

O tide of death lifting the weed of life,  
O passive arbiter, indifferent power  
In whose still hand the kingdoms of the  
world

Lie like a beggar's coin, beneath whose  
heel

Nations are drifted dust, accept thou  
me.

The bubble of life is broken.

*Angel of Light—* Life begins.

Cover his face, kind Darkness, with  
thy wings

Smooth as the wild swan's breast. Let  
no wind wake

An echo in this holy solitude.

Let the enduring seasons with soft tread

Circle these sacred hills ; no falling star

Shiver the fine perfection of repose.

God hath his life. Guard Thou his  
mighty dust.

*Angel of Darkness—I am the firstborn angel.*

Ere this world

Was shapen, I endured within the void

Waiting the word of God. Beyond this  
world

I shall endure, when the young stars  
are driven