

APART.

Let the hot combat call! I shall not heed.
Full well I know the reeling contest there:
The clash of steel on steel, the dust-filled air,
The loud huzzas, the victor and his deed.

Unlovely all! Oh, thrice unlovely then
The bubbling wine-cup, the cool banquet-hall,
The joy nursed on the bloody sweat of thrall,
Like brilliant scum upon a reeking fen!

Here in a quiet cloister, I, apart,
Muse oft upon a hidden treasure, sigh
With one who paced a Galilean wild.
Here with a few choice friends share I my heart.
The world cries "Failure!" as it hurries by.
Failure!—Dear God, at last I am Thy child!