

Epilogue

TRANSCEND, O Mage, thy soul redeemed!
Her mercy shone where sorrow steamed.
Exalted in the skies of even
Virtue hath cleared thy way to Heaven.

In darkness hides the glittering ore.
Revealed thy Light, O mystic lore
Given by GOD, lest I should err
In dexter or in sinister.

Now Mary Virgin to my speech
Married Her fire that all and each
At last should gather to the Tryst,
Ripe suns arisen above the mist!

Yea! Thou hast given me favour! Yea!
In utmost love and awe we pray;
Devoted to Thy reverence
Enkindle I time sweet incense.

Secure from all the fears that chill,
In peace from them that rage and kill;
Receive, O Queen, the glad Oration
Even from a lost and pagan nation.

But Thou will make us wholly fit
Unto Thy grace and care of it,
Till all the Elixir do receive
[Amen!] to heal the hurt of Eve.

Amen.