

## ISAIAH.

### A SONNET.

THE world is dusk, expectant of its doom ;  
Foulness is rampant, purity is dumb ;  
Despair stalks terrible. But I am come,  
God-nurtured, in the void abyss of gloom ;  
The Spirit of my God is set on me ;  
He hath anointed me to preach glad news  
Unto the meek ; the broken heart to loose,  
To utter to the captive liberty,  
The prison's opening to all the bound,  
And unto all men to proclaim aloud  
The year acceptable before the Lord.  
Therefore He fills my voice with silvery sound,  
And by His spirit, a pillar of fire and cloud,  
My eyes are lightning, and my tongue a sword.