

# The Vision of Peregrine Worsthorne

McCarthy

In Fleet Street I lay down to sleep,  
In the seediest journalists' bar.  
And in my sleep a vision I dreamed  
From afar: In celestial mists made of light,  
An angel that blinds mortal eye.  
This vision I knew knew no wrong:  
Only Right. He took my hand and showed me  
Things I'd never dreamed.  
The veil blinding me was lifted,  
And truth shone, a beacon beaming. The vision said softly to me,  
"The people are becoming too free.  
And if you want to serve the tea,  
Obey me." Peregrine, it's looking grim.  
The economy is falling to pieces.  
It seems quite hopeless. "Stand steadfastly by the friendly  
In exchange with free  
Broadcast calls for order and law.  
Yet all shall be well, all shall be well." The Holy Ghost bid me bold:  
"For wisdom that's weighed out of old  
Could win if it was spread among men  
Once again." The vision departed me then.  
And I awoke cold and distant.  
I knew my mission.

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