

As I proceed, do thou inspire ;  
 I would not walk, but run.  
 Did'st thou not bid me ask for *all* ?  
 And at my earnest pray'r,  
 Bid me look upward to the wall,  
 And read the writing *there* ?

Did'st thou not bid me hush my fears,  
 And clasp me to thy breast ;  
 In *oceans* of delicious tears,  
 That would'nt be repress'd ?  
 And *strive* to make me read aright,  
 The nature of my kin  
 To Thee, in frailty's sore despite,—  
 Too dark as yet within ?

How calm, at yon enchanting tryst,  
 Beneath the full orb'd moon,  
 I drank the tidings, " thou'rt the *Christ*,"  
 And begg'd a final boon ;  
 That Satan and his wretched crew,  
 Once conquer'd by my arm ;  
 Might be created fair anew,  
 And bolted out from harm.