

Alexander Pope.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

[The earlier form of this imitation of the Emperor HADRIAN's *Animula, vagula, blandula*, was written in 1712, and first printed in 1730. The present is the revised text of 1736. It is thought that POPE was somewhat indebted to the poem of FLATMAN which will be found in Volume VI. 293 of this Series.]

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame;
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature! cease thy strife;
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper! Angels say,
'Sister Spirit! come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! Can this be death?

The world recedes! It disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! My ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O, Grave! where is thy victory?
O, Death! where is thy sting?
