

O what a future awaits me. Up with God.
A theatre of revealing. I must walk
A mark'd perhaps a rough way circumspectly :
The path to life is narrow—must enter in
Through the straight gate. Assist me, Stooping One.
I have my lesson for the holiday—
The sacred season—diligently conned.
'Tis well and I will go. Stay, I am with you.
[exit running.]