

Mons Angelorum

I am grown old. Death calls me as a sleep,
A rest desired, a rich forgetfulness,
After too much of life.

Angel of Darkness— Life is no more.

A little flame soon swallowed in the night,
A harp that hath no voice, a bow unstrung,
Pride of the grass and power of the reed,
Life is as swift in breaking. Peace be on
thee;

Mine are the wings of peace. Men call me
death,

But so God hath not named me.

Angel of Light— Life is past,

Thy ground is taken, thy tent is pitched for-
ever.

Drink of these wells and be forsworn of
sorrow,

Forsaken of weeping. Men have called me
death,

Yet am I less and greater.

Angel of Dreams— Peace be on thee,

Peace and good rest. Mine are the wings
of silence