

AD DEUM.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst full reveal
The glory of Thy hiding place, or show
To my presumptuous eyes the bliss, the glow
Deific. Rather place thy heaviest seal
Upon that radiance which is all Thine own !
Keep me, oh Potter, to my lowly wheel !
Ward off my idle visions when I steal
Too close, heart-urged, to the eternal throne !

Yet death is terrible, and stern, and fain
I would escape his pitiless decree ;
Or, if I could, stretch hope beyond a dream.
Behold, this goodly earth holds many slain !
Many are stricken who in terror flee
They know not where, and love is not supreme.