

THE PHOENIX

[Resemblances between *The Phoenix* and Cynewulf's acknowledged poems have led some to accept him as the author of this work, but there is no certainty in the matter. The first half of the poem—describing the Earthly Paradise, the beauty of the bird, its flight to the palm-tree in Syria when full of years, the building of its nest, its death and new birth—is derived from a Latin poem, *De Ave Phoenix*, which has been attributed to Lactantius. But the English poet works freely. He expands, omits, and changes; he gives to remainder of the poem, in which the phoenix is taken as a symbol of the Christian life in this world and the next, and also as a symbol of Christ, is not based on Lactantius. The poem embodies very old beliefs and traditions. In Egypt the phoenix was regarded as a symbol of the rising sun and of resurrection. The account in Herodotus is that the bird flies from Arabia plastered up in myrrh, and buries him in the temple. This comes to pass about every five hundred years. In other versions of the story the bird is burned to ashes on the altar of the temple, and from the ashes rises to new life. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, says there is only one phoenix alive at a time and that it is burned in its nest. From its corpse comes a worm which changes into the new phoenix. It is this version which is used in Lactantius and in the English poem. Early Christian writers adopted the phoenix as a symbol and proof of resurrection, and also as a symbol of Christ. The phoenix survived the Middle Ages and is often found in the Elizabethans. Shakespeare, for example, uses the old story when he wishes to praise Elizabeth and her successor:

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd.]

I

I HAVE heard that far hence in the east is the noblest of lands,
famous among men. The face of the land is not to be found
across the world by many of the earth's dwellers, but by God's
might it is set afar off from evildoers. Lovely is all the land,

dowered with delights, with earth's sweetest scents; matchless is that water-land, noble its Maker, proud, rich in power; He created the country. There often to the blessed the delight of harmonies, the door of heaven is set open and revealed. That is a fair field, green forests spread beneath the skies. There neither rain, nor snow, nor the breath of frost, nor the blast of fire, nor the fall of hail, nor the dropping of rime, nor the heat of the sun, nor unbroken cold, nor warm weather, nor wintry shower shall do any hurt; but the land lies happy and unharmed. That noble land is abloom with flowers. No hills or mountains stand there steeply, nor do stone cliffs rise aloft, as here with us; nor are there valleys, or dales, or hill caves, mounds or rising ground; nor are there any rough slopes there at all. But the noble field is fruitful under the sky, blossoming in beauty. That radiant land is twelve fathoms higher (so wise sages in their wisdom tell us in their writings from hearsay) than any of the mountains, which here with us rise aloft in brightness under the stars.

Gentle is that plain of victory; the sunny grove gleams; pleasant is the forest. Fruits fall not, bright are the blooms; but the trees stand ever green as God bade them. Winter and summer alike the forest is hung with fruits; the leaves under the sky shall never wither away, nor the fire ever do them hurt, before a change comes over the world. When long ago the torrent of water, the sea flood whelmed all the world, the circuit of the earth, then by God's grace the noble field stood secure from the rush of wild waves, no whit harmed, happy, undefiled. Thus it shall bide in blossom till the coming of the fire, the judgment of God, when the graves, the tombs of men, shall be torn open. There is no foe in the land, nor weeping, nor woe, nor sign of grief, nor old age, nor sorrow, nor cruel death, nor loss of life, nor the coming of a hateful thing, nor sin, nor strife, nor sad grief, nor the struggle of poverty, nor lack of wealth, nor sorrow, nor sleep, nor heavy illness, nor wintry storm, nor change of weather fierce under the heavens; nor does hard frost with chill icicles beat upon anyone. Neither hail nor rime falls on the ground there; nor is there a windy cloud; nor does water come down there, driven by the gust; but there the streams, wondrously splendid, gush welling forth; they water the land with fair fountains; winsome waters from the midst of the forests, which spring ocean cold from the soil, sometimes go gloriously through the whole grove. It is the Lord's behest that the beautiful flowing water should cross that glorious land twelve

times. The groves are hung with blossomings, with fair fruits; there the ornaments of the forest, holy under heaven, never fade; nor do the yellow fruits, the beauty of the trees, fall to the ground there; but the branches on the trees there are always splendidly laden, the fruit ever new. On the grassy plain green stands the brightness of groves, joyfully decked by the Holy One's power; the forest keeps its colour unfading. There the sacred fragrance fills that land of joy. That shall never suffer change till He who shaped it in the beginning bring the old, long-established work to an end.¹

II

A bird wondrous fair, mighty in its wings, which is called the Phoenix, dwells in that wood. Alone there it holds its abode, its brave way of life; never shall death do it hurt in that pleasant place while the world endures. There it is said to gaze on the sun's going and to come face to face with God's candle, the gracious jewel, to watch eagerly till the noblest of heavenly bodies rises gleaming over the waves of the sea from the east, the ancient work of the Father, radiant sign of God, shining in its adornments. The stars are hidden, whelmed under the waves in the west, quenched in the dawn; and the dark night departs with its gloom. Then the bird, mighty in flight, proud of its pinions, gazes eagerly at the ocean, across the waters under the sky, till the light of the firmament comes gliding up from the east over the vast sea.

So the noble bird in its changeless beauty by the water-spring dwells by the surging streams. There the glorious creature bathes twelve times in the brook before the coming of the beacon, heaven's candle; and even as many times, at every bath, cold as the sea, it tastes the pleasant waters of the spring. Then after its sport in the water it rises proudly to a lofty tree, whence most easily it can see the movement in the east when the taper of the sky, the gleaming light, shines clearly over the tossing waters. The land is beautified, the world is made fair, when the glorious gem, most famed of heavenly bodies, passing over the sweep of the sea, pours light on the land throughout the world.

¹ The legend of an Earthly Paradise such as that described here is ancient and widespread. Compare, for instance, with this passage Genesis ii; *Odyssey*, Book vii; Dante's *Purgatory*, xxviii.

As soon as the sun towers high over the salt streams the grey bird goes in its brightness from the tree in the grove; swift in its wings, it flies aloft, pours forth harmony and song to the sky. Then so fair is the way of the bird, its heart uplifted, exulting in gladness, it sings a varied song with clear voice more wondrously than ever a son of man heard under the heavens since the mighty King, the Creator of glory, established the world, heaven and earth. The harmony of that song is sweeter and fairer than all music, and more pleasant than any melody. Neither trumpets, nor horns, nor the sound of the harp, nor the voice of any man on earth, nor the peal of the organ, nor the sweetness of song, nor the swan's plumage, nor any of the delights which God hath devised to gladden men in this dreary world can equal that outpouring. Thus it sings and chants, blissfully glad, till the sun has sunk in the southern sky. Then it is silent and falls to listening; it lifts up its head, bold, safe in thought; and thrice it shakes its feathers swift in flight; the bird is mute.

Ever it notes the hours twelve times day and night, as it is decreed, so that it, the dweller in the grove, may there possess the plain in gladness and enjoy happiness, life and delights, the beauties of the land, until it, the guardian of the forest grove, has lived for a thousand years of this life. Then aged, old in years, the grey-feathered one is weighed down; the glory of birds flees from the green earth, the blossoming land; and then seeks as its dwelling and home a vast tract in the world where no men live. There in its might it holds sway over the race of birds, supreme in the troop; and for a while it dwells in the wilderness with them. Then mighty in flight, swift in its pinions, pressed down by years, it goes flying westwards. Birds press round the noble one; each is intent to serve and follow the famous lord, until with a countless train it comes to the Syrians' land. There on a sudden the pure bird parts from them, so that it inhabits a desert place in the shade in a forest grove, covered and concealed from the throng of men. There in the wood it bides and dwells on a lofty tree firm-rooted, under the vault of heaven; men call the tree 'Phoenix' on earth from the name of the bird. The glorious King, the Lord of mankind, has, I have heard, granted to the tree, that of all trees which tower aloft on the

¹ The Greek word *φοινῖς* means both palm-tree and phoenix. Confusion sometimes resulted. In Job xxix. 18 ('Then I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand'), the Hebrew word translated by *sand* also meant phoenix. Probably the author meant phoenix. In the Septuagint the word was translated by *φοινῖς*, and in the Vulgate this appears as *palmia*.

earth this one is brightest in blossom. Nothing bitter may cruelly hurt it, but, ever guarded, it shall bide unscathed while the world endures.

III

When the wind is hushed and the weather is fair, and the jewel of heaven shines clear in its holiness, when the clouds are scattered, and the masses of water lie calm, when all storms are stilled under the sky, and the candle of the sky gleams from the south, and sheds light and warmth upon men, then it begins to build in the branches, to fashion its nest. Great eagerness has it, through the urging of its mind, to change old age for life, to lay hold on youth. Then far and near it gleams and gathers the sweetest things, pleasant plants and blossoms of the wood for its dwelling, every sweet odour of pleasant plants which the glorious King, the Father of all creatures, created upon the earth, sweetest under heaven, for the glory of mankind. It bears the bright treasure within the tree, where fair and beauteous the wild bird fashions its house in the wilderness on the tall tree, and dwells there itself in its lofty station, and in the leafy shade surrounds its body and wings on every side with sacred odours and the noblest blossoms of earth; it perches ready for flight. When the jewel of the sky, the sun in the summertime, shines most hotly above the shade, and goes its appointed course, o'erlooks all the world, then its house is heated by the cloudless heaven; the plants grow warm, the pleasant dwelling gives out sweet odours; then in the glow the bird is burnt with its nest in the fire's embrace. The pile is kindled; then flame enfolds the sad creature's dwelling; fiercely it hastens, the yellow flame consumes; and the Phoenix, aged with long years, is burnt; then fire falls on the frail body. The life, the spirit of the fated creature, is about to fare forth; then the funeral fire burns flesh and bone. Yet after due time life returns to it anew once more, when the ashes after the surging flame begin to draw together again, shrunk to a ball. When the brightest of nests, the abode of the valiant bird, is wholly destroyed by fire, its corpse has grown cold, its frame is shattered, and the burning dies away. Then out of the pile, in the ashes, the likeness of an apple is afterwards found. From it grows a worm, wondrous fair, as if it had been brought forth from eggs, bright from the shell.

Then it grows up in the shade, so that at first it is like the

eagle's young, a fair fledgling. Then yet further it happily flourishes, till in stature it is like an old eagle, and after that in rich array of plumage, brightly bedecked as it was in the beginning. Then its flesh is all fashioned anew, born again, set apart from sins. Somewhat as men at the harvest bring home for their sustenance the fruits of the earth, pleasant food, ere the coming of winter, at reaping-time, lest a downpour of rain destroy them under the clouds; therein they find benefit, the pleasure of feasting, when frost and snow cover the earth in winter garments with mighty power. From those fruits the wealth of men shall again spring forth by the nature of grain, which is first sown merely as a seed; then the sun's brightness, the symbol of life, in the spring brings forth worldly treasure, so that the fruits, the rich produce of the earth, are born again by their own nature. Thus the bird, grown old after years, renews its youth, clothed in flesh. It does not take food, meat on the earth, except that it eats a little honey-dew which often falls at midnight. Thereby the brave bird fosters its life, until once more it seeks its ancient abode, its own dwelling.

IV

When the bird, proud of its plumage, grows up among the plants, when its life is renewed, young, full of grace, then, swift in limb, from the dust it gathers its body, the remnant of the burning, which the fire destroyed before. Artfully it collects the bones, crumbled after the stress of the fire; and then puts together again bones and ashes, the leavings of the flame; and spreads with plants that spoil of death, richly arrayed. Then it is driven to seek its own home once more. Then with its feet it lays hold on the relics of the fire, clutches them with its claws; and joyously seeks again its home-land, sunny haunts, happy native country. All shall be made anew, its life and feathery dress, as it was in the beginning, when first victorious God placed it in the noble plain. It brings there its own bones, the ashes too, which the surge of fire embraced before on the funeral pile.

Then the valiant bird buries the bones and ashes all together in that water-land. The sign of the sun is renewed for him, when the light of the sky, brightest of jewels, the best of noble stars, shines up from the east over the sea. The bird is ever fair of hue, bright with varied shades in front round the breast;

green is its head behind, wondrously mingled, blended with purple. Then the tail is beautifully divided, part brown, part crimson, part artfully speckled with white spots. The wings are white at the tip and the neck green, downward and upward; and the beak gleams like glass or a jewel; bright are its jaws, within and without. Strong is the quality of its eye and in hue like a stone, a bright gem, when by the craft of smiths it is set in a golden vessel. About its neck like the round of the sun is the brightest of rings woven of feathers. Of rare beauty is the belly beneath, wondrous fair, bright and gleaming. The covering above, over the bird's back, is joined together with rich array. The legs and yellow feet are overgrown with scales. The bird is wholly peerless in aspect, like a peacock of fair growth, of which writings speak. It is not sluggish nor slothful, dull nor torpid as some birds who wing their way slowly through the air, but it is speedy and swift and very alert, fair and winsome, and gloriously marked. Eternal is the Lord who grants it that bliss.

Then it departs from this country to seek the plains, its ancient abode. As the bird flies, it is seen by people, by many men throughout the world. Then they assemble in troops from south and north, from east and west; they come from far and near in hosts where they behold the Creator's grace fairly manifest in that bird, as the King of victories at the beginning bestowed a rare nature upon it, adornments fair beyond the race of birds. Then men throughout the earth marvel at its beauty and stature; and their writings set it forth. They shape it in marble with their hands, whenever the day and the hour reveal to men the splendours of the bird swift in flight.

Then the race of birds press round on all sides in bands; they come from distant ways; they praise in their song, they exalt the brave bird with loud voices; and thus they circle that sacred bird with a ring, while they fly in the air. The Phoenix is in the midst, thronged round by hosts. The people behold; they gaze in wonder at how the faithful band, flock after flock, honour the wild bird, mightily proclaim it and make it known for king, how they bring the loved prince of the people, the noble one, with joy to his dwelling, until the solitary bird, swift of wing, flies off, so that the melodious band cannot follow it. Then the delight of men seeks its homeland away from this part of earth.

V

Thus the blessed bird after the hour of death visits once more its old country, the fair land. Sad at heart, the birds return from the warrior again to their dwelling. Then the noble creature is young in its haunts. Only God, the Almighty King, knows what its sex is, female or male; none of mankind knows, save God alone, how wondrous are the rulings, the fair decree of old, concerning that bird's birth. There the blessed one in the forest groves may take pleasure in its abode, in the gushing streams; it may dwell in the plain till a thousand years have passed. Then comes the end of its life; the funeral pile covers it, the kindled fire. Yet, strangely stirred, it returns wondrously to life. Wherefore it reckes not of languishing death, the sore torment of dying, for it knows that after the stress of the fire new life, existence after death, is always its portion, when quickly it is transformed in shape of a bird, grows young again once more from the ashes under the sheltering sky. In itself it is both son and dear father, and ever also the heir again should so wondrously become again the same that erstwhile it was, clothed with feathers, though fire take it off.

Thus each of the blessed makes choice for himself through dark death of eternal life after tribulation, so that after his lifetime he may enjoy God's grace in lasting joys; and ever afterwards as reward for his deeds dwell in that world. The nature of this bird is very like the chosen ones, the followers of Christ. It shows forth unto men how they with the Father's help may possess in this time of danger bright joy under heaven, and in the home on high gain noble bliss. We have learned that the Almighty created man and woman by His marvellous might; and then He set them in the fairest of earth's places, which the sons of men call Paradise. They lacked no happiness there; that new delight, whilst they were willing to observe the Eternal One's behest, the command of the Holy One. There hated did them hurt, the ancient foe's malice, who offered them food, against God's command they tasted what was forbidden. Then bitter sorrow came upon them after the eating, and on their children also; a sorry feast was that for their sons and daughters; their greedy teeth were grievous unto them. Retribution followed guilt; they bore the wrath of God, bitter dire grief;

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and their children since have suffered sorrow because they are that food against the Eternal One's command. Therefore they were destined, heavy at heart, to forsake their pleasant abode because of the serpent's hate. Grievously it beguiled our parents then in past days with deceitful spirit, so that far from thence in this valley of death they sought their abode, a more drear dwelling. From them the better life was hidden by darkness, and the holy ground fast closed by the fiend's cunning for many years, until the King of glory, the Joy of mankind, the Consoler of the weary and our only Hope opened it once more for the holy by His coming hither.

VI

Like unto that, by what scholars tell us in words and writings set forth, is this bird's way of life, when, grown old, it forsakes its dwelling and home-land and is stricken with age. Weary-hearted, weighed down with years, it departs to where it finds the lofty shelter of the forest in which with twigs and choicest herbs it fashions a new abode, a nest in the grove. Great eagerness has it, that, young once again, it may lay hold on life old home, its sunny haunts, after its fiery bath. So those who went before us, our parents, turned their backs on the fair plain and the glorious abode in its beauty, went a far journey into the power of the wicked, where foes, wretched creatures, often did them hurt. Yet there were many who under the heavens obeyed the Lord well in holy ways, in glorious deeds, so that God, the great King of heaven, was gracious in heart unto them. That is the high tree in which now His holy ones have their dwelling; none of the old foes can do them any hurt there with venom, with show of malice in this perilous time. There by glorious deeds God's warrior fashions himself a nest against every onset when he gives alms to the poor, to those bereft of good things, and calls God the Father to aid him; he hastens forth from this fleeting life, quenches sins, black deeds of evil, holds God's law, unafraid in his heart; and seeks prayer with pure thoughts, and bows his knee in piety to the ground, shuns every evil, terrible and guilt, through fear of God. Glad at heart he longs to achieve the greatest number of good deeds; God, the Ruler of victories, the Lord of hosts, is his guardian at all times. These are the herbs, the fruits of plants, which the wild bird gathers far and

wide under the sky for its dwelling, where it fashions its nest wondrously firm against every onset.

So now in their habitations the warriors of God work His will with heart and might, attempt glorious deeds; the eternal Almighty will grant them blessed guerdon for that. From those plants a dwelling-place shall be fashioned in the heavenly city as a reward for their deeds, because day and night with fervent minds they let not holy counsel grow cold in their hearts; they praise the Lord with pure faith; they choose their Loved One rather than worldly wealth; nor does the hope of long possessing this fleeting life bring joy unto them. Thus a worthy man by his zeal shall earn joy everlasting, a heavenly home with the King on high, till the end of his days comes, when death, the ravenous foeman, mighty in weapons, lays hold on the life of every man, and swiftly sends the frail bodies, bereft of their souls, into the earth's embrace, where for long they shall be covered with the ground till the coming of the fire. Then a great host of mankind shall be gathered together; the Father of angels, the true King of victory, the Lord of hosts, will hold assembly, will judge according to right. Then shall all men on earth be raised up, as the mighty King, the Prince of angels, the Saviour of souls, sends forth His behest with the blast of the trumpet over the wide world. Dark death shall be done with for the blessed by the might of the Lord. They shall go in glory, press forward in throngs, when this world, because of its guilt, burns in fire, consumed by the flame. Everyone shall feel fear in his heart when the fire ruins the fleeting riches of the land, and the flame wholly devours the treasures of earth, greedily clutches the apple-shaped gold, ravenously swallows the wealth of the land. Then in that revealing time the fair and glad some meaning of this bird shall be made plain to men when the Lord shall raise up all in their graves, gather the bones, the limbs, and the body also and the spirit of life, before Christ's knee. Gloriously the King, the beauteous Jewel of heaven, shines on the holy from His high throne. Well shall it be for him who in that dread time may please God.

VII

Then will bodies cleansed from sins move with glad hearts; souls will turn to the frames which held them, when the fire mounts high to heaven. The dread flame will be hot for many,

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when everyone, righteous and sinful, the soul with the body, from his earthy grave shall seek God's judgement, stricken with fear. The fire shall march onward; it shall consume sins. There the blessed after their time of suffering shall be clothed with their works, their own deeds. These noble ones are the pleasant plants wherewith that wild bird girdles its own nest without, so that on a sudden it burns with fire, is consumed under the sun, and itself therewith; and then after the flame it once more renews its life. So everyone of mankind clothed in flesh shall be beautiful and renewed in youth, who of his own will here brings it to pass that the King of heaven in His might will be merciful at that meeting, when holy spirits shall shout aloud and righteous souls shall lift up a song, and the pure and chosen praise the King's majesty; voice after voice shall rise to heaven with the fragrance of their good deeds.

Then shall the souls of men be tested, brightly cleansed by the burning fire. Let none of the race of men think that I make my song, write my poetry, of false words! Harken to the wisdom of Job's songs. By the inspiration of his spirit, stirred in his breast, gloriously honoured, he boldly spoke and uttered these words:¹ 'I scorn not in the thoughts of my heart to choose a bed of death in my nest, to go wretched hence, a man sore wearied, on the long journey, covered with clay, into the clasp of earth, mourning my past deeds; and then after death by grace of God after resurrection I may be able like the bird Phoenix to possess life anew, delights with God, where the precious company praise the Loved One. Never shall I be able to see the end of that life, of light and mercies. Though my flesh fall to decay in its earthy dwelling, a delight to the worms, yet the God of hosts will deliver my soul after death, and rouse it to glory; the hope of that never fails in my heart, for I hold firm to a constant joy in the Prince of angels.'

Thus in days long past the wise man, sage in heart, the prophet of God, sang of his resurrection into life everlasting, so that we might more clearly perceive the glorious token that the bright bird offers in its burning. After the fire it gathers the remnants of the bones, the ashes, and embers all together. Then the bird brings them in its feet to the Lord's abode, towards the sun, where afterwards they dwell many years, shaped anew in stature, wholly young again. There in that land none threaten them with harm. So now after death by

¹ The passage which follows is a paraphrase of Job xix. 18 and xix. 25, 26. For the reference to the phoenix in Job, see the preceding note (p. 242).

the night of God souls shall set forth with the body, fairly adorned, like unto that bird, in joy, with fragrant perfumes, where the true sun shines in its beauty over the hosts in the heavenly city.

VIII

Then high above the vaults of the sky the Saviour Christ shall shine on the righteous. Fair birds shall follow Him born again in beauty, gladly exulting in that happy home, chosen spirits, for ever and ever. There the hostile, shameless fiend cannot with malice evilly hurt them, but there for ever they will live, robed in light, as the bird Phoenix, in God's safe keeping, beauteous in glory. The works of each one shall gleam brightly in that glad abode before the face of the Lord everlasting, ever in peace, like the sun. There a radiant crown wondrously fashioned of precious stones shall rise over the head of each of the blessed. The heads shall gleam, gloriously covered; a princely diadem shall adorn with rare beauty each of the righteous brightly in that life, where lasting joy, eternal and renewed, never passes away; but girt round with glory they shall dwell in beauty amid fair adornments, with the Father of angels. No sorrow shall fall on them in those abodes, no misery, or poverty, or troubled days, hot hunger nor bitter thirst, suffering nor old age; the excellent King shall grant them every good thing. There the band of spirits shall praise the Saviour and proclaim the power of the heavenly King, chant God's praise. The peaceful troop shall make melody with loudest outburst, clear-sounding round the holy throne of God. Gladly the worthy ones with the angels shall bless the best of Princes in unison, thus:

'Peace be to Thee, true God, and skill of wisdom, and thanks be to Thee, who sittest in glory, for all the good gifts granted of late! Great beyond measure is the strength of Thy might, exalted and holy. Father almighty, Majesty of majesties, the heavens are beautifully filled with Thy glory, above with the angels and also on earth. Thou who didst shape the beginnings of things, protect us! Thou art the Father almighty, the Lord of heavens on high.'

Thus speak the doers of right, purified of evil, in the glorious city; the company of the righteous declare His Majesty, sing the Saviour's praise in heaven, to whom alone belongs eternal

honour henceforth without end. There was never origin for Him, nor a beginning of His blessedness, though in the state of a child He was born here in the world. Yet the greatness of His power, glory indestructible, remained in its holiness high above the heavens, though He was doomed to suffer on the cross the agony of death, grievous torment. On the third day after the death of His body He received life again by the help of the Father. Thus does the Phoenix, young in its dwelling, betoken the power of the Son of God, when from its ashes it rises again to the life of life, strong in its limbs. Thus the Saviour brought us succour, life without end, by the death of His body. Thus the bird loads its two wings with sweet and pleasant plants, with fair fruits of the earth, when it is driven forth. These are the words, the utterance of holy men—as the Scriptures tell us—whose hearts are urged on to heaven, to the God of mercy, to the joy of joys. Then to God, to the Lord, as an offering, they bring the fragrant perfume of their words and deeds into that glorious realm, into that pure life. Praise be to Him for ever and ever and fullness of glory, honour, and power in the heavenly kingdom on high. He is rightly King of the world and of heaven, girt round with glory in the fair city.

The Author of light has granted us that here we may earn, win by good deeds, delights in heaven. There we may seek out the most spacious realms and sit in lofty seats, live in the joy of light and peace, dwell in gracious abodes of gladness, enjoy happy days, ever behold the Prince of victory merciful and mild, and, happy among the angels, sing His praise with endless worship. Alleluia.