
"MILTON"

O, Milton! being blind more clearly thou
Could'st see the things that are not of the earth!
The windows of thy body being dark
Thou turn'st to the strong light within thy soul,
And saw the highest Heavens and lowest Hell
And all the mysteries that lie between,—
To thy illumined soul, scarce mysteries;
And gave to eyes unclouded, save by dust—
The whirling dust of life's incessant cares,
That hardly for the cloud can trace the heavens
Or see the abyss that yawns beneath their feet,—
In measured music of majestic verse,
Unheard through all the ages until thine,
Nor heard again, since Death benumb'd thy lips—
The Vision, in thy blindness, clear to thee.

LORD OF ALL

Lord of Death, of Love, of Life,
Help us, Jesus, through the strife
Of our journey, sad and lone,
O'er life's desert to Thy throne.

Here we struggle, pant and pray,
Longing that our night were day;
Christ, who struggled more than we,
Show the light that guides to Thee!

Only Thou canst bring us in,
Frèed from all life's dust and sin,
Pardoned, cleansed, redeemed by Thee,
Victors, through Thy victory.

IMPRISONED SONG

O for a Poet's power and tongue of gold,
To give expression to what fills my soul
Almost to bursting forth in song, till cold
Against the closed door of my lips it knocks;
Sinking again dissatisfied and foiled,
Unable yet to ope and pay the toll
Of gates held fast by dry and rusty locks.