

16 When he had been baptized,

Jesus came up immediately from

the water; and behold, the heavens

were opened to Him, and He saw

the Spirit of God descending like

a dove and alighting upon Him.

17 And suddenly a voice came

from heaven, saying, "This is My

beloved Son, in whom I am
well pleased."

O God the Holy Ghost

Who art light unto thine elect

Evermore enlighten us.

Thou who art fire of love

Evermore enkindle us.

Thou who art Lord and Giver of

Life,

Evermore live in us.

Thou who bestowest sevenfold

grace,

Evermore replenish us.

As the wind is thy symbol,

So forward our goings.

As the dove, so launch us

heavenwards.

As water, so purify our spirits.

As a cloud, so abate our

temptations.

As dew, so revive our languor.

As fire, so purge our dross.

Amen

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite,

the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

The furious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword

in hand;

Long time the manxome foe

he sought-

So rested he by the Tumtum tree

And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought

he stood,

The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came whiffling through the

tulgey wood,

And bubbled as it came!

One, two! One, two!

And through and through

The vorpal blade

went snicker-snack!

He left it dead, and with its head

He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain

the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms,

my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

How doth the little crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,

How neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in,

With gently smiling jaws!

"Fury said to

a mouse, That

he met

in the

house,

'Let us

both go

to law:

I will

prosecute

you.-

Come, I'll

take no

denial;

We must

have a

trial:

For

really

this

morning

I've

nothing

to do.'

Said the

mouse to

the cur,

'Such a

trial,

dear sir,

With no

jury or

judge,

would be

wasting

our breath.'

'I'll be

judge,

I'll be

jury.'

Said

cunning

old Fury;

'I'll try

the whole

cause,

and

condemn

you

to

death.' "