

THE WORLD'S LOVER

My eyes are full of lonely mirth: Reeling with want and worn with scars,
For pride of every stone on earth, I shake my spear at all the stars.

A live bat beats my crest above, Lean foxes nose where I have trod, And on
my naked face the love Which is the loneliness of God.

Outlawed: since that great day gone by-- When before prince and pope and
queen I stood and spoke a blasphemy-- 'Behold the summer leaves are
green.'

They cursed me: what was that to me Who in that summer darkness
furl'd, With but an owl and snail to see, Had blessed and conquered all the
world?

They bound me to the scourging-stake, They laid their whips of thorn on
me; I wept to see the green rods break, Though blood be beautiful to see.

Beneath the gallows' foot abhorred The crowds cry 'Crucify!' and 'Kill!'
Higher the priests sing, 'Praise the Lord, The warlock dies'; and higher still

Shall heaven and earth hear one cry sent Even from the hideous gibbet
height, 'Praise to the Lord Omnipotent, The vultures have a feast to-night.'