

DIES IRÆ,¹ DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
 While the pealing organ rung;
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain,
 Thus the holy Fathers sung.

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XXXI

HYMN FOR THE DEAD

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

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When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

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HUSH'D is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
 And did he wander forth alone?
 Alone, in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage?
 No; close beneath proud Newark's tower,
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;

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¹ *Dies iræ*—The famous Latin hymn sung for the repose of the souls of the dead, composed by Thomas of Celano in 1230. The first words are here given: "The day of wrath, that day shall the world melt in ashes."