

## The Guardian's Farewell

John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul,  
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee.  
And o'er the purging waters as they roll,  
I pose thee and I lower thee and hold thee.

And with great care I dip thee in the lake;  
and thou without a sob or a resistance  
dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,  
sinking deep, deeper into the dim distance.

Angels to who the willing task is giv'n  
shall tend and nurse and lull thee as thou liest,  
and masses on the earth and prayers in heav'n  
shall aid thee at the throne of the most highest.

Farewell but not forever my dear,  
be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow,  
Swiftly shall pass the night of trial here,  
and I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

*"The Guardian's Farewell",  
sung at Lidia Favaro's funeral Mass  
September 24, 2022*