

THE DESECRATERS

Witness all: that unrepenting, Feathers flying, music high, I go down to
death unshaken By your mean philosophy.

For your wages, take my body, That at least to you I leave; Set the sulky
plumes upon it, Bid the grinning mummers grieve.

Stand in silence: steep your raiment In the night that hath no star; Don
the mortal dress of devils, Blacker than their spirits are.

Since ye may not, of your mercy, Ere I lie on such a hearse, Hurl me to the
living jackals God hath built for sepulchres.