

SURSUM

'Tnat 'mid the pulse of pain
I could not hear?

Its tones are those of earth,
Solemn, nor strange—
His voice? Doth then new birth
Bring naught of change,
Of human speech no dearth,
Where spirits range?

Surely he prayeth low
To God for me;
Methinks the words—but so
'Tis God's decree
That mortals may not know
What words they be.

And like the dying hymn
Of minster choir,
That floats through spaces dim,
High and yet higher,
And joins the cherubim
Ere it expire,—