4. 'They are all gone into the world of light'

They are all gone into the world of light! And I alone sit ling'ring here; Their very memory is clear and bright, And my sad thoughts do clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest Like stars upon some gloomy grove, Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest, After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory, Whose light doth trample on my days: My days, which are at best but dull and hoary, Meer glimering and decays.

Dear beauteous Death! the Jewel of the Just, Shining nowhere but in the dark; What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust; Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know At first sight, if the bird be flown; But what fair Well, or Grove he sings now, That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams Call to the soul, when man doth sleep: So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes, And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb Her captive flames must needs burn there; But when the hand that lockt her up, gives room, She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal Life, and all Created glories under Thee! Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill My perspective (still) as they pass, Or else remove me hence unto that Hill, Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughan























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