

# The Charles Williams Society

NEWSLETTER

NO. 12, WINTER 1978

MEETINGS OF THE CHARLES WILLIAMS SOCIETY 1979

17 February 1979: Canon Donald Nicholson. Subject: 'Charles Williams and the Art of Historical Biography'.

Please note the change of date for the above meeting. We apologise for any inconvenience caused by this unavoidable alteration.

21 April 1979: Rev Dr Brian Horne. Subject: 'Charles Williams' and Gerard Manley Hopkins' Theology and Poetry'.

9 June 1979: AGM. Speaker and subject to be announced.

Society meetings are held at 2.30 pm at Liddon House, 24 South Audley Street, London W.1. (North Audley Street is the second turning to the right, south, off Oxford Street, going from Marble Arch towards Oxford Circus. After Grosvenor Square it becomes South Audley Street. Another convenient access is from Park Lane.

Each meeting is followed by discussion and tea. Please bring copies of any books which might be referred to at a meeting. There is no fee for members, but 50p must be paid for a guest (each member may bring one guest) and this should be handed to the person in charge of the meeting.

The Society's Lending Librarian brings a selection of library books which may be borrowed by members.

MEETINGS OF THE S.W. LONDON GROUP OF THE SOCIETY

To be arranged.

LONDON READING GROUP

4 February 1979, Sunday, at 1 pm at Charles and Alice Mary Hadfield's house, The White Cottage, 21 Randolph Road, London W9 (nearest station, Warwick Avenue). We are reading War in Heaven. Please bring sandwiches.

CHARLES WILLIAMS SOCIETY CONFERENCE 1979

In the Autumn 1978 Newsletter we announced plans for the Society Conference in Oxford on Friday and Saturday 7th and 8th September 1979. Please keep these dates free. Full details will be given as soon as possible.

NEW MEMBERS

A warm welcome is extended to:

Mr E Martin Browne, 20 Lancaster Grove, London NW3 4PB

Rev Paul R Fries, Hope Church, 77W, 11th Street, Holland, Michigan 49423, USA

Mr John Hibbs, 21 Victoria Road, Stetchford, Birmingham 33

Rev Dr R L Sturch, London Bible College, Green Lane, Northwood, Middlesex

## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

Chairman: Richard Wallis, 6 Matlock Court, Kensington Park Road,  
London W11 3BS (221 0057)

Secretary: Rev Dr Brian Horne, 11b Roland Gardens, London SW7 (373 5579)

Treasurer: Philip Bovey, 32 Maple Street, London W1 (637 0449)

Membership Secretaries: Jenet and Philip Bovey, 32 Maple Street, London W1 (637 0449)

Lending Library: Mrs Anne Scott, 25 Corfton Road, London W5 2HP (997 2667)

Editor: Mrs Molly Switek, 8 Crossley Street, London N7 8PD (607 7919)

## PETER SCOTT

We regret to have to report the death in hospital on 30 December 1978, of Peter Scott, a founder member, with his wife Anne, of the Society. Our sympathy goes out to Anne and her children in their sad loss.

## NEWSLETTER CONTENT

In this Newsletter the reproduction of 'A Myth of Bacon' is continued from Newsletter 11, and completed. It is appreciated that no other articles can be included for lack of space but the Committee felt that the membership would prefer to see the full text of the 'Myth' as soon as possible.

## A MYTH OF BACON (continued from Newsletter 11, Autumn 1978)

Bacon: Spirit, who art thou?

The Father: I am thy desire,  
thy sole friend; thou shalt have no friend but me.

Bacon: I rise not level yet with my desire,  
so fast it flies into horizons of cloud.  
Tell me, thou vision, tell me my desire.

The Father: Look on me once more: sees't thou?

Bacon: Ah thy face  
is lucent with the hiddenness of thought,  
and through its purity flash to and fro  
the secret causes of all mortal things.  
It is the epiphany of the universe  
vastly conveyed to thought, and thought to flesh.  
Ah, ah! the intolerable tormenting joy.

The Father: Thou feel'st the torment of the greatest joy  
that man may know; be thou man knowing it,

be the new instauration\* of man's mind.  
This is that hope which is unique despair  
so great its scope<sup>is</sup>, and its depth so strong.  
For how but by despair of plenitude  
can plenitude discover all itself?  
In me thou seest thy power to comprehend  
the whole of nature and the whole of man.  
Thou art my child as I am Wisdom's child.

Bacon: Name her again, vision, and name thyself.

The Father: Our mother Wisdom, looking on the sea  
and tawny uproar of infinitude,  
beheld there the unshaped floating limbs  
of pure Imagination; then she sighed  
as deep as when divinities create,  
and in that sigh she summoned it to be.  
At once for all those waters it arose  
with its own world Atlantis, with its house  
the College of the Six Days' Work of God,  
beyond the waters of infinitude.  
And I am of its Keepers; I am come  
to bid thy heart imagine mightily  
all knowledge of the everlasting laws.

Bacon: O there! O there! O pulse of my desire.  
I love thee, spirit.

The Father: Also thou shalt love.  
Thou shalt love purely, and for that love's sake  
I warn thee I will have thee wholly pure.  
Be of good cheer, Francis, for thou art mine.

(He retires backward and disappears. Burleigh and Robert Cecil enter from one side, as Bacon turns away from the vision.)

Bacon: Debts! Debts! To free myself and then to gaze!  
I must be free ere I can free the world  
with instruments and organs of new power,  
to make a myriad truths into one truth.  
Cecil! O Cecil, be the key wherewith  
I will enlarge myself then the world!  
My lord! Sir Robert!

(Burleigh moves a hand. Robert Cecil nods.)

If I dare intrude  
upon your lordship's pleasure....

Burleigh: The old tale?

Bacon: Some small - the smallest station; but to serve  
you and the Queen's Grace.

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\*Bacon's Novum Organum 'describes the method by which the renovation of knowledge was to be achieved'; the "Great Instauration" or Renewal of the Sciences was 'a preliminary review of the present state of knowledge'. (Harvey). See Charles Williams' Bacon for good further enlightenment.

Burleigh:

Many are apt to that.  
In more need; of more mark.

Bacon:

Your lordship knows  
My father's death encumbered me with debts.  
I am unknown - I pray for chance and time  
And I will show you how I shall be known,  
I think not boastfully.

Burleigh:

Be safe; boast now  
truth yet unproved which, proved, may thwart the boast.  
There is no office open. To the Courts;  
there labour; labour shall bring gold; gold fame.

Bacon:

I thank your lordship's counsel: yet I dare  
once more petition: we are kin, my lord,  
and the Queen needs sure service.

Burleigh:

I have spent  
these forty years to learn what the Queen needs.

Bacon:

Forty years! forty years of study! O,  
give me, my uncle, give me forty years  
of learning and of vision: give me ten -  
I have taken all knowledge for my province - ten,  
and afterwards.... I shall be dead or saved.  
Some post, some little post, to bid me thrive!

Burleigh:

The Queen has little need of such as take  
all knowledge for their province, but of small  
diligent clerks deciphering, by the light  
of candles, themselves candles, no broad suns  
blasting the dazzle of morning through dark skies,  
deciphering, scribbling, calculating clerks.

Bacon:

But I am patient as all knowledge is -  
Might I not be a better clerk to the Queen  
for being a clerk to knowledge? The great forms  
that are the principles of our cherished life  
of taste, smell, touch, sight, hearing, they are found  
but by such figuring and decipherment,  
experiment, discovery, then the truth.

Burleigh:

Well, Robert... no more, nephew. Void the square.  
I am in privacy with Sir Robert here.  
To the Courts, to the Courts, go.

Bacon:

At your lordship's will.

(He withdraws, disheartened, and goes out.)

Robert Cecil:

How the beggar whined!

Burleigh:

I would have you, Robert, note  
I have chiefly put him by because of you.  
I will run no risk of wiseheads by the Queen  
till you are firm with her. This learning - she

has dallied longer with learning than the Dukes  
she toyed with - hand in snuggling hand. This talk....  
I will not have him near her. Now for Spain,  
mark this -

(Essex bursts in, dragging Bacon with him)

Essex: Ha, ha! ha, ha! What, my Lord Treasurer  
despoils his family and his queen at once -  
for fear, belike, of seeming touched with bribes.  
This is a virtue overnice to keep  
unspotted from the world. Now, by my life,  
I wonder my Lord Treasurer dares to talk  
with his own son in open day.

Burleigh: My lord,  
give you good morrow.

Essex: Why, Francis here was sent  
so hard by your good morrow that I fear  
there's thunder heavy in it. What! no place?  
Why, hang some rogue for treason and make room.  
Nay, I must have him suited.

Burleigh: Very like,  
Treason itself must serve Lord Essex' will.

Essex: Here's Robert younger than Francis; let him wait  
a throw or two of the State dice, and learn  
a neater touch with the dice-box. Come, my lord,  
I must be served; a reversion, at the least,  
with a retainer for a cushion to fit  
the waiting-bench. The Registrarship now, ha?

Burleigh: 'Tis promised.

Essex: Why, unpromise then.

Bacon: My lords,  
I am unworthy of so much heat.

Essex: No heat.  
Only the Queen shall hear - the Queen shall know  
how Robert Devereux is served.

Burleigh: The Queen  
has heard a many Robert Devereux brag.  
Pah! I ungrace myself to talk of it.

Essex: But whom this Robert Devereux makes his friend -  
no shyness, Francis; we are friends, I hope -  
might have a Cecil for a squire, and then  
be served less than his merit.

Robert Cecil: How, my lord!  
You are wondrous warm.

Essex: I could name a wondrous cold  
shivering, frost-bitten shepherd pushed in court  
by the old steward his father. Ha, sweet friend,

never despair; I'll to the Queen myself.  
Am I not Gloriana's Robert?

Burleigh:

Aye.

Was never Gloriana's minion yet  
but Gloriana kept her royal head  
and he... well, think of it one day. Farewell.  
I claim the earlier audience with the Queen.  
Come Robert. (They go out).

Essex:

What, despair, nay, cheer thee, friend.

Nay, we are friends, I hope. I would be loth  
to find that Essex cannot serve his friend.  
Depend on me - and in me on the Queen.  
This hand she toys with shall, the while she toys,  
pluck any jewel forth from her stomacher  
and grace the hat of any man my friend.  
And she shall smile.

Bacon:

My honourable lord,

princes are lightly stirred to wrath; be wise;  
I would not have your lordship spoil the Queen  
for my sake, yours, or any.

Essex:

Come, I have

a manor out at Twickenham shall be thine  
while we wait greater things.

Bacon:

All of my heart

that is not common land of England lies  
enclosed to your sole service: yet, my lord -

Essex:

Chut, wilt thou delay with my favour, man?  
Why, if I would not thrust thee into place  
part for thine own wise brain - as it shall serve  
me also: there shall be great need: the Queen  
ages - and then, thou knowest, Francis, then -  
hist! the succession. I must cozen James,  
we must be subtle...

Bacon:

O my dearest lord,

what greatness of a man's own station can  
be worthy of his ordained being? look,  
how frail our persons, our fortunes how unsure,  
and for all that what worth within our souls!  
Love duty, apprehend it, look abroad  
into the universal sway of things.  
Tis the corrupter sort of politics  
that thrust into the centre, as if all  
yea, the whole realm and world of lives should meet  
in them and in their fortunes. Glorious men  
are but the slaves of their own vaunts; whom fools  
admire and parasites idolatrize,  
whom princes never love but with an eye  
wary upon the little inch of ground  
that separates their footstool from the throne.

Essex:

How, Francis, lectures?

Bacon: God be good to me  
as I desire your honourable fame  
in the Queen's mouth and all men's.

Essex: Aye, well said.  
I am the City's favourite. Come, we'll in.  
I love them marvellously; wait awhile  
and I will spite this Cecil with thee yet.

III

(A room in York House. Bacon enters with his steward.)

Bacon: The tapestry of Psyche seeking love  
goes it to Gorhambury?

The Steward: Even today.

Bacon: The two gilt salt-cellars and the silver cup  
Mr. Attorney sent last New Year's day -  
these shall go too. I am here richly-devised  
and would be there.

The Steward: You are more magnificent  
than any lord in England.

Bacon: For itself  
I care not, but magnificence shall make  
study applauded by the world: her sons  
too long are outdone in the eyes of men  
by folly's brood of babblers. [Cloth of gold  
may be worn nobly: if the markets gape  
first at the wear they may beyond the cloth  
marvel at mind that wears it]\* Get you gone.

The Steward: So please your lordship, I must pay the hire...

Bacon: Why, take it from yon drawer: I keep that full  
of gold and silver for such casual chance.

The Steward: Pardon, my lord, 'tis empty.

Bacon: Empty, how!

The Steward: O my good lord, pardon! Your gentlemen,  
Knowing your habit, being in need of gold,  
furnish themselves therefrom. I see it done  
and have not dared to speak of it.

Bacon: Why, so.  
I cannot help it, friend. I cannot count  
each coin against them. Folly! here at home  
I should be careful as I am abroad,  
of my own revenue as of the King's:  
I have promised it - and always broke me word.  
I will procure the gold... begin the work  
and you shall have it. Are my letters gone?

The Steward: Aye, my good lord.

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\* CW has erased the sentence from 'Cloth of gold' to 'that wears it'.



Bacon: To France? I would not have  
my learned friends wait for me. There is now  
a movement in the very air of thought,  
and we must move upon it; as on wings  
excelling and ascending through our minds  
to view invention and discovery  
from the full zenith.

The Steward: They are gone, my lord.  
(He goes out, meeting Hobbes.)

Bacon: Ha, Thomas! What news from the House?

Hobbes: Strange news.  
Know you Sir Thomas Egerton?

Bacon: Egerton -  
a last year's applicant, was he? sued a case  
in chancery - and lost it.

Hobbes: Nothing more?  
Had you no present?

Bacon: Present? Very like.  
It never swayed my judgement. What of him?

Hobbes: Once more - a Chancery suit one Aubrey brought  
and brought (he says) a hundred pounds to lure  
your lordship's favour: rests it in your mind?

Bacon: What is this talk of favour, Thomas Hobbes?  
What are these Aubreys and Egertons to me?  
The law have dealt with them.

Hobbes: The House is loud  
with their complaints of how you dealt with them.

Bacon: I dealt? their suits were answered.

Hobbes: Aye, and lost.  
They brought their presents and they lost their suits.  
There are petitions now before the House  
against the Lord Chancellor -

Bacon: Against me? -

Hobbes: for sore  
bribery and corruption.

Bacon: Against me!  
I never outweighed justice by a hair.  
None dares accuse me -

Hobbes: all the House accuse!  
Devising and petitioning the Lords  
There were two cases uttered when I left -  
by now there may be twenty.

Bacon: No truth - none.  
Their presents never gained them ought from me.

Hobbes: May you deny the gifts?

Bacon: Why there indeed? -  
but this is enemies' practice. Egerton -

a matter of a mere four hundred pounds  
He sent it; I received it; sure, the Lords  
cannot...

(Enter Rawley)

Rawley: My lord -

Bacon: What news?

Rawley: - Doubtless a thing for mirth,  
but - Master Hobbes! you brought the tale?

Hobbes: What tale,  
if aught beyond the Commons' malice?

Rawley: Aye:  
but how far went their malice?

Bacon: Tell me all.  
I am become the plaything of the void  
unless\*  
This cannot hold. Tell me.

Rawley: One from the House  
brings news - 'tis mere delirium -

Hobbes: Tell him, for pity's sake.

Rawley: ..impeach..

Bacon: Impeach!

Hobbes: Of what?

Rawley: High misdemeanours,  
Corruption, bribery, justice bought and sold,

Bacon: Can men suppose my life so base a thing?  
I ever lived in public: why the gifts  
were taken publicly.

Hobbes: They swear, not so.

Bacon: Not mine the darkness then. They know me, Hobbes.  
I built broad windows all about my mind  
to let the light stream in.

Hobbes: They, looking through,  
see a broad hall piled high with gifts.

Bacon: They lie,  
and fifty times they lie. What, freely sent,  
was freely taken - No; I see, I see.  
O Thomas Hobbes, mayhap I would not see.

Hobbes: I will not see but as your lordship will -

Bacon: Was I the only man that had no depth  
or dared I never look into myself?  
or did I hope that others were content  
and credulous to believe me credulous?

Rawley: Either your lordship must deny the charge  
or make submission, pleading guiltiness.

Bacon: No, by my life! folly - accuse me there -  
the squinting foolishness of negligence,  
greed for my greatness - not my greatness: no,  
I have a thought within me is not mine  
that I would house in splendour: I have erred -

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\*CW has erased the words from 'I am become' to 'unless'

but yet the Commons will not - if they do,  
the Lords, the King's self...

Rawley:

O my lord, the King!

Hobbes:

The Lords...

(Enter another gentleman)

Gentleman:

The Duke of Buckingham sends me privily  
to let the Lord Chancellor wit that, even by now,  
the Speaker and the Commons are at point  
to enter upon conference with the Lords  
concerning accusations of high crimes  
and misdemeanors late alleged against  
the Chancellor's self; the articles whereof  
once known, shall follow: he fears them much. The King  
has written discreetly to the House.

Bacon:

Discreet!

If I had been discreet - one little twist  
has flicked these Aubreys by: they are not names;  
Egertons and Aubreys - Aubreys and Egertons,  
they are the whistling of my fall. I am  
the plaything of the void; my throat is choked  
with wind of falling.

Hobbes:

My good lord -

Bacon:

No lord;

no name: there is a tune played on a flute  
by a tip-toe derision, and the shrill  
squeal of the monstrous phantom - that is I.  
Leave me, forget me. O I never was:  
why must I seem, why must I seem to be?

Hobbes:

(to the Gentleman)

Sir, the Lord Chancellor thanks the Duke. He is  
heavy and sick at heart. Away, good sir.

Rawley:

You are our most dear lord -

Bacon:

O if I were

you would forget me. I desire no more.  
Can you not swear you do not know me? Go:  
pretend at least, pretend that I am dead,  
and let myself pretend that I am dead,  
lest I should dream I live and cannot die.

Hobbes:

Take counsel; mayhap things are not so lost  
but something may be saved -

Bacon:

What can be saved?

All things fall after me because I fall,  
and how should I that am grown bottomless  
find standing for them? O forget, forget  
that ever there was such a man as I.

Rawley:

If it please God to show -

Bacon:

If it please God

to let a man with gifts of rare perfumes  
stink out the house of truth - God knows the stinks:  
let the man know it. O love-making to truth  
O longing for it - yet not here, not here,  
not in this breast.

Hobbes: I have heard your lordship say  
the enjoying of truth is, over all things else,  
the sovereign good of human nature. Light -  
light always -

Bacon: Is it light? -

Hobbes: The enjoying of truth.  
Enjoy it then.

Bacon: Enjoy... no, not enjoy.

Hobbes: Purpose enjoyment then, if this be truth.

Bacon: I feed upon my own flesh: can I judge  
the taste and dressing?

Rawley: Maybe, till a man  
hath for some while lived on his proper flesh  
he cannot taste God's plenty.  
(Enter a servant)

Servant: My lord, the Peers in session send to you;  
The Earls of Arundel and Shrewsbury wait,  
(The Earls enter)

Arundel: My lord, we hold commission from the Lords  
to bring to Francis, Viscount Verulam,  
Lord Chancellor of England, their demands  
on certain charges of malpractice, brought  
by the Commons against the said Lord Chancellor  
and pray him for an answer.

Bacon: Even at once?

Shrewsbury: All decent time - all reasonable grace -

Bacon: My lords, my lords, press not a falling man.  
Show me the paper; what is true thereof  
I will confess; what false - all's false to me!  
(he takes the paper)  
It was a present - Egerton - he sent  
four hundred pounds for kindness done him, naught  
said, naught supposed of favour. Cabinet -  
I have begged to have it taken from my house,  
this cabinet they talk of. Could I help  
if some fool sent... a New Year's gift; I swear  
I thought it was a New Year's gift come late...  
I gave, even as I took: was I to search  
and see if that or this man had a cause  
adjourned from court to court or hour to hour?  
could I? O there... there I confess I took...  
and there again, the cause in action still...  
(he drops the paper)  
My eyes are seared with blood; I cannot read.

Arundel: The Lords will move but in the rule of law.  
The charges shall be answered or confessed.

Shrewsbury: All reasonable privilege allowed  
of time and evidence.

Bacon: It shall not need.  
How subtle Envy is to utter truth -  
and yet for truth's sake I will answer her.

Arundel: No envy -

Bacon: None: pure honour.

Shrewsbury: No despite -

Bacon: None: virtue stinging me with godly fangs.

Hobbes: (apart to Bacon)  
Be gentle with yourself; be wise with them.  
Be honourable -

Bacon: Thomas...

Hobbes: in yourself  
as you have kept the honour of the law.

Bacon: I would fain see - I would fain see one case,  
one judgement that the worst of them can change.  
There is no word, no comma, nay, no stroke  
that shall be altered or repeated.

Hobbes: They stand:  
and you -

Bacon: I fall away from under them,  
outcast by my own work.

Hobbes: Approach the lords.

Bacon: My lords, I pray your pardons. I will write  
as the honourable peers require. My lands  
my house, my fame, my life, are at their feet.  
The Great Seal... is the King's. I will return  
these charges, answered or confessed.

Arundel: Your hand,  
your very hand, set to them.

Bacon: It shall be  
my hand, my seal, my heart. Pray you, farewell.  
O Thomas if they keep this day as white  
as their feigned honour shows it to the world -  
what's that to me?

Hobbes: Let's see what can be said.

Bacon: There has not been a truer judge than I  
these fifty years, yet these two hundred years  
shall be no truer sentence. Get we in.  
Give me the paper. Answer me again -  
What is the sovereign good of humankind?

Hobbes: I dare not.

Bacon: But I dare. O I am blind  
I am weak, and paltry and wretched, and shall be,  
because of folly and of loss, but this  
stands as a child laughing to see the sun,  
immortal, incorruptible, sovereign truth:  
Blessed be God who hath made our souls for truth.  
(They go in)

Epilogue: Highgate Hill

(The sound of voices singing in the far distance)

Master of the house of knowledge  
whom our seeking minds adore,  
keep thine own immortal college  
evermore as heretofore.

(The sound of a carriage is heard. It stops and  
Bacon and Hobbes enter.)

Bacon: Cold, cold.

Hobbes: But let me serve -

Bacon: Nay, Thomas Hobbes,  
I ever was the best apothecary  
for my own medicines: experiment  
begins with preparation, ends with truth.  
He slips the last who cares not for the first.  
Ho there, good woman! (A woman runs in, flustered)

The Woman: Please your lordship's grace -

Bacon: Those are your fowls - out yonder?

The Woman: Please you, yes.

Bacon: I have a mind to one.

The Woman: O sir, at once.  
Or broiled or roasted as your lordship choose.  
They are the best in Highgate. A poor house,  
but if your lordship will but wait awhile -

Bacon: No cooking, gammer: catch and kill the fowl.  
Here's a payment.

The Woman: So much for one fowl? My lord,  
you shall have the fattest chicken in the roost.

(She runs out)

Bacon: It stands with reason: stuff it full with cold,  
the putrefaction might be hindered. Snow  
and a chicken and I together - try the trick.  
It will be Easter soon and snow be gone.  
God send she be not long.

Hobbes: Will you return  
into your coach?

Bacon: I have ever wondered much  
on conservation of bodies: think'st thou not  
winter is feared too much, too little used?  
Refrigeration, 'tis but scanty known  
how healthful and preservative... Cold, cold.  
It strikes within me. I remember once  
being young I dreamed of such a stiffening cold.

(The singing, nearer and louder)

Through our deep imaginations  
send the vision, now as then:  
Lift in us the invocations,  
let us now praise famous men.

(The father of Salomon's house enters)

Bacon: The flesh itself clean...

The Father: Francis!

Bacon: Vision, thou!  
I have longed these forty years to look on thee;  
why hast thou hidden from me forty years?

The Father: We have chilled thee, Francis, and preserved thy soul  
by operations of benevolence  
to make thee pure to us. The work is done -  
nigh done.

Bacon: Not yet! not yet! there is so much  
unplotted, unprepared; organs of thought,  
the instauration of science but begun,  
the interpretation of all nature. Time!  
a little longer time!

(The father lays his hand on Bacon's head.)

O cold, cold, cold!

(The Woman runs back with a fowl)

The Woman: Please your kind lordship. Is his lordship ill?

Hobbes: Ask not.

The Woman: Is he talking to himself?

Hobbes: Away.

The Woman: But -

Hobbes: Give me the fowl. Begone.

The Woman: But if he's ill -

Hobbes: Think, Francis Bacon speaking to himself  
is a thing that loftier eyes than yours or mine  
might shade themselves from. You are paid: begone.

(She goes out)

The Father: This little, little last of things, my son -  
You cannot reach Atlantis till you die,  
\* this thing. Think, a fowl stuffed with snow -

Bacon: Aye, bodies stuffed with snow: preservativ \*\*  
quick, Thomas, hold it, press it full.. more.. more.

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\* word missing. Corner of typescript page torn.

\*\* rest of line missing

(As they work, the singing breaks out all around)

Each, our master and our neighbour  
at the sacred temple builds;  
follow, follow them to labour  
in the charter of the guilds.

Bacon: My scarf to bear it - ah! the chill at heart.  
Quick, Thomas, hold it; press it full - so - so.  
My scarf to bear it safely to the coach.  
Aid me: the cold hath ta'en me. Thine arm -  
no, I will bear it: quick, thine arm - or thine -  
I lean on immortality: yes, yes,  
I sinned, my Father, but I kept the faith,  
I have desired the very soul of truth,  
the purity of knowledge. O the world,  
the throughfares of the world are full of light  
God's first, God's best of creatures, blessed light!

(He is supported by Hobbes and the Father.  
The guilds begin to throng the stage)

Weigh the stars and plot the ocean;  
make new engines of new might;  
still desiring in each motion  
God's first creature, which is light.

Bacon: My name, my hope, my will - to foreign lands,  
to future ages I bequeath myself.

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