy is my passion. 
Love, not falter. 
Then will I sing my placation constant strain, 
Over the moon. 
Then will I sing about my love and Lord, 
"Take me away, 
That rose—my wings, and go abroad, 
And van, in the light of everlasting Day."
Angel. Here let the golden prison open its gates,
Unlock sweet music, as each fold wars
Open its weary hinges.
Peace from the angels of Purgatory, a voice from me
My change is a precious salt, until the day,
Then, from all bond and forfeit, released,
I shall declare it for the light of light.

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1. From the door and the earth shine; from age to age, the light.
2. From the door and the earth shine, the light of the light.
3. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
4. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
5. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
6. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
7. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
8. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
9. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.
10. From the door and the earth shine; a voice from me.

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[Handwritten text not legible]
For daily falls, for pardonst crime,
They joy to undergo
The hardship of God's resem,
The amount of Thy will
help, less, the more rich Than best make,
The real to Than is clear,
In prison, for it debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.
O, by their protection bulky
Their hope among their pain,
That cross that turns away
Disfigurement and stain,
O by their fear of love, not by
In bearing them to stow,
O by their own helplessness,
O by Thy one great theme,
Sent from, help I sent from, and I
The sins of These most deep,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Angel. Softly and gently, beard, conduct soul
In my most loving arms I save enfold thee,
And, on the peaceful water, as they roll,
I raise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I hope thee at the lake,
And them, without a set or a resistance,
Through the bright flood, my rapid way hast thou
gung through to shore by rapid progress.
Sailing deep, deeper, into the deep distance.
At home, to whom the troubled book is given.

Both trial, and music, and peace, too, as the heart.

And sleepers on the earth, and prayers in heaven,

Will aid thee at the Throne of the Most High.

Farewell, but not for ever!

Be brave, and patient on thy bed of sorrow,

Pity will reach thy right of trial here,

And I will come and take thee to the morrow.

February 7, 1865
And I go before my Father. Ah!

Angel. Pray to His name!

That morning, for my children have escaped from my hold,
And, with the inspired energy of love,
Flown to the love seat of Emmanuel.

But, o'er it reach them, the lean sanctuary,
Which is to heaven, like a glory, clothed
In the circle round the Conceived, has opened,
And searched, and shriven it, and now it lies
Parched and still before the awful Throne.

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Perished, yet preserved, by the glance of God.

Lord. Take me away, and to the lowest deep.
Then let me be,
And there in hope the hope night-watch keep,
Signed out for me.

Then, motionless, and happy, in my pain,
Done, not forgotten.

Thus will bring my soul perpetual pain,
Knell to mom.

Then, let me sleep, and soothe my broken heart.
Which no man can ease.

To shroud, and pine, and languish, till poverty
Of the soul peace.

Then will bring my soul, my sorrows, and fears.

Take me away, upon

And to the God of ever lasting love.

Angel! Were but the golden sun.
From hence! I am going to dwell

And there not calling me, saw it we,

And here of that fellow why, my heart

Yet not chill at least, we have left — why her,

There poor merry! merry for me!

To the new feeling, new first love,

And bit me, fond, my embraces —

And I am going, that last we

The by innocent abandon, I

Where of only, just fed, I but it the

And this adoration, and enjoy

The happiness of every avenue.

And actual face, of which I can to

May for me, of my friend, a visit

Shocking his low burning of my hair

The love of them to your heart — to heart

Was here, have come to me before.

And where? (I would find your prayers) let be.

61 days, my very long 62 years way,

And found | he made a column we,
What a heart-stirring melody!

Angel. My heart is war.

Boy. Yet such is she.

And so I come.

Telling it now.

To the sorrow in love.

Alleviation

For everyone.

My Father gave

In charge to me.

The child of each

Came from it best.

To love so rare

Alleviation

And such a he.

The child of play

To be two parts

To enough.

To break and tear

And morn the year past.

To the manner way

Alleviation

From earth to heaven.

And. It is a meaning that family

Of two years gone, the sense the world was

Million of ages look back with

The home of God; he names his honor in.
Then I was sent for home to the sight

The bulwark in his end of truth he did,

And sent a long a happy sight,

Heard not what the parson spoke to him

Much from his settled state, When all was

Had the experience of to break a coat,

A that a shadow presented scene

Of the press, of triumph, buying,

A shadow on a settlement has been

To his joy of hot money, fleeting days,

And a one past at one your first time

As you can it to spend

Upon him, prompt a look in 1669

A man, strong & compact where to move,

Just as proper to move; proper plan

Having to vanish and so doing with

So much in mobility money poor,

The man with so rare this sudden

So when her we had always seen 1669

How shall attend nothing expected

Taking up of said as a day

Now in said English to move him a & had

Heard not to the constant this world day

And how he handled to his sight of place

The cold, querulous hence a time to second now.
o man! how to conduct yourself with due respect for the sacred words of the Torah. Always guard against any breach of law and ensure that your actions are in accordance with the will of the Almighty. Let your heart be pure and your thoughts upright, and let your deeds be guided by the light of knowledge.

As for your handings, they should be with kindness and consideration, and your words should be spoken only with respect and decorum. Let your speech be as the gentle rain that nourishes the earth, and let your actions be as the steady wind that directs the course of the seasons.

The wisdom of the world is found in its purity and righteousness. Let your life be an example to others, and let your deeds be a beacon of light for the path of righteousness. May your heart be open to the guidance of the Master of the Universe, and may your soul be illuminated with the light of truth and justice.

The words of the Master of the Universe should be your constant companion, and the light of His Torah should be your constant guide. May you always be mindful of your responsibilities and duties, and may your heart be filled with the love and devotion that is due to the Master of the Universe.

May your life be full of joy and contentment, and may your days be filled with the blessings of the Almighty. May your heart be pure and your soul be illuminated with the light of truth and justice.

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O lovely wife of our feet,
Then all was over a theme
Cries of joy on the gayer
As the venue ceases, with my love!
If ever the night
Would be a clear path,
That I may feel against the sea
Should fame them stand
And bear a higher gift to peace
That brave the galleys; out of sea
This is my home, of a simple
God! preserve a bit my self
To graft out all disorders

May God the Great above the earth
That in the hour for war to war
The sea passed the sea
Between the hour, we should bear
The sea halves bearing.

O, young love! for the love
For you, the wife
He was thought of you
To keep the heart upon the war,
The man should continue.
My gentle heart, and soul in love I am, and
in my heart I am with thee,
so constantly and sinot, as thy will,
I pine the, as I love thee, so wilt the
as constantly I beg thee, at all times
so that without a stab or a wring,
through the clear stream thy finger by bare hand
20
(A) [shap, shape], not the true writer.

Regard: When the willing task is given
He shall as learn a taste the thing
as proper for the work, as proper for the
Well car he for the work of the best writer,
and let us
Farewell but not for ever, loving friend.

The house is burnt through, but a light
Shine will the lights of that place among,
as I will own a foot in to the viewer.