

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place
in full enjoyment of felicitie;
whence they do still behold the glorious face
of the Divine, Eternall Majestie;

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins
which all with golden wings are overdight.
And those eternall burning Seraphins
which from their faces dart out fiery light;

Yet fairer than they both and much more bright
be the Angels and Archangels
which attend on God's owne person without rest or end.
These then in faire each other farre excelling
as to the Highest they approach more neare,
yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling

Fairer than all the rest which there appeare
though all their beauties joynd together were;
how then can mortal tongue hope to expresse
the image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Edmund Spenser (1552 – 1599)
arr. William Harris