

THE ORGAN IN KING'S CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

THEN silence, and the veil of light is raised
And darkness seen behind. Now softly sound
The Angels' herald-trumpets, calling round
Thunders and mighty winds and powers amazed.
Now laden with the spirit of man's hand
There bursts an awful clarion-shout and brings
Strange whispering and rushing of strange wings
Battling, and furtive secrets of command.

Down from the height and up from the abyss
Are swept dominion, power, angel, throne,
For unimaginable ends, and hiss,
And fall. The heralds trumpet; they are gone.
Tread softly—'tis in God's house thou hast been—
And fearfully—'tis God that thou hast seen.

G. H. S. PINSENT