

Little wonder then, poor soul,
That his teaching should be queer,
And his calendar unroll
With new feast-days every year.

With a streak of things that bray,
Yet too modern to insist,
You had your will, he had his way, —
Lybarite and pessimist.

Rabin he was long and lean,
And his hair was like a thatch,
And his eyes of yellow-green
Never saw nor missed too much.

Body of a battered Greek,
Gothic epicure of soul,
Living only by the week,
Half content with half a dole.

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