

Slipping In Again

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The tempests' rebels send their darts
Try scattering the delightful dream,
For moment I forgot how tender
And how heavenly You seemed.
In gloomy dark of isolation,
My days seemed gradually removed,
Without faith and inspiration,
Only fear and tear and gloom.
In the midst of sorrow unfair,
In worldly harassment and noise
I dreamed of your Beloved air
And longed that quiet, gentle voice.
I just recall this wondrous instant:
You arrived before my face --
A vision, filling up the picture,
A spirit of pure grace.

My soul awoke with decision:
And You again came as a blest,
Like a filling, soaring vision,
A spirit of pure rest.

My heart beats again in resurrection --
It has again reached the grail:
For I have come again to glory,
Slipping in behind the veil.