

THE EARTH'S SHAME

Name not his deed: in shuddering and in haste We dragged him darkly o'er
the windy fell: That night there was a gibbet in the waste, And a new sin
in hell.

Be his deed hid from commonwealths and kings, By all men born be one
true tale forgot; But three things, braver than all earthly things, Faced
him and feared him not.

Above his head and sunken secret face Nested the sparrow's young and
dropped not dead. From the red blood and slime of that lost place Grew
daisies white, not red.

And from high heaven looking upon him, Slowly upon the face of God did
come A smile the cherubim and seraphim Hid all their faces from.