

That passeth knowledge:

Thus he shared with Him  
His Cup of Passion, who had borne His Cross  
For many a weary year; drank deep and drained  
The chalice to the dregs; then stooped to kiss  
The Master's Feet, whereat, the Gracious One  
Laid His dear, wounded Hand upon his head  
To bless, to pardon.

Then the Vision passed,  
The glory vanished, and the angel train  
Followed the Lord they serve: the light of day  
Again shone round him as he knelt and yet  
The joy, the peace unspeakable, remained,  
Never to pass away.

He rose to go  
Forth to the daily task, as one who feels  
His days are numbered, for the Master's Cup,  
Divinely sweet, is still the cup of death,  
For Him, for us: those that shall drink therein  
Must die with Him; and so, the servant knew  
His Lord would call Him soon, and was as one  
Who draws toward his goal, at close of day,  
After a toilsome journey, or as one  
Whose task is nearly ended; who hath borne  
The burden and the heat, who gladly lays  
His sickle by, and hastens to his rest.

One day he sent for me, and I, who knew  
His work was finished, sought His lowly room,  
Bearing to Him the Bread of Life, to stay,  
To strengthen him, in that last, awful hour  
When flesh and spirit quail: confessed, annointed,  
Fed with the Food Divine, he prayed me wait  
A little while: "Not long," he said, "not long."  
Thereat I heard him whisper, "Mary, help!"  
"Sweet Jesu, mercy!" o'er and o'er again;  
"Mother of God have pity! Mary, help!"  
"My Jesu, mercy! Then, more faint and slow,  
"Jesu!" and "Mary!" as his eyes grew dim.  
Thereafter, silence, but the peace of God  
Was on his face, the peace of those who die  
In Mary's arms.