

Thy wrath against God venting,  
That He a little bird made thee,  
Thy silly head tormenting,  
Because He made thee not a man?  
Oh, Peace! He hath well thought thereon,  
Therewith be thou sufficed!

#### THE RABBI'S SONG

IF THOUGHT can reach to Heaven,  
On Heaven let it dwell,  
For fear that Thought be given  
Like power to reach to Hell.  
For fear the desolation  
And darkness of thy mind,  
Perplex an habitation  
Which thou hast left behind.

Let nothing linger after--  
No whispering ghost remain,  
In wall, or beam, or rafter,  
Of any hate or pain:  
Cleanse and call home thy spirit,

Deny her leave to cast,  
On aught thy heirs inherit,  
The shadow of her past.

For think, in all thy sadness,  
What road our griefs may take;  
Whose brain reflect our madness,  
Or whom our terrors shake.  
For think, lest any languish  
By cause of thy distress  
The arrows of our anguish  
Fly farther than we guess.

Our lives, our tears, as water,  
Are spilled upon the ground;  
God giveth no man quarter,  
Yet God a means hath found;  
Though faith and hope have vanished,  
And even love grows dim;  
A means whereby His banished  
Be not expelled from Him!

