

MALIGNED

Through all the shades and tones of life,
The ups and downs, the straining strife;
The one and thousand things we find,
To fret the soul and stress the mind;
Of all the sordid woes we bear,
What seems the hardest part to share?
The unjust thing, the most unkind,
Is just to know we've been maligned.

Oft so environed one may live
As semblance of sin to give.
And still the soul may be so pure,
The wiles of sin cannot allure.
But, judging from the outward guise,
Some venom'd tongue hath scattered lies;
And then, alas, we wake to find,
That innocence hath been maligned.