

Breathing out vengeance,
Eager for slaughter.

Wounded, the King stood,
Trembling a little,
Lifting his left hand,
Keeping his right hand
Hid in his breast.
"Pagan or Christian,
Woden or Christ,
Love for our brother,
That is the test.
That hath sufficed.
See—how he lies there,
Nought more to give ;
Felt he the death-stroke,
Took he the home-thrust
That I might live.
Therefore I honour him,
Therefore I love him,
Trusting to meet him,
Hoping to thank him,
In the far soul-world,
In our Christ's heaven.

But for this other—
He, the base traitor—
What must I say ?
He is my enemy,
Me would he slay.
Yet hath Christ taught me,
He, too, is my brother,
Though he would slay me,
Bind and betray me.
See—how the red blood
Drips from my right hand !