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Meditation and a 'Mad Yogi' of Tibet

By Iain Brown

Sometimes the study of other religions and other cultures throws unexpected light on our own. Sometimes it can seem quite disconcerting, even, in grand old Victorian language, shocking – although after the adventures of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and elsewhere it might be difficult to actually shock. In these circumstances it is difficult to maintain the respect which we strive to extend to all religions and which we hope would be extended to our own. But other practices, too, beyond Europe and the Abrahamic faiths can cause us seriously to think at the very least and today I going to try to be truthful, fair, understanding and not too disrespectful to a mad yogi of Tibet whom I met more than forty years ago. As the blurb on his wife's book says, he is an enigma.

I begin with a personal story. I think it was in 1967 or 1968 that I spent a weekend or two in the Tibetan Buddhist monastery of Sam-ye-Ling up on Eskdalemuir - nearest town, Lockerbie. There were five of us, three men and two women. One of us had several times become an enthusiast for one exotic religion after another, each with its own guru, and his latest 'discovery' had been the books of Lobsang Rampa which purported to convey to us the ancient secret wisdom of Tibet. I was in my humanist agnostic stage of evolution and the revelation that the author was in fact a Northern English salesman who had never been to Tibet brought out the worst of my satirical, even sarcastic tendencies. I had named Lobsang Rampa as 'Grandpa Bumpah'. Nevertheless, we had, all of us, come into contact with one of the governors of this new monastery, a man whom we liked and we went off together to investigate what was happening there.

It was dark winter, raining all the time (Eskdalemuir has one of the highest rainfalls in the UK) and the old hunting lodge the governors had bought was thoroughly damp and cold. We slept in cellars and dormitories.

There were two Tibetan monks in their maroon and yellow robes. One, Akong, we were told had no English and was doing art work. We were allowed to watch him working on a thangka, a religious painting full of symbols, but he did not speak to us and paid us no attention. The other Chogyam Trungpa, was, we were told, a Tulku, a reincarnated great

teacher, and his English was excellent. He had spent the last couple of years studying in Oxford. The other denizens, the western acolytes, were a motley crew and mostly walked about wrapped in candlewick bedspreads, in imitation, I assumed, of the real thing.

I remember the first time there we were summoned to an audience with the Tulku who sat cross-legged on a throne of velvet cushions and invited us to ask him questions. He was young, a couple of years younger than me, at thirty two, and bright and very articulate. I did not ask him any questions, partly because I had already learned that he and Akong together were fascinated by western consumer goods, like watches, clocks, fridges and record players. Both were said to be mad about cars and driving, and Chogyam frequently drove Akong, both dressed in western suits, into Dumfries to 'pull the chicks', as my informer delicately put it. The quaint contrast; some of my friends eager for Eastern wisdom and the monks eager for Western consumer goods and hedonism, was a source of amusement to me, probably not very quiet amusement too. Our two women, both heavy smokers, remarked that they had frequently been bothered by a sixteen year old English girl with a very posh accent who went round the dorm cadging cigarettes. The second time we visited we did not see the Tulku because, we were told, he had smashed his car driving too fast and had seriously injured himself.

But that time a pair of diplomats from the Foreign Office who had spent many years in Lhasa showed us their amateur films taken during the nineteen forties and fifties. I was appalled at the startling contrast between the pitiful ragged and pinched state of the common people and the huge wealth displayed by the priestly feudal aristocracy. I had what the Gestalt psychologists call "an Aha experience" similar to the one I had when I visited the Hermitage in what was then Leningrad, saw the fabulous concentration of wealth in contrast to the peasants and bourgeoisie of the time and thought 'No wonder they revolted!'. Suddenly I could understand why some people saw the Chinese invasion of Tibet as a liberation. I used to rent a cottage for many years in a remote part of the West Highlands and later we fraternised with some of the monks who spent a year or two in retreats up there. From them we learned that Chogyam had recovered and married the cigarette-cadging sixteen year old and gone to the USA where he was a great success as a Rinposhe.

Many years later in 2007, I returned to Sam-ye-Ling with my younger daughter to attend a course on the links between Buddhism and Christianity run by Sister Isabel from the Roman Catholic Church and a Buddhist nun. I knew the community had purchased the

Holy Isle in Lamlash Bay off the Isle of Arran so it must have had money but I was unprepared for the transformation that money had obviously wrought in Sam-ye-Ling! At the end of the weekend there was a question and answer session with the Abbot, Lama Yeshi. I knew Chogyam Trungpa had died quite young and I asked if he had died in another car crash. No, said Lama Yeshi, with a giggle, he probably died of alcoholic poisoning. He then went on to say that he, Yeshi, and Akong's brother had been in the USA with the Rinposhe and they had drunk much alcohol and taken much cocaine and other drugs along with Chogyam Trungpa. When Yeshi came back he had gone into retreat for five years before he was received back into the Sam-ye-Ling community because it seemed that Akong, who had now become the Abbot, had not approved.

I thought nothing much more of it until, a summer or two later, I was in Katmandhu reading the University of Edinburgh's textbooks on Buddhist philosophy and psychology of the self that was transferred in reincarnation while my daughter, Ailie, spent a few weeks in a Buddhist monastery. She directed me to the Tibetan bookshop in Katmandu and I came across a book entitled "Dragon Thunder: My Life with Chogyam Trungpa" by Diane Mukpo and there was the very sixteen year old cadger of cigarettes on the cover. I read transfixed for an hour or two but the book was too heavy to carry back in the plane so it was almost a year before I obtained it by internet.

This was indeed Chogyam Trungpa, Rinposhe, warts and all and it was the story of an amazingly open minded, adaptable, courageous, resourceful and enduring woman. Diana had come from one of England's elite schools for young ladies, Benenden, where Princess Anne was a pupil with her for a time. Her father had been Ambassador to Ceylon or Sri Lanka and seems to have killed himself when she was thirteen. She first met 'the rinposhe' as she always refers to him, when she attended a lecture given by him in London. He was very drunk at that lecture and was carried out but she claims that marvellous things, dreams and visions, happened to her when she met him.

With a colossal crush on him, she broke into his seclusion as he lay recovering from his severe injuries from the car crash, climbed into his bed and was gratefully received. Chogyam then summoned all his available previous women to Sam-ye Ling (there were quite a few), reviewed them and decided to marry her in particular. They had no money except royalties from his first book. There was no problem on her part. The Edinburgh Sheriff court issued her with a marriage licence under a new law and the tabloid press splashed the marriage on their front pages. Diana's mother attempted to have it annulled.

Because of his marriage, things were made very difficult for them both back at Sam-ye-Ling. In the course of a major dispute with Akong, Chogyam broke into Akong's private shrine, burst it up with a heavy stick and urinated all over it. This was only a symptom. Many members of the community had already turned against them and even tried to prevent their emigration to North America where they had already been invited to a meditation centre in Vermont.

Once in Vermont the situation became fundamentally different. They arrived at the height of the hippy rebellion and many grungy, unshaven, drop out, drug-happy highly intelligent people, sexually liberated by the pill and hungry for peace of mind and spiritual development, flocked to virtually the first real Tibetan guru on American soil who spoke and taught in excellent Oxford English. Money flowed in and Chogyam proved to be an excellent organiser and a quite visionary religious entrepreneur.

Reading – The achievements of Chogyam Trungpa - from Wikipedia

Chogyam Trungpa (1940-1987) – meditation master, scholar and artist - is widely considered one of the most important and influential Buddhist teachers of our time. Born in Tibet, he became a lineage holder and meditation master in the Kagyu and Nyingma schools of Tibetan Buddhism. He became the supreme abbot of the Surmang Monastries and received the degree of Khyenpo, roughly equivalent of a Doctor of Divinity Degree in the West. He was forced to flee to India in 1959, during the Chinese invasion of his country and there he was appointed by his Holiness the Dalai Lama as the spiritual advisor to the Young Lamas Home School. In 1963 he travelled to England to study at Oxford University. While in England he published *Meditation in Action* (1969), a classic of twentieth century spiritual literature that has introduced hundreds of thousands of Westerners to Buddhism. Chogyam Trungpa moved to the United States in 1970 and went on to publish more than a dozen books on Buddhism and the spiritual path, including two widely popular and highly influential works, *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* (1973) and *Shambala: Sacred Path of the Warrior* (1984).

Chogyam Trungpa established more than a hundred meditation centres around the United States, Canada and Europe. He also founded Naropa, the first Buddhist-inspired University in North America. In addition he attracted students from around the world and became friend and mentor to some of the leading artists of the day including the poet Alan Ginsberg.

Reading in Meditation from Trungpa, Chogyam, (1974) *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*. Shambala Press. Introduction, P9

Meditation

“The method that the Buddha discovered is meditation. He discovered that struggling to find answers did not work. It was only when there were gaps in his struggle that insights came to him. He began to realise that there was a sane, awake quality within him which manifested itself only in the absence of struggle. So the practice of meditation involves “letting be.”

There have been a number of misconceptions regarding meditation. Some people regard it as a trancelike state of mind. Others think of it in terms of training in the sense of mental gymnastics. But meditation is neither of these, although it does involve dealing with neurotic states of mind. The neurotic state of mind is not difficult or impossible to deal with. It has energy speed and a certain pattern. The practice of meditation involves *letting be* – trying to go with the pattern, trying to go with the energy and speed. In this way we learn how to deal with these factors, how to relate with them, not in the sense of causing them to mature in the way we would like, but in the sense of knowing them for what they are and working with their pattern.”

“That is the teaching of letting the mind be in a very open way, of feeling the flow of energy without trying to subdue it and without letting it get out of control, of going with the energy pattern of mind.

Such practice is necessary generally because our thinking pattern, our conceptualised way of conducting our life in the world, is either too manipulative, imposing self upon the world, or else runs completely wild and uncontrolled. Therefore, our meditation practice must begin with ego’s outermost layer, the discursive thought that continually runs through our minds, our mental gossip.”

“By the examination of his own thoughts, emotions concepts and other activities of the mind, the Buddha discovered that there is no need to struggle to prove our existence. There is no need to struggle to be free; the absence of struggle is in itself freedom. This egoless state is the attainment of Buddhahood. The process of transforming the material of mind from expressions of ego’s ambition into expressions of basic sanity and enlightenment through the practice of meditation – this might be said to be the true spiritual path. “

Reading From Trungpa, Chogyam, 1973, Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism; Shambala Press. Introduction, p 7

“Ego is able to convert everything to its own use, even spirituality. For example, if you have learned of a particularly beneficial meditation technique of spiritual practice, then ego’s attitude is, first to regard it as an object of fascination and, second, to examine it. Finally, since ego is seemingly solid and cannot really absorb anything, it can only mimic. Thus ego tries to

examine and imitate the practice of meditation and the meditative way of life. When we have learned all the tricks and answers of the spiritual game, we automatically try to imitate spirituality, since real involvement would require the complete elimination of ego, and actually the last thing we want to do is to give up the ego completely. However we cannot experience that which we are trying to imitate; we can only find some area within the bounds of ego that seems to be the same thing.”

“If we become successful at maintaining our self consciousness through spiritual techniques, then genuine spiritual development is highly unlikely. “

“It is important to see that the main point of any spiritual practice is to step out of the bureaucracy of ego. This means stepping out of ego’s constant desire for a higher, more spiritual, more transcendental version of knowledge, religion, virtue, judgement, comfort or whatever it is that the particular ego is seeking. One must step out of spiritual materialism. If we do not step out of spiritual materialism, if in fact we practice it, then we may eventually find ourselves possessed of a huge collection of spiritual paths. We may feel these spiritual collections to be very precious. We have studied so much. We have studied Western philosophy or Oriental philosophy, practiced yoga and meditation or perhaps studied under dozens of great masters. We have achieved and we have learned. We believe that we have accumulated a hoard of knowledge. And yet, having gone through all this there is still something to give up. It is extremely mysterious! How could this happen? Impossible! But unfortunately it is so. Our vast collections of knowledge and experience are just part of ego’s display, part of the grandiose quality of ego. We display them to the world and in so doing, reassure ourselves that we exist, safe and secure as (so-called) ‘spiritual’ people.”

These are two examples of the paradoxical clarity of his work.

Perhaps I ought to say here a little about the Buddhist attitudes to sexual activity. In general, as Diana Mukpo makes clear in her book, and as I set out a year or two ago in my address on sexual ethics it is like this:

Reading: Buddhist Views on Sexuality from : Mukpo, Diana J., with Carolyn Rose Gimian (2006) Dragon Thunder: My Life with Chogyam Trungpa. Boston: Shambala Press (p 22)

“Speaking more broadly, I believe that sexuality is viewed differently in Buddhism than it is within the Judeo-Christian tradition. I think that many Oriental teachers who’ve come to the West have hidden their views on sex from their Western disciples because they have realised

that these attitudes, which are cultural as well as religious, would be misconstrued. Some Western adherents of Buddhism advocate a very conservative, almost moralistic approach, but that doesn't come from the Buddhist tradition itself. There is, of course, an emphasis on not causing harm to others, which applies to one's sexual behaviours as well as to other areas of conduct, but that does not mean one must have a prudish approach toward sex. "

There is no doubt that the Rinposhe had sexual relations with many of his disciples. Diana discovered this quite early on when they were still at Sam-ye-Ling. She was rather upset at first but, perhaps because, I guess, she was so utterly naïve about such matters and had no preconceptions, soon settled down to accept the Rinposhe's quite extensive liaisons with many other women within the movement. She came to acknowledge that he was 'much too big a personality to trap into a monogamous relationship.' (p85) She remained convinced that the relationship she had with the Rinposhe was unique and I have no doubt that it was. You need to read the book. She had a few indiscretions, as she calls them, herself and for a period of time she even shared herself between the Rinposhe and his doctor - whom she married after his death. So, at one point in her story, we have the bizarre spectacle of the Rinposhe and the doctor studying her third child as it lay in the cot within minutes of birth, trying amiably to decide which of them was the father.

There was a rationale to this behaviour, on the Rinposhe's part at least. He early on decided that his monk's robes were a barrier between himself and the Western people he wanted to teach the living reality of his Buddhism to. "He came from a tradition where wisdom is awakened through an intimate and direct transmission between teacher and student. He saw that in order to communicate the depth and power of his teachings he had to build truly intimate relations with Western students. Otherwise he might be able to give little blessings, perform ceremonies that Westerners would find exotic, and give teachings that they would find fascinating, but he wouldn't be able to make a real dent in their mentality or their understanding. What they would retain would be superficial, and quite possibly much of the depth of his tradition would be lost to future generations." (p 76) Diana writes that she 'never felt that these relationships were an exploitation of his students. It was a way for him to create further intimacy with people.' And he supported her, publicly acknowledged the crucial role she played in his life and honoured her as long as he lived.

Chogyam seems to have responded to the openness and inquisitiveness of his students. As Diana writes "There was an immediate magnetism between him and people who

came....” “He didn’t sit around spouting things he knew; his way of teaching was to connect on a heartfelt level with everybody in the room, whatever the state of their mind was. That started from very early times. People felt immediately drawn in and connected to him, and he felt the same way about them.”

Reading: Transcendental Generosity From Trungpa, Chogyam, 1973, Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism; Shambala

The Bodhisattva Path: Generosity pp170-172

“Transcendental generosity is generally misunderstood in the study of the Buddhist scriptures as being kind to someone who is lower than you. Someone has this pain and suffering and you are in a superior position and can save them – which is a very simple minded way of looking down upon someone. But in the case of the bodhisattva, generosity is not so callous. It is something very strong and powerful. It is communication.

Communication must be radiation and receiving and exchange. So the bodhisattva must experience the complete communication of generosity, transcending irritation and self defensiveness. Generosity is a willingness to give, to open without philosophical or pious or religious motives, just simply doing what is required at any moment in any situation, not being afraid to receive anything. It is the selfless action of the bodhisattva. He is not self conscious: “Am I making any mistakes? : “Am I being careful?” : ”To whom should I be open?” You are at their disposal. Such noble action, action that does not contain any hypocrisy or philosophical or religious judgement at all. That is why it is transcendental. That is why it is paramita. It is beautiful. “

So his encounters with people were absolute, with no holds barred. It is highly reminiscent, if you will forgive me, of the kind of relationship that Western counsellors aim to build with their clients but with different aims. Thomas Merton, probably the most widely appreciated Western monastic, and Chogyam Trungpa met in India and Merton commented in his journal, “Chogyam Trungpa is a completely marvellous person. Young, natural without front or artifice, deep, awake, wise.”

Perhaps an incident Diana relates may sum up the grounds of his relating to people: She said to him ‘I love you more than anyone in the whole world’. He replied proudly, ‘I really love you too. I love you second best of anything in the world.’ She said, ‘What do you mean, “second best”?’ Then he replied ‘First I love my guru, and my guru is the Buddhadarmah. I’ll always love the darmah more than anything else. But you’ll always be the thing I love second best. My first commitment isn’t to being a family man, but to

propagating the Buddhist teachings. This is the point of my life. Hopefully the two things can work together.'

I have noted that many of Chogyam Trungpa's early students were hippys. Many of his assemblies were like hippy communes. But as the institutions developed, things changed. First Chogyam became a shrewd businessman, founding more and more communities and even a university. He set up Boards of management and met with financiers and other entrepreneurs. His hippy allies, involved with him in this, donned business suits and so did Chogyam. Another agent of change was the recognition he began to receive from his own culture. Eminent tulkus, abbots and khyenpos from the world-wide Tibetan community were mightily impressed with his successes and came to visit him. On these occasions the sloppy grunge disappeared, smart clothing, shirts and ties came in. Diana gave up her old hippy Kaftans and wore up-market clothing, cocktail dresses and high heels; accommodation was spruced up for the important visitors and became quite richly appointed. After these visitors had gone the Rinposhe moved into quite different premises than the hippy trailers he had often lived in at first. The organisations were now quite rich. Important sounding titles were conferred on the Rinposhe, some by visitors from the world Tibetan hierarchy - and not a few by himself. He became the Sakyong who united heaven and earth and Diana became the Sakyong Wango – effectively the queen. He explained that anyone could be a Sakyong, but there had always been a sense of hierarchy about the organisations. People had always graduated from training courses, were inducted into yet higher wisdoms and now some sprouted honorific titles conferred by the Rinposhe himself at imposing ceremonies. Gradually armies of administrators, household servants, keepers of order and then personal servants began to appear. Butlers and cooks were appointed to the Rinposhe himself. The rationale for this was explained as giving them an opportunity to serve and to be close to the Rinposhe. A whole private quasi police force was organised with commanders and ranks. And security patrols were organised for the first visit of the Dalai Lama to the USA.

Then a follower who had been an English footman trained in service to aristocratic houses in the UK was allowed to transform the whole establishment. Uniforms appeared for the household volunteer servants and for the law-and-order brigade. And the Rinposhe himself and Diana became the head of the new Kalapa Court. It all became quite theatrical; they began to dress and behave like royalty and Diana was often addressed as 'your highness'. The Rinposhe had always been a kind of unacknowledged god-king within his community but now it was explicit. All this was

seen as improving respect and mindfulness among the followers. A Regent, with exactly that title, was appointed as second in command with huge pomp and ceremony and given the Order of the Great Eastern Sun, one of several titles thought up by Chogyam himself and given to various people.

You can see from the photographs in Diana's book how like royalty they were behaving.

Then there came a further development in the Rinposhe's thinking and a whole elaborate new pageant and theatre of pretend battles and parades and yet more elaborate uniforms. "Military? And they are Buddhists?", you may well exclaim. The rationale was that the Shambala Warrior could conquer the obstacles he or she encountered, not through aggression or bravado, but through the application of gentleness, intelligence and fearlessness. A whole series of writings followed, especially one called *The Golden Sun of the Great East* and the community held the opening ceremony of Dorje Dzong, meaning 'indestructible fortress' on a street in Boulder Colorado, where the headquarters remain today.

The Shambala world of warriors of the spirit was described and acted out. Soon the law-and-order organisation, known as the Dorje Kasung, were encamping in tents in the Rockies and practicing night exercises. This developed into organised skirmishes led by generals. People on each side were 'killed' by hitting them with a flour sack bomb and the Rinposhe followed up each battle with an analysis of the tactics employed by each side and an examination of the feelings of aggression that the mock combats had aroused and how they were to be handled. All this was explained as a way of bringing Buddhism to the Western peoples of America who would never be a monastic society. Soon this extended into military parades with the Rinposhe and Diana leading them on horseback. And the Rinposhe acquired a fine wardrobe of impressive military uniforms designed by himself and made in Saville Row in London.

The high peak had been reached.

All this time the Rinposhe had been drinking to excess. Buddhists are not supposed to drink much, if at all, but Rinposhe, characteristically, found a way of explaining how it was good and necessary for him to do so. Drugs ceased to play the part they once had done in his life but he was incapable for days and rarely entirely sober. This had an increasing effect on his health and led to a serious fall in which he became brain damaged. Death soon followed.

In 1988 it became generally known that the second in command, who had taken over the organisation, the Vajra Regent Osel Tendzin, who had been just an ordinary guy from LA, had been HIV positive for a few years and he had developed AIDS which he later died from. He was bisexually oriented and nobody, probably not even he, knew how many people in the Shambala community he had been intimate with. Needless to say there was uproar and the American press piled in.

Chogyam was seen by Diana and probably by himself as an exponent of 'crazy wisdom', one of a line of 'mad yogis' going back centuries, some of whom committed murder. Diana writes "Such teachers are known for displaying their wisdom through unconventional and often unpredictable behaviour, which is the expression of compassion without bounds. Crazy wisdom is not indulging in wild behaviour just to have a good time or to be shocking and provocative for no good reason. As Rinposhe once said, first you get the wisdom, then you get the crazy. The idea is that there is no boundary to the energy of egolessness and that whatever is called for in a situation, even if the means are extremely unconventional, will be used to help beings who are suffering in samsara, the endless cycle of confused existence. " (p 67)

This is a short and superficial review of the life of a major religious figure who, almost single handed, brought his Tibetan Buddhism so effectively to the most powerful nation on earth.

But I suppose the first issue that many Western people would alight on would be the ethics of the teacher pupil relationship. We do not expect our religious leaders and spiritual teachers to have explicit sexual congress with their followers or students. Yet not only was this an unusually effective teacher but there was a persuasive rationale for it. Teacher pupil relationships can be very close especially at the higher levels where individual graduate students are relating to their supervisors and the record is replete with many lasting marriages arising from it. It is a situation where there can be considerable vulnerability in the pupil - allowing exploitation by the teacher. Asian religions with master or guru figures might seem particularly open to this and undoubtedly there are some very bad examples.

Then, second, for all the idealistic egalitarianism of the lovely passage on Transcendent Generosity we must never forget that this comes to us from a very badly unequal

culture. Tibetan culture was feudal, corrupt and exploitative to an unusual degree. We see this social pattern beginning to surface even in America in the Kalapa Court and the military organisation. In Tibet there was not only a division of labour, in which specialists in spirituality were organised together in huge monasteries, but the oppression, physical and psychological, and disempowerment of the ordinary people was to an extraordinary degree.

And yet, for me, perhaps the strangest thing about this story is how the insightful writer of *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* seems to have become the ultimate spiritual materialist himself promoting a seriously spiritually materialistic culture in his own terms. Where did his self awareness disappear to?

Chogyam Trungpa led the alpha male's idea of the legendary 'life of Reilly'. So many women! Such status! Such dominance of the god-king! So many children, even some by a Tibetan nun and a Tibetan princess that I have failed to mention! A life of rich eating, exotic vacations and well appointed residences with personal servants – all just like he might have commanded in feudal Tibet! How did the very man who warned us against the way in which the ego deceives us even as we strive to do good and makes our spiritual endeavours into matters of indulgence and pride - how did this man remain unaware that he was feeding what some people might identify as his basest desires to such an extraordinary degree and with such success?

If he wasn't feeding his Freudian Ego, then he was certainly feeding his Freudian Id.

Some of us will have instant and strong reactions to the story of this 'mad yogi'

Others will ponder on what light it throws on our own culture

Others will understand a little and suspend judgement and resolve to learn more.

May all of us extend our tolerance and compassion to those who disagree with us.

Hymn 195 We Limit Not the Truth of God

We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude partial and confined.
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred:
The Lord hath yet more light and truth

To break forth from his word.

**Who dares to bind to partial sense
The oracles of heaven,
For the nations, tongues and climes,
And all the ages given.
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.**

**Darkling our noble forebears went
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall; our glorious sun
More fervid rays afford;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.**

**The valleys past, ascending still,
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upwards we press; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard:
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.**