

## **THE OUTLAW**

Priest, is any song-bird stricken? Is one leaf less on the tree? Is this wine  
less red and royal That the hangman waits for me?

He upon your cross that hangeth, It is writ of priestly pen, On the night  
they built his gibbet, Drank red wine among his men.

Quaff, like a brave man, as he did, Wine and death as heaven pours-- This  
is my fate: O ye rulers, O ye pontiffs, what is yours?

To wait trembling, lest yon loathly Gallows-shape whereon I die, In strange  
temples yet unbuilt, Blaze upon an altar high.