

THE DENIAL OF ST. PETER.

I.

WHAT makes God then of all the curses deep
That daily reach his Seraphim divine?
Like to a tyrant gorged with meat and wine,
Our blasphemous music lulleth him to sleep.

II.

Tears of the martyrs, and saints tortured,
Must prove intoxicating symphonies,
Since, spite of blood-price paid to gain them ease,
The heavens therewith are not yet satiated.

III.

Jesus! recall Gethsemane afresh,
Where thy simplicity his pity sought
Who in his heaven heard, and mocked for nought,
Coarse hangmen pierce with nails thy living flesh.

IV.

When on thy godhead spat the virulence
Of scum of soldiery and kitchen-knaves;
When thou didst feel the thorns pierce bloody
 graves
Within thy brain where Manhood burnt intense;

V.

When thy bruised broken body's horrid weight

Racked thy stretched arms, that sweat and blood
 enow
Coursed down the marble paleness of thy brow,
Lift up on high, a butt for all men's hate :—

VI.

Dreamedst thou then of those triumphant hours
 When, that the eternal promise might abide,
 Thy steed a mild she-ass, thou once didst ride
On roads o'erstrewn with branches and fresh flowers ;

VII.

When, thy heart beating high with hope and pride,
 Thou didst whip out those merchants vile with
 force,
At last the master ? Did not keen remorse
Bite thy soul ere the spear had pierced thy side ?

VIII.

I, certes, I shall gladly quit this hell
 Where dream and action walk not hand-in-hand !
 May I use the brand and perish by the brand !
Saint Peter denied Jesus. He did well.