

Enough that Faith reminds me,
Your spirits wander far
Beyond the fog that blinds me,
Above each glimmering star.

LAST WORDS OF SAUL.

(From SAUL.)

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

Now let me die, for I indeed was slain
With my three sons. Where are ye, sons? Oh let me
Find ye, that I may perish with you ; dying,
Cover you with my form, as doth the fowl
Cover her chickens! Oh, Philistia
Thou now art compensated,—now are getting
Rich with this crimson, hot, and molten tide ;
That waits not patient to be coined in drops,
But rushes, in an ingot-forming stream,
Out of the mine and mintage of my heart !
Oh my three poor dead sons, where are you? Ye
Have gone before me into the hereafter
Upon such innocence-flighted steps.
That I, with feet cumbered with clots of blood,
Shall lose of you all glimpse, and then my soul
Shall drop to the abyss. Gush faster, blood,
And gallop with my soul towards Hades,
That yawns obscure.
