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A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content
Out of the woods my Master came.
Content with death and shame,
When Death and Shame would woo him last.
From under the trees they drew Him--last
When out of the woods He came.

— Sidney Lanier

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