**1. Eden:** [**Thomas Traherne**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/thomas-traherne)

A learned and a happy ignorance

          Divided me

      From all the vanity,

From all the sloth, care, pain, and sorrow that advance

      The madness and the misery

Of men. No error, no distraction I

Saw soil the earth, or overcloud the sky.

   I knew not that there was a serpent’s sting,

          Whose poison shed

      On men, did overspread

The world; nor did I dream of such a thing

      As sin, in which mankind lay dead.

They all were brisk and living wights to me,

Yea, pure and full of immortality.

   Joy, pleasure, beauty, kindness, glory, love,

          Sleep, day, life, light,

      Peace, melody, my sight,

My ears and heart did fill and freely move.

      All that I saw did me delight.

The Universe was then a world of treasure,

To me an universal world of pleasure.

   Unwelcome penitence was then unknown,

          Vain costly toys,

      Swearing and roaring boys,

Shops, markets, taverns, coaches, were unshown;

      So all things were that drown’d my joys:

No thorns chok’d up my path, nor hid the face

Of bliss and beauty, nor eclips’d the place.

   Only what Adam in his first estate,

          Did I behold;

      Hard silver and dry gold

As yet lay under ground; my blessed fate

      Was more acquainted with the old

And innocent delights which he did see

In his original simplicity.

   Those things which first his Eden did adorn,

          My infancy

      Did crown. Simplicity

Was my protection when I first was born.

      Mine eyes those treasures first did see

Which God first made. The first effects of love

My first enjoyments upon earth did prove;

   And were so great, and so divine, so pure;

          So fair and sweet,

      So true; when I did meet

Them here at first, they did my soul allure,

      And drew away my infant feet

Quite from the works of men; that I might see

The glorious wonders of the Deity.

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| **2. Song to David: Christopher Smart** |
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| SUBLIME—invention ever young, |  |
| Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue |  |
| To God th' eternal theme; |  |
| Notes from yon exaltations caught, |  |
| Unrivall'd royalty of thought | *5* |
| O'er meaner strains supreme. |  |
|  |  |
| His muse, bright angel of his verse, |  |
| Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce, |  |
| For all the pangs that rage; |  |
| Blest light still gaining on the gloom, | *10* |
| The more than Michal of his bloom, |  |
| Th' Abishag of his age. |  |
|  |  |
| He sang of God—the mighty source |  |
| Of all things—the stupendous force |  |
| On which all strength depends; | *15* |
| From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes, |  |
| All period, power, and enterprise |  |
| Commences, reigns, and ends. |  |
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| Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said |  |
| To Moses; while earth heard in dread, | *20* |
| And, smitten to the heart, |  |
| At once above, beneath, around, |  |
| All Nature, without voice or sound, |  |
| Replied, O LORD, THOU ART. |  |
|  |  |
| The world, the clustering spheres, He made; | *25* |
| The glorious light, the soothing shade, |  |
| Dale, champaign, grove, and hill; |  |
| The multitudinous abyss, |  |
| Where Secrecy remains in bliss, |  |
| And Wisdom hides her skill. | *30* |
|  |  |
| The pillars of the Lord are seven, |  |
| Which stand from earth to topmost heaven; |  |
| His Wisdom drew the plan; |  |
| His Word accomplish'd the design, |  |
| From brightest gem to deepest mine; | *35* |
| From Christ enthroned, to Man. |  |
|  |  |
| For Adoration all the ranks |  |
| Of Angels yield eternal thanks, |  |
| And David in the midst; |  |
| With God's good poor, which, last and least | *40* |
| In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast, |  |
| O blessèd Bridegroom, bidd'st! |  |
|  |  |
| For Adoration, David's Psalms |  |
| Lift up the heart to deeds of alms; |  |
| And he, who kneels and chants, | *45* |
| Prevails his passions to control, |  |
| Finds meat and medicine to the soul, |  |
| Which for translation pants. |  |
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| For Adoration, in the dome |  |
| Of Christ, the sparrows find a home, | *50* |
| And on His olives perch: |  |
| The swallow also dwells with thee, |  |
| O man of God's humility, |  |
| Within his Saviour's church. |  |
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| Sweet is the dew that falls betimes, | *55* |
| And drops upon the leafy limes; |  |
| Sweet Hermon's fragrant air: |  |
| Sweet is the lily's silver bell, |  |
| And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell |  |
| That watch for early prayer. | *60* |
|  |  |
| Sweet the young nurse, with love intense, |  |
| Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence; |  |
| Sweet, when the lost arrive: |  |
| Sweet the musician's ardour beats, |  |
| While his vague mind's in quest of sweets, | *65* |
| The choicest flowers to hive. |  |
|  |  |
| Strong is the horse upon his speed; |  |
| Strong in pursuit the rapid glede, |  |
| Which makes at once his game: |  |
| Strong the tall ostrich on the ground; | *70* |
| Strong through the turbulent profound |  |
| Shoots Xiphias to his aim. |  |
|  |  |
| Strong is the lion—like a coal |  |
| His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole |  |
| His chest against the foes: | *75* |
| Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail; |  |
| Strong against tide th' enormous whale |  |
| Emerges as he goes. |  |
|  |  |
| But stronger still, in earth and air, |  |
| And in the sea, the man of prayer, | *80* |
| And far beneath the tide: |  |
| And in the seat to faith assign'd, |  |
| Where ask is have, where seek is find, |  |
| Where knock is open wide. |  |
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| Precious the penitential tear; | *85* |
| And precious is the sigh sincere, |  |
| Acceptable to God: |  |
| And precious are the winning flowers, |  |
| In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers |  |
| Bound on the hallow'd sod. | *90* |
|  |  |
| Glorious the sun in mid career; |  |
| Glorious th' assembled fires appear; |  |
| Glorious the comet's train: |  |
| Glorious the trumpet and alarm; |  |
| Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm; | *95* |
| Glorious th' enraptured main: |  |
|  |  |
| Glorious the northern lights astream; |  |
| Glorious the song, when God 's the theme; |  |
| Glorious the thunder's roar: |  |
| Glorious Hosanna from the den; | *100* |
| Glorious the catholic Amen; |  |
| Glorious the martyr's gore: |  |
|  |  |
| Glorious—more glorious—is the crown |  |
| Of Him that brought salvation down, |  |
| By meekness call'd thy Son: | *105* |
| Thou that stupendous truth believed;— |  |
| And now the matchless deed 's achieved, |  |
| Determined, dared, and done! |  |

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| GLOSS:  glede] kite.  Xiphias] sword-fish. |

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| **3. Lucifer in Starlight: George Meredith.** |
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| ON a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose. |  |
| Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend |  |
| Above the rolling ball in cloud part screen'd, |  |
| Where sinners hugg'd their spectre of repose. |  |
| Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those. | *5* |
| And now upon his western wing he lean'd, |  |
| Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careen'd, |  |
| Now the black planet shadow'd Arctic snows. |  |
| Soaring through wider zones that prick'd his scars |  |
| With memory of the old revolt from Awe, | *10* |
| He reach'd a middle height, and at the stars, |  |
| Which are the brain of heaven, he look'd, and sank. |  |
| Around the ancient track march'd, rank on rank, |  |
| The army of unalterable law. |  |

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**4. There Was a Saviour: Dylan Thomas**

There was a saviour   
Rarer than radium,   
Commoner than water, crueller than truth;   
Children kept from the sun   
Assembled at his tongue   
To hear the golden note turn in a groove,   
Prisoners of wishes locked their eyes   
In the jails and studies of his keyless smiles.   
  
The voice of children says   
From a lost wilderness   
There was calm to be done in his safe unrest,   
When hindering man hurt   
Man, animal, or bird   
We hid our fears in that murdering breath,   
Silence, silence to do, when earth grew loud,   
In lairs and asylums of the tremendous shout.   
  
There was glory to hear   
In the churches of his tears,   
Under his downy arm you sighed as he struck,   
O you who could not cry   
On to the ground when a man died   
Put a tear for joy in the unearthly flood   
And laid your cheek against a cloud-formed shell:   
Now in the dark there is only yourself and myself.   
  
Two proud, blacked brothers cry,   
Winter-locked side by side,   
To this inhospitable hollow year,   
O we who could not stir   
One lean sigh when we heard   
Greed on man beating near and fire neighbour   
But wailed and nested in the sky-blue wall   
Now break a giant tear for the little known fall,   
  
For the drooping of homes   
That did not nurse our bones,   
Brave deaths of only ones but never found,   
Now see, alone in us,   
Our own true strangers' dust   
Ride through the doors of our unentered house.   
Exiled in us we arouse the soft,   
Unclenched, armless, silk and rough love that breaks all rocks.

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