

But more than all, his Saviour's sweet reproach
When vaunting of his love, though life the price—
"Ere the shrill cock shall tell of day's approach,
This very night thou shalt deny me thrice."

Oh, what a whelming flood of love and grief
Deluged his soul in that remorseful hour!
Where shall his breaking heart now find relief
From self reproach and conscience' bitter power?

He shivers at the blazing fire's glow;
He sickens at the soldier's revelry;
Without—the night, black night—suits best his woe;
There, wand'ring long, he weeps most bitterly.

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Oh, omnipresent God! make me perceive
For ever on my soul thy gaze divine;
So may no present things my heart deceive,
To give to them the love that should be thine:

But if, oblivious of thy presence here,
I venture my allegiance to deny,
Lord, give me grace, with deep remorse and fear,
To turn, and to repent most bitterly.

