

I see dark iron thundering flame and death ;
The poisoner's phial and the assassin's knife ;
The rack, the wheel, the cross—the spear that wounds
At every thrust the shrinking side of God !

My punishment is more than I can bear :—
Ever the sounds of slaughter in my ears,
Yet no man's hand may touch my charmed life ;
And my own hands are nerveless, for I fear
To meet my brother's pale and pleading face
More than all things that haunt me, save one dream,—
A dream of anguish of a dying God !
O murdered God ! can there be hope for me ?

Even from me, Maker, wilt Thou accept
The primal offering of a humbled heart
That owns Thy rod a father's, while it smites,
And sees long vengeance lightening into love.