

There I observed whole pages wrote
With never fading red,
While over others I beheld,
Black characters were spread.

Then said the Judge, the scarlet lines
Contain the names of those,
For which I shed my dearest blood,
And whom my father chose.

Before he made the darksome night,
Or ever day did dawn,
And for that reason here they stand,
In rosy scarlet drawn,

And in this list of bless'd souls,
I also set thy name,
Before this hand spread out the sky,
Or formed earth's morning frame,

And then he added with a smile,
Which made my heart rejoice ;
Could ought in thee commend thyself
As worthy of my choice.