

Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame
John Gould.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedesit disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting?"