Mby!

Why does man sorrow so? Not one knows why
God's child should suffer grief and pain and death:
His life, all told, is but a passing breath:
Why should that passing breath be one deep sigh?
Christ, crucified beneath a direful sky,
Speaks for all men in those wild words he saith—
Shows Himself man by this great shibboleth—
"Lama sabachthani." Oh, woful cry!

No answer came: and still the heavens are dumb:

Still from wrung hearts doth this same question come:

So we must think 'tis nobler in God's sight

To do His will in darkness than in light:

Better be Christ than Croesus: and become

One of man's helpers e'en by martyrdom.