

ALONE

Blessings there are of cradle and of clan, Blessings that fall of priests' and
princes' hands; But never blessing full of lives and lands, Broad as the
blessing of a lonely man.

Though that old king fell from his primal throne, And ate among the cattle,
yet this pride Had found him in the deepest grass, and cried An 'Ecce
Homo' with the trumpets blown.

And no mad tyrant, with almighty ban, Who in strong madness dreams
himself divine, But hears through fumes of flattery and of wine The
thunder of this blessing name him man.

Let all earth rot past saints' and seraphs' plea, Yet shall a Voice cry
through its last lost war, 'This is the world, this red wreck of a star, That a
man blessed beneath an alder-tree.'