

Thought for the day – Wednesday 7th December 2022

By Revd John Marshall

A Song for Simeon T.S. Eliot

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming in bowls and
The winter sun creeps by the snow hills;
The stubborn season has made stand.
My life is light, waiting for the death wind,
Like a feather on the back of my hand.
Dust in sunlight and memory in corners
Wait for the wind that chills towards the dead land.

Grant us thy peace.

I have walked many years in this city,
Kept faith and fast, provided for the poor,
Have taken and given honour and ease
There went never any rejected from my door
Who shall remember my house, where shall live my children's children
When the time of sorrow is come?
They will take to the goat's path, and the fox's home.
Fleeing from the foreign faces swords.

Before the time of cords and scourges and lamentation
Grant us thy peace
Before the stations of the mountain of desolation.
Before the certain hour of maternal sorrow,
Now at this birth season of decease,
Let the infant, the still unspeaking and unspoken Word.
Grant Israel's consolation

To one who has eighty years and no to-morrow.

According to thy word,

They shall praise thee and suffer in every generation

With glory and derision,

Light upon light, mounting the saints' stair

Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy of thought and prayer,

Not for me the ultimate vision

Grant me thy peace.

(And a sword shall pierce thy heart,

Thine also)

I am tired with my own life and the lives of those after me,

I am dying in my own death and the deaths of those after me.

Let thy servant depart,

Having seen thy salvation.

From Poeticious.com

Recommended in Bethlehem Bound by Andrew Nunn

I really love the [Nunc Dimittis](#) . The story of Simeon and the holy Family resonates.

I like T.S. Eliot too.