

E.C.B.

Before the grass grew over me, I knew one good man through and through,
And knew a soul and body joined Are stronger than the heavens are blue.

A wisdom worthy of thy joy, O great heart, read I as I ran; Now, though
men smite me on the face, I cannot curse the face of man.

I loved the man I saw yestreen Hanged with his babe's blood on his palms.
I loved the man I saw to-day Who knocked not when he came with alms.

Hush!--for thy sake I even faced The knowledge that is worse than hell;
And loved the man I saw but now Hanging head downwards in the well.