

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 burbled 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. ' "