

Glory transcendant, glory all Divine,
Yet full of utter love, of tenderness
No tongue can tell.

In His right Hand He bare
The Chalice of His Blood, the Holy Grail,
His Cup of love, of sorrow, bitter-sweet,
Which once He drained for us, the which He gives
To us, to drink therein.

The servant knelt,
And looked upon his Lord,—for perfect love
Casteth out fear, and all his heart was filled
With the great peace of God, with joy Divine,
Yet full of sweetest sadness, for he knew
He was not worthy of his Lord, he saw,
In those blest Hands and Feet, the deathless wounds
His sins had made; yet could but kneel and gaze
Into the Master's Face, the Face he loved.
And, as he lowly knelt, The Gracious One
Lifted His nail-pierced Hand, and signed to him
To draw yet nearer; then, with reverent awe,
Close to the Sacred Feet, the Servant bent
Down to the very dust; yet, once again,
Lifted his eyes to that most Blessed Face
Because he loved it.

Then the Master spake,
And all the joy wherewith the servant's heart
Was filled to overflowing as he gazed
Upon the Face Divine, seemed bitterness
Compareth to that with which his being thrilled
Hearing the Master speak.

What said He then?

I might not know, the servant's lips were sealed
And kept, full well, the secrets of The King;
Yet told he how the Lord had deigned to drink,
Once more, from out that Cup, and how He pressed
The sacred chalice to His servant's lips
And bade him drink of it, with Him; and how
The draught was bitter passing words, yet sweet
Beyond our mortal speech: how, as he drank,
He ever looked upon the Face of Christ,
And learned therein, the secret of His love