

Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,  
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,

*' Ave, Maria.'*

But, when they up-got and wended home,  
Those up the hill-side, these to the foam,  
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,  
Like a thing that is only hull and husk ;  
On as he hobbled, chanting still,  
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

*' Ave, Maria.'*

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,  
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,  
And ran up the sail, and trimmed his craft,  
While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,  
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,  
Then, suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,

*' Ave, Maria.'*

Others might plough and reap and sow,  
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,  
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,  
Or trundle their dead in a winding sheet ;  
But he, through rapture and pain and wrong,  
Kept singing his one monotonous song,

*' Ave, Maria.'*

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,  
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,  
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,  
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth ;  
Then, leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,  
The Idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,

*' Ave, Maria.'*

Children mocked and mimicked his feet,  
As he slouched, or sidled, along the street ;  
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,