

## Gethsemane

I went to the City of Jerusalem,  
And my feet trod in the Holy Place.  
There were bandages about my knees  
But I climbed up the hill to the place of affliction,  
And I entered into the Garden of Gethsemane.  
Yet the sun shone bright on pleasant flowers  
And I saw the work of patient old men.  
The bandages were about my knees,  
But I said `This is not the place of grief'  
Nevertheless the Son of God was crucified.

I went again into the garden of Gethsemane  
But my feet were far from the Holy Place,  
And there was thunder and lightning, and much rain,  
And it was very dark.  
And my heart said: `This is the place of affliction,  
The Garden of Gethsemane'.  
But the Voice said: `This is not the place of grief.  
`There are no bandages about your knees.  
`There is work for patience, and long labour,  
`And the flowers will grow about the place,  
`And the sun will shine upon their ordered beauty  
`And if Christ was crucified for man  
`Man also must be crucified with Christ'.

I went for the third time into the Garden of Gethsemane  
(And my feet were far from the Holy Place)  
And the sun smiled upon the pleasant garden  
And the flowers shone in all their ordered beauty.  
But I knew that this was the place of affliction,  
Where I had cried aloud in my trouble  
When it was very dark,  
And there was thunder, and much rain.  
And I knew then that the Voice had spoken truth,  
Yet the patience was not mine, nor the long labour,  
For when I had faltered, a hand grasped my arm,  
And when I groped, a light shone forth.  
Not the light of the moon, whereby men see darkly,  
But the light that shineth in darkness  
By which men know that a friend is near  
Even though they see him not;  
For the light shines not steadily, but in an ordered sequence.  
And the affliction was the affliction of the Voice,  
Even as it was my affliction, but not my voice.  
His was the patience, and the long labour.  
And His is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory.

From *The Devil's Own Song and other verses*, by Quentin Hogg (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1968).

The author (otherwise Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone) sent me a copy of this book, personally dedicated in Latin, during my schooldays, in response to some lines of Latin verse I had composed for his benefit.