



Saint Kabin a ballad

This St. Kabin was a most
Modern sort of saint, indeed;
All the virtue he could boast
Was not found in any creed.

His philosophy involved
No more theory than the wind;
With his own smile he absolved
Every sin he ever sinned.

Weird and woodland creatures came,
Of outlandish tongue and dress,
And allured him to proclaim
The nirvana of idleness.

