

As creeps the hour on of the feast
The calf's life from all lives has ceased.

The jocund board resounds with mirth,
And pictures forth the fruitful earth.

The penitent shall sup this wine,
Who fed upon the husks of swine.

So sinners may return to God
Who deserts dark and wastes have trod.

In the far land arose his voice ;
The swine around him heard his choice.

Lo, at this gate he did arrive
To-day, one from the dead alive.