

'VULGARISED'

All round they murmur, 'O profane, Keep thy heart's secret hid as gold';
But I, by God, would sooner be Some knight in shattering wars of old,

In brown outlandish arms to ride, And shout my love to every star With
lungs to make a poor maid's name Deafen the iron ears of war.

Here, where these subtle cowards crowd, To stand and so to speak of love,
That the four corners of the world Should hear it and take heed thereof.

That to this shrine obscure there be One witness before all men given, As
naked as the hanging Christ, As shameless as the sun in heaven.

These whimperers--have they spared to us One dripping woe, one reeking
sin? These thieves that shatter their own graves To prove the soul is dead
within.

They talk; by God, is it not time Some of Love's chosen broke the girth, And
told the good all men have known Since the first morning of the earth?