

THE BEATIFIC VISION

Through what fierce incarnations, furl'd In fire and darkness, did I go, Ere
I was worthy in the world To see a dandelion grow?

Well, if in any woes or wars I bought my naked right to be, Grew worthy of
the grass, nor gave The wren, my brother, shame for me.

But what shall God not ask of him In the last time when all is told, Who
saw her stand beside the hearth, The firelight garbing her in gold?