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Drawing us upward by a golden link.  
 Say dost thou love the MAN who died to save?  
 Say—canst thou sing this rapturous song?"

My head  
 Leaned on my hand, my eyes lay on the ground;  
 My heart dropt waters freely, as I said,  
 Would that I could!

"If so, what hinders then?  
 Hark to the voice. It speaketh to all men:  
 A most compassionats voice in sweetest sound.  
 Be glad—be glad! The Holy One, whom we  
 Have disregarded—even continually,  
 Offers us pardon, adding love to grace,  
 Glory to love, and immortality  
 To overwhelming glory. Grants us space  
 To turn and live—beseeches us to turn!  
 O what are we, that God should thus requite  
 Our evil with good, our darkness with such light!  
 Lift us from death, to live even in His sight,  
 Where pleasure abides.

Friend, what a God is this!"

I said: I know it—and yet know it as if  
 I scarcely knew it:—so strange a heart have I!  
 And he proceeded: making this reply:—

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