

[Supposed to be written by one at

the point of death]

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,

My staff of faith to walk upon,

My scrip of joy, immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory,

hope's true gage,

And thus I'll take

my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,

No other balm will there be given,

Whilst my soul,

like a white palmer,

Travels to the land of heaven;

Over the silver mountains,

Where spring the nectar fountains;

And there I'll kiss

The bowl of bliss,

And drink my eternal fill

On every milken hill.

My soul will be a-dry before,

But after it will ne'er thirst more;

And by the happy blissful way

More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

That have shook off their

gowns of clay,

And go apparelled fresh like me.

I'll bring them first

To slake their thirst,

And then to taste

those nectar suckets,

At the clear wells

Where sweetness dwells,

Drawn up by saints

in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we

Are fill'd with immortality,

Then the holy paths we'll travel,

Strew'd with rubies

thick as gravel,

Ceilings of diamonds,

sapphire floors,

High walls of coral,

and pearl bowers.

From thence to heaven's

bribeless hall

Where no corrupted voices brawl,

No conscience molten into gold,

Nor forg'd accusers

bought and sold,

No cause deferr'd,

nor vain-spent journey,

For there Christ is

the king's attorney,

Who pleads for all without degrees,

And he hath angels, but no fees.

When the grand

twelve million jury

Of our sins and sinful fury,

'Gainst our souls

black verdicts give,

Christ pleads his death,

and then we live.

Be thou my speaker,

taintless pleader,

Unblotted lawyer, true proceder,

Thou movest salvation

even for alms,

Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea

To him that made heaven,

earth, and sea,

Seeing my flesh must die so soon,

And want a head to

dine next noon,

Just at the stroke when my veins

start and spread,

Set on my soul an

everlasting head.

Then am I ready,

like a palmer fit,

To tread those blest paths

which before I writ.

I was a Poet!

But I did not know it,

Neither did my Mother,

Nor my Sister nor my Brother.

The Rich were not aware of it;

The Poor took no care of it.

The Reverend Mr. Drewitt

Never knew it.

The High did not suspect it;

The Low could not detect it.

Aunt Sue

Said it was obviously untrue.

Uncle Ned

Said I was off my head.

(This from a Colonial

Was really a good testimonial.)

Still everybody seemed to think

That genius owes

a good deal to drink.

So that is how

I am not a poet now,

And why

My inspiration has run dry.

It is no sort of use

To cultivate the Muse

If vulgar people

Can't tell a village pump

from a church steeple.

I am merely apologizing

For the lack of the surprising

In what I write

To-night.

I am quite well-meaning,

But a lot of things

are always intervening

Between

What I mean

And what it is said

I had in my head.

It is all very puzzling.

Uncle Ned

Says Poets need muzzling.

He might

Be right.

Good-night!

Rise, O my soul!

with thy desires to heaven,

And with divinest

contemplation use

Thy time, when time's eternity

is given,

And let vain thoughts no more

thy thoughts abuse;

But down in darkness

let them lie;

So live thy better,

let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul,

inspired with holy flame,

View and review

with most regardful eye

That holy cross

whence thy salvation came,

On which thy Saviour

and thy sin did die!

For in the sacred object

is much pleasure,

And in that Saviour

is my life treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu!

I direct mine eyes,

To Thee my hands,

to Thee my humble knees;

To Thee my heart

shall offer sacrifice;

To Thee my thoughts,

who thoughts only see;

To Thee myself,

myself and all I give;

To Thee I die,

to Thee I only live.

Steer the ship of my life, Lord, to  
your quiet harbor, where I can be  
safe from the storms of  
sin and conflict.

Show me the course I should take.

Renew in me the gift of  
discernment, so that I can see the  
right direction in which

I should go.

And give me the strength and the

courage to choose the right course,

even when the sea is rough and

the waves are high, knowing that

through enduring hardship and

danger in your name we shall

find comfort and peace. Amen.

And Jesus came and spoke unto

them, saying, All power is given

unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all

nations, baptizing them in the

name of the Father, and of the

Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all

things whatsoever I have

commanded you: and, lo, I am

with you always, even unto the

end of the world. Amen.

And he said unto them, Go ye

into all the world, and preach the

gospel to every creature.

He that believeth and is baptized

shall be saved; but he that believeth

not shall be damned.

And these signs shall follow them

that believe; In my name shall

they cast out devils; they shall

Speak with new tongues;

They shall take up serpents; and

if they drink any deadly thing,

it shall not hurt them; they shall

lay hands on the sick,

and they shall recover.

So then after the Lord had spoken

unto them, he was received up

into heaven, and sat on the

right hand of God.

And they went forth, and

preached every where, the Lord

working with them, and

confirming the word with

signs following. Amen.

But ye shall receive power, after  
that the Holy Ghost is come upon  
you: and ye shall be witnesses  
unto me both in Jerusalem, and  
in all Judaea, and in Samaria,  
and unto the uttermost  
part of the earth.