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CAPTIVE OF LOVE

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villing?

THE pageant now is over, but He for whom 'twas  
given  
Remains to greet His people, e'en He, the Lord  
of Heaven!  
'Tis thus I would portray Him. Not when the  
blaze of light  
Burns brightest on the altar, and flowers, lilies  
white,  
And other perfumed petals breath praise, and  
censers swing,  
And prayers are wafted upward in honor of the  
King.

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But when the lights burn dimly, e'en tenderly  
'twould seem,  
And all is holy stillness, like some pure, peaceful  
dream,  
When kneeling in the shadows, suffused with rest  
and calm  
The mind is bathed and softened, and soothed  
with holy balm,