

# **The Blood of the Prophets**

Dexter Wallace (Edgar Lee Masters)

# Table of Contents

<b><u>The Blood of the Prophets</u></b> .....	<b>1</b>
<u>Dexter Wallace (Edgar Lee Masters)</u> .....	1
<u>BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH</u> .....	2
<u>SAMSON AND DELILAH</u> .....	19
<u>THE WORLD-SAVER</u> .....	25
<u>AMERICA</u> .....	26
<u>SAMUEL</u> .....	27
<u>MEMORABILIA</u> .....	29
<u>BALLAD OF THE TRAITOR'S SOUL</u> .....	30
<u>THE PIONEER</u> .....	32
<u>THE TEMPLE</u> .....	33
<u>THE TWO SOULS</u> .....	37
<u>FILIPINOS, REMEMBER US</u> .....	38
<u>BALLADE OF DEAD REPUBLICS</u> .....	39
<u>BANNER OF MEN WHO WERE FREE</u> .....	40
<u>AMERICA IN 1804</u> .....	41
<u>AMERICA IN 1904</u> .....	41
<u>ON A PICTURE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER</u> .....	42
<u>RACE SUICIDE</u> .....	42
<u>EPITAPH FOR A DEAD SENATOR</u> .....	42
<u>HAIL! MASTER DEATH!</u> .....	43
<u>SUPPLICATION</u> .....	43

# The Blood of the Prophets

Dexter Wallace (Edgar Lee Masters)

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

<http://www.blackmask.com>

- Dexter Wallace (Edgar Lee Masters)
  - BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.
  - SAMSON AND DELILAH.
  - THE WORLD-SAVER.
  - AMERICA.
  - SAMUEL.
  - MEMORABILIA.
  - BALLAD OF THE TRAITOR'S SOUL.
  - THE PIONEER.
  - THE TEMPLE.
  - THE TWO SOULS.
  - FILIPINOS. REMEMBER US.
  - BALLADE OF DEAD REPUBLICS.
  - BANNER OF MEN WHO WERE FREE.
  - AMERICA IN 1804.
  - AMERICA IN 1904.
  - ON A PICTURE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.
  - RACE SUICIDE.
  - EPITAPH FOR A DEAD SENATOR.
  - HAIL! MASTER DEATH!
  - SUPPLICATION.
- 

## BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH

"And they were more fierce, saying: He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." St. Luke xxiii.5.

"In the seventh year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and in the twenty-fourth day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

"Pontius Pilate, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the praetor, sentenced Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

"1. Jesus is a misleader.

"2. He has excited the people to sedition.

"3. He is an enemy to the laws.

"4. He calls himself the Son of God.

"5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.

"6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude, carrying palms in their hands."

-- From the Death Sentence pronounced by Pilate.

## BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

I.

It matters not what place he drew  
    At first life's mortal breath,  
Some say it was in Bethlehem,  
    And some in Nazareth.  
But shame and sorrow were his lot  
    And shameful was his death.

The angels sang, and o'er the barn  
    Wherein the infant lay,  
They hung a star, for they foresaw  
    The sad world's better day,  
But well God knew what thyme and rue  
    Were planted by his way.

The children of the Pharisees  
    In hymn and orison  
Worshipped the prophets, whom their sires  
    To cruel death had done,  
And said, "had we been there their death  
    We had not looked upon."

While the star shone the angels saw  
    The tombs these children built  
For those the world had driven out,  
    And smitten to the hilt,  
God knew these wretched sons would bear  
    The self-same bloody guilt.

Always had he who strives for men  
    But done some other thing,  
If he had not led a hermit life,  
    Or had not had his fling,  
We would have followed him, they say,  
    And made him lord and King.

For John was clothed in camel's hair  
    And lived among the brutes;  
But Jesus fared where the feast was spread  
    To the sound of shawms and lutes,  
Where gathered knaves and publicans  
    And hapless prostitutes.

Like children in the market place  
    Who sullen sat and heard,

## The Blood of the Prophets

With John they would not mourn, nor yet  
    Rejoice at Jesus' word;  
Had Jesus mourned, or John rejoiced,  
    He had been King and lord.

II.

From Bethlehem until the day  
    He came up to the feast  
We hear no word, we only know  
    In wisdom he increased,  
We know the marvelous boy did awe  
    The Pharisee and priest.

For wearied men wake to admire  
    A genius in the bud;  
Before the passion of the world  
    Flows through him like a flood;  
Ere he becomes a scourge to those  
    Who drink of mankind's blood.

Perhaps in him they saw an arm  
    To keep the people still;  
And fool the meek and slay the weak  
    And give the King his will;  
And put a wall for armed men  
    'Round every pleasant hill.

And this is why in after years  
    The Galilean wept;  
The cup of youth was sweet with truth  
    But a green worm in it crept;  
And that was dullness clothed in power,  
    And hate which never slept.

Through twenty years he drove the plane,  
    And shaped with ax and saw;  
And dreamed upon the Hebrew writ  
    Unto a day of awe,  
When he felt the world fit to his grasp  
    As by a mighty law.

He looked upon the sunny sky,  
    And 'round the flowering earth;  
He heard the poor man's groan of woe,  
    And the prince's song of mirth;  
Then Jesus vowed the life of man  
    Should have another birth.

And this is why the Son of Man  
    Wept when he knew the loss,

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

The toil and sacrifice to cleanse  
A little earthly dross;  
And that a god to save twelve men  
Must die upon the cross.

III.

'Twas on a pleasant day in June  
Beneath an azure sky  
That 'round him stood the multitude  
And saw within his eye  
The light that from nor sun nor star  
Ever was known to fly.

And some came out to scoff and laugh,  
And some to lay a snare;  
The rhetorician gaped to see:  
The learned carpenter.  
The money changer, judge and priest,  
And statesman all were there.

Some thought the Galilean mad;  
Some asked, is he sincere?  
Some said he played the demagogue  
To gain the people's ear,  
And raise a foe against the law  
That lawful men should fear.

But all the while did C<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>sar's might  
Grow big with blood and lust;  
And no one brooked his tyrant arm,  
For the statesman said the crust  
That paupers gnaw is by the law,  
And that the law is just.

From hunger's hovel, from the streets;  
From horror's blackened niche  
Earth's mourners came and hands were stretched  
To touch him from the ditch.  
Then rose a Scribe and said he turned  
The poor against the rich.

And those who hated C<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>sar's rule,  
Albeit sowed the lie  
That Jesus stirred sedition up  
That he might profit by  
A revolution, which should clothe  
Himself in monarchy.

Through twice a thousand years the world  
Has missed the words he taught;

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

To forms and creeds and empty show  
Christ never gave a thought,  
But wrongs that men do unto men  
They were the wrongs he fought.

He did not eat with washen hands,  
Nor keep the Sabbath day;  
He did not to the Synagogue  
Repair to sing and pray.  
Nor for to-morrow take a thought,  
To mar life's pleasant way.

He saw that all of human woe  
Takes root in hate and greed;  
He saw until men love their kind  
The human heart must bleed.  
And that nor hymn nor sacrifice  
Meets any human need.

And this is why he scourged the rich  
And lashed the Pharisee,  
And stripped from every pious face  
The mask hypocrisy;  
And so laced Mary Magdalene,  
Caught in adultery.

And this is why with grievous fire  
He smote the lawyer's lore.  
And every wile of cunning guile  
Which made the burden more  
Upon the backs of wretched men,  
Who heavy burdens bore.

Therefore when that the hour was come  
For him to die, they blent  
Of many things a lying charge,  
But at last the argument  
They killed him with was that he stirred  
The people's discontent.

From thence the world has gone its way  
Of this truth, deaf and blind,  
And every man who struck the law  
Has felt the halter bind,  
Until his words were choked in death  
Uttered for human kind.

Now did the dreams of Galilee  
Awake as from a sleep,  
Fly up from earth, and Life unmasked  
Life's promise did not keep,

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

And Jesus saw the face of Life,  
And all who see it weep.

God's spirit fled the damn'd earth  
And left the earth forlorn.  
No more did Jesus walk the fields,  
And pluck the ripened corn;  
Nor muse beside the silent sea,  
Upon a summer's morn.

Before the heart of Christ was pierced  
With agony divine,  
He sat him down in a merry mood  
With loving friends to dine.  
And once in Cana he did turn  
The water into wine.

Now put from shore, swept far to sea  
His shallop caught the tide,  
Arched o'er him was eternity  
"Twixt starless wastes and wide.  
God's spirit seemed withdrawn that once  
Walked hourly at his side.

IV.

Gladly the common people heard  
And called upon his name.  
But yet he knew what they would do,  
Christ Jesus knew their frame,  
And that he should be left alone  
Upon a day of shame.

Sharper than thorns upon the brow,  
Or nails spiked through the hand  
Is when the people fly for fear  
And cannot understand;  
And let their saviors die the death  
As creatures contraband.

For wrongs that flourish by a lie  
Are hard enough to bear;  
But wrongs that take their root in truth  
Shade every brow with care;  
And this is why Gethsemane  
Was shadowed with despair.

In dark and drear Gethsemane  
Hell's devils laughed and raved,  
When Jesus torn by fear and doubt  
Reprieve from sorrow craved;

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.



## The Blood of the Prophets

For who would lose his life, unless  
Another's life he saved?

V.

In youth when all the world appeared  
As fresh as any flower,  
Satan besought the Son of Man,  
New-clothed in godly power,  
And took him to behold the world  
Upon a lofty tower.

To every man of god-like might  
Comes Satan once to give  
The crown, the crosier and the sword  
And bid him laugh and live,  
While Hope hides in the wilderness,  
A hunted fugitive.

But neither gold nor kingly crown  
Tempted the Son of Man  
He hoped as many souls have hoped,  
Ever since time began,  
That love itself can overcome,  
Hate's foul leviathan

Some fix their faith to heaven's grace,  
And some to saintly bones;  
Some think that water doth contain  
A virtue which atones;  
And some believe that men are saved  
By penitential groans.

But of all faith that ever fired  
A spirit with its glow  
That is supreme which thinks that truth  
No power can overthrow;  
And he believes who takes and cleaves  
To the thorny way of woe!

For life is sweet, and sweet it is  
With jeweled sandals shod  
To trip where happy blossoms shoot  
Up from the fragrant sod;  
And what sustains the souls that pass  
Always beneath the rod?

The book of worldly lore he closed  
And bound it with a hasp;  
And in the hour of danger came  
No king with friendly clasp.

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

It was the hand of love against  
The anger of the asp.

Since Jesus died the lust of kings  
Has linked the cross and crown;  
And slaughtered millions whom to save  
From heaven he came down;  
And all to tame the mind of man  
To his divine renown.

But whether he were man or god  
This thing at least is true;  
He hated with a lordly hate  
The Gentile and the Jew,  
Who robbed the poor and wronged the weak,  
And kept the widow's due.

And those all clothed in raiment soft,  
Who in kings' houses dwell;  
And those who compass sea and land  
Their proselytes to swell;  
And when they make one he is made  
Two-fold the child of hell.

And those who tithe of anise give,  
But sharpen beak and claw;  
And those who plait the web of hate  
The heart of man to flaw;  
And hungry lawyers who pile up  
The burdens of the law.

I wonder not they slew the Christ  
And put upon his brow  
The cruel crown of thorns, I know  
The world would do it now;  
And none shall live who on himself  
Shall take the self-same vow.

And none shall live who tries to balk  
The heavy hand of greed;  
And he who hopes for human help  
Against his hour of need  
Will find the souls he tried to save  
Ready to make him bleed.

For he who flays the hypocrite,  
And scourges with a thong  
The money changer, soon will find  
The money changer strong;  
And even the people will incline  
To think his mission wrong.

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

And pious souls will say he is  
At best a castaway;  
Some will remember he blasphemed  
And broke the Sabbath day.  
And the coward friend will fool his heart  
And then he will betray.

At last the Scribe and Pharisee  
No longer could abide  
The tumult which his words stirred up  
In every country side;  
And so they made a sign, which meant  
He must be crucified.

For him no sword was raised, no king  
Came forward for his sake;  
And every son of mammon laughed  
To see death overtake  
The fool who fastened to the truth  
And made his life the stake.

VI.

Upon a day when Jesus' soul  
Like an angel's voice did quire,  
The heart of all the people burned  
With a white and holy fire;  
And they did sweep to make him king  
Over the world's empire.

His kingdom was not of this world,  
But this they would not own;  
And he to save themselves did go  
To a mountain place alone,  
And there did pray that holy Truth  
Might find somewhere a throne.

When Henry was by Francis sought  
To make him emperor,  
They walked upon a cloth of gold,  
As sovereign lords of war.  
And trumpets blew and banners flew  
About the royal car.

When Caesar back to Rome returned  
With all the world subdued,  
The soldiers and the priests did shout,  
And cried the multitude;  
For he had slain his country's foes,  
And drenched their land with blood.

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

But all the triumph of the Christ  
That ever came to pass  
Was when he rode amidst a mob  
Upon a borrowed ass;  
And this is all the worldly pomp  
A genius ever has.

His cloth of gold were branches cut  
And strewn upon the ground;  
And every money-changer laughed,  
And the judges looked and frowned;  
But no one saw a flag unfurled,  
Or heard a bugle sound.

To-day whene'er a coxcomb king  
Visits a foreign shore,  
The simple people deck themselves  
And all the cannon roar.  
But it would not do such grace to show  
To a soul of lordly lore.

VII.

Of all sad suppers ever spread  
For broken hearts to eat,  
That was the saddest where the Christ  
Did serve the bread and meat;  
And, ere he served them, washed with care  
Each worn disciple's feet.

And who would hold in memory  
That supper, let him call  
His loved friends about his board  
And serve them one and all;  
And with a loving spirit crown  
The simple festival.

For this I hold to be the truth,  
And Jesus said the same;  
That men who meet as brothers, they  
Are gathered in his name;  
And only for its evil deeds  
A soul he will disclaim.

Through climes of sun and climes of snow  
Full many a wretched knight,  
The holy grail, without avail  
Did make his life's delight,  
And lo! the thing it symbolized  
Was ever in their sight.

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

The cup whereof Christ Jesus drank  
Was wholly without grace;  
And whether made of stone or wood  
Was lost or broke apace.  
And no one thought to keep a cup  
While looking in his face.

They kept no cup, their only thought  
Was for the morrow morn.  
And as he passed the wine and bread  
With pallid hands and worn,  
Peter did swear he would not leave  
His stricken lord forlorn.

John, the beloved, on his breast,  
Wept while the hour did pass.  
Judas did groan when Jesus struck  
Behind his soul's arras.  
All trembled for the bitter hate,  
And power of Caiaphas.

But for that simple, farewell feast  
In Holland, France and Spain,  
Ten million men as true as John  
Were racked and burnt and slain,  
As if they held remembrance of  
The farewell feast of Cain.

Had Jesus known what fratricide  
Over his words would fall  
I think he would have gone straightway  
Up to the judgment hall,  
And never broken bread or drunk  
The cup his friends withal.

Though a good tree brings forth good fruit,  
What good bears naught but good?  
What sum of saintly life contains  
No grain of devil's food?  
What purest truth when past its youth  
Is not its own falsehood?

And every rod wherewith the wise  
Have cleft each barrier sea,  
That men might walk across and reach  
The land of liberty,  
In hands of kings were snakes whose stings  
Were worse than slavery.

VIII.

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

The rulers thought it best to wait  
Till Jesus were alone;  
They had forgot the coward crowd  
Never protects its own,  
But leaves its leaders to the whim  
Of wrong upon a throne.

Had malcontents for Pilate sought  
To do a treasonous thing,  
Ten thousand loyal fishermen  
Had made the traitors swing;  
For they are taught they cannot live  
Unless they have a king.

But soldiers came with swords and staves  
To sieze one helpless man.  
And only Peter had a sword  
To smite the craven clan  
And only Peter stood his ground,  
And all the people ran.

I wish, since Jesus by the world  
Is held to be divine,  
That he had lived to give to men  
A perfect anodyne,  
And raise to human liberty  
A world compelling shrine.

A shrine 'round which should lie to-day  
The world's discarded crowns,  
And swords and guns and gilded gawds  
And monkish beads and gowns;  
But, as it is, upon these things,  
They say, he never frowns.

And only by an argument  
Can any being show  
That Jesus would chop out and burn  
These monstrous roots of woe.  
And so these roots are living yet,  
And still the roots do grow.

Unto this day in divers lands  
Pilate is singled out  
For curses that he did not save  
Christ from the rabble's shout;  
But they forget he was a judge,  
And had a judge's doubt.

The sickly fear of the rulers' sneer

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Clutches the judge's heart.  
And to hide behind a hoary lie  
Is the judge's highest art;  
And the judgment hall has a door that leads  
To the room of the money mart.

The laws wherewith men murder men  
Are dark with skeptic slime;  
They are not stars that point the way  
To truth in every clime.  
Wherefore was Jesus crucified,  
For what was not a crime.

When Pilate questioned what is truth  
He did not mean to jest;  
He meant to show when life's at stake  
How difficult the quest  
Through hollow rules and empty forms  
To truth's ingenuous test.

And Pilate might have pardoned him  
Had not the lawyers said,  
The Galilean strove to put  
A crown upon his head.  
And how could Jesus be a king,  
Who blood had never shed?

The trial of Jesus long ago  
Was cursed in solemn rhyme;  
For the judgment hall was but farcical  
And the trial a pantomime.  
Save that it led to a felon's death  
For what was not a crime.

The common people on that day  
Had enough black-bread to eat.  
And what to them was another's woe  
Before the judgment seat?  
They were content that day to keep  
From pit-falls their own feet.

Had Herod stood, whate'er the charge,  
Before the people's bar  
The sophists would have cut it down  
With reason's scimitar,  
And called the peasants to enforce  
The judgment near and far.

And had they failed to save their king  
From every foul mischance  
The banded Anarchs of the world

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Had held them in durance,  
As afterward the crown d heads  
Did punish recreant France.

IX.

So it fell out amid the rout  
Of captain, lord and priest,  
They bound his hands with felon bands  
And they flogged him like a beast.  
And Pilate washed his hands, and then  
For them a thief released.

And only women solaced him,  
And one mad courtesan,  
"Save thou thyself," the elders cried,  
"Who came to rescue man."  
Where were the common people then?  
The common people ran.

Between two thieves upon a hill  
The terror to proclaim  
They racked his body on a cross  
Till his thirst was like a flame;  
And they mocked his woe and they wagged their heads,  
And they spat upon his name.

God thought a picture like to this,  
Fire-limned against the sky,  
Once seen, would never fade away  
From the world's careless eye;  
And that the lesson that it taught  
No soul could wander by.

God thought the shadow of this cross,  
Athwart the mad world's ken,  
Would stay with shame the hands that kill  
The men who die for men,  
And that no soul for love of truth  
Need ever die again.

Many a man the valley of death  
With fearless step hath trod;  
The prophet is a phoenix soul,  
And the wretch is a sullen clod.  
But Jesus in his death became  
Liker unto a god

Liker unto a god he grew  
Who walked through heaven and hell;  
He died as he forgave the mob

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.



## The Blood of the Prophets

That 'round the cross did yell.  
They knew not what they did, and this  
Jesus, the god, knew well.

For hate is spawned of ignorance  
And ignorance of hate.  
And all the fang d shapes that creep  
From their incestuous state  
Enter the gardens of the world,  
And curs d keep their fate.

Near Gadara did Jesus drive  
By an occult power and sign  
The unclean devils from a loon  
Into a herd of swine.  
But the swinish devils entered the Scribes,  
And slew a soul divine.

Christ healed the blind, but could not ope  
The eyes of ignorance,  
Nor turn to wands of peace and love  
Hate's bloody sword and lance;  
But the swinish fiends who took his life  
Received a pardoning glance.

And Jesus raised the dead to life,  
And he cured the lame and halt  
But he could not heal a hateful soul,  
And keep it free from fault;  
Nor bring the savour back again  
To the world's trampled salt.

X.

After his death the rulers slept,  
And the judges were at ease;  
For they had killed a rebel soul  
And strewed his devotees;  
But the imp of time is a thing perverse,  
And laughs at men's decrees.

For it is vain to kill a man,  
His life to stigmatize;  
Herein the wisdom of the world  
Is folly to the wise;  
For those the world doth kill, the world  
Will surely canonize.

To look upon a lov d face  
By the Gorgon Death made stone,

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Will make the heart leap up with fear  
And the soul with sorrow groan;  
Alas! who knows what thing he knew  
Ere the light of life was flown?

Who knows what tears did start to well,  
But were frozen at their source?  
Who knows his ashen grief who felt  
That iron hand of force?  
Or what black thing he saw before  
He grew a lifeless corse?

And, much of hope, but more of woe  
Falls with the chastening rod,  
As the living think of an orphan soul  
That the spectral ways may trod,  
And how that orphan soul must cry  
In its new world after God.

So the fisherman did sigh at night,  
For a dream-face haunted them.  
By day they hid as branded men  
Within Jerusalem.  
And the common people, safe at home,  
Did breathe a requiem.

But where he lay, one fearless soul,  
Mad Magdalene, from whom  
Christ cast the seven devils out,  
Came in the morning's gloom,  
And thence arose the burning faith  
That Christ rose from the tomb

But all do know the mind of man  
Mixes the false and true,  
And deifies each Son of God  
That ever hatred slew;  
And weaves him magic tales to tell  
Of what the man could do.

The legends grow, as grow they must  
The wonder to equip.  
And ere they write the legends out,  
They pass from lip to lip,  
Till a simple life becomes a theme  
For studied scholarship.

But this I know that after Christ  
Did die on Calvary,  
He never more did preach to men,  
Nor scourge the Pharisee;

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Else it was vain to still his voice  
And nail him to a tree.

Nor scribe nor priest were ever more  
By him disquieted.  
And little did it mean to them  
That he rose from the dead.  
For greed can sleep when it has killed  
The thing that it did dread.

And never a king or satrap knew  
That Christ the tomb had rent;  
He might have lived a second life,  
With every lord's consent,  
If never more he sought to stir  
The people's discontent.

He might have risen from the dead  
And gone to Galilee;  
And there paced out a hundred years  
In a sorrowed revery,  
If he but never preached again  
The creed humanity.

XI.

To distant lands did Jesus' words,  
Like sparks that burst in flame,  
Fly forth to light the ways of dole,  
And blind the eyes of shame,  
Till subtle kings, to staunch their wounds,  
Did conjure with his name.

When kings did pilfer Jesus' might,  
His words of love were turned  
To swords and goads and heavy loads,  
And rods and brands that burned;  
And never had the world before  
So piteously mourned.

Of peasant Mary they did make  
A statue all of gold;  
And placed a crown upon her head  
With jewels manifold.  
And Jesus' words were strained and drawn  
This horror to uphold.

They robbed a rebel royally,  
And placed within his hand  
A scepter, that himself should be  
One of their murderous band.

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

And it is tragical that men  
Can never understand.

For Herod crowned the carpenter  
With woven thorns of hate.  
And put a reed within his hand  
A king to imitate.  
Now kings have made a rebel soul  
The patron of the state.

And kingcraft never hatched a lie,  
This falsehood to surpass.  
For Jesus' only hour of pomp  
Was what a genius has;  
He rode amidst a howling mob  
Upon a borrowed ass.

Though his cloth of gold were branches cut  
And strewed upon the ground;  
And though the money-changers laughed,  
While the judges looked and frowned;  
To-day for him the flag is flown,  
And all the bugles sound.

To-day where'er the treacherous sword  
Takes lord-ship in the world,  
The bloody rag they call the flag,  
In his name is unfurled.  
And round the standard of the cross  
Is greed, the python, curled.

For wrongs that have the show of truth  
Are hard enough to bear,  
But wrongs that flourish by a lie,  
Shade wisdom's brow with care.  
And still in dark Gethsemane  
There lurks the fiend Despair.

And still in drear Gethsemane,  
Hell's devils laugh and rave,  
Because the Prince of Peace hath failed  
The wayward world to save.  
For every word he spoke is made  
A shackle to enslave.

Man's wing'd hopes are white at dawn,  
But the hand of malice smuts.  
O, angel voices drowned and lost  
Amid the growl of guts!  
O spirit hands that strain to draw  
A dead world from the ruts!

BALLAD OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

God made a stage of Palestine,  
And the drama played was Life;  
And the Eye of Heaven sat and watched  
The true and false at strife;  
While a masque o' the World did play the pimp,  
And take a whore to wife.

I wonder not they slew the Christ,  
And put upon his brow  
A mocking crown of thorns, I know  
The world would do it now;  
And none shall live who on himself  
Shall take the self-same vow.

And none shall live who tries to balk  
The heavy hand of greed.  
And who betakes him to the task,  
That heart will surely bleed.  
But a little truth, somehow is saved  
Out of each dead man's creed.

Out of the life of him who scourged  
The Scribe and Pharisee,  
A willing world can take to heart  
The creed humanity;  
And all the wonder tales of Christ  
Are naught to you and me.

And it matters not what place he drew,  
At first life's mortal breath,  
Nor how it was his spirit rose  
And triumphed over death,  
But good it is to hear and do  
The word that Jesus saith.

Until the perfect truth shall lie  
Treasured and set apart;  
One whole, harmonious truth to set  
A seal upon each heart;  
And none may ever from that truth  
In any wise depart.

## **SAMSON AND DELILAH.**

Because thou wast most delicate,

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

## The Blood of the Prophets

A woman fair for men to see,  
The earth did compass thy estate,  
Thou didst hold life and death in fee,  
And every soul did bend the knee.

Much pleasure also made thee grieve (Note: (Wherein the corrupt spirit of this age is symbolized by Delilah and the People by Samson.))

For that the goblet had been drained.  
The well spiced viand thou didst leave  
To frown on want whose throat was strained,  
And violence whose hands were stained.

The purple of thy royal cloak,  
Made the sea paler for its hue.  
Much people bent beneath the yoke  
To fetch thee jewels white and blue,  
And rings to pass thy gold hair through.

Therefore, Delilah wast thou called,  
Because the choice wines nourished thee  
In Sorek, by the mountains walled  
Against the north wind's misery,  
Where flourished every pleasant tree.

Thy lovers also were as great (Note: (Delilah hath a taste for ease and luxury and wantons with divers lovers.))  
In numbers as the sea sands were;  
Thou didst requite their love with hate;  
And give them up to massacre,  
Who brought thee gifts of gold and myrrh.

At Gaza and at Ashkelon, (Note: (Delilah conceiveth the design of ensaring Samson.))  
The obscene Dagon worshipping  
Thy face was fair to look upon,  
Yet thy tongue, sweet to talk or sing,  
Was deadlier than the adder's sting.

Wherefore, thou saidst, "I will procure  
The strong man Samson for my spouse,  
His death will make my ease secure.  
The god has heard this people's vows  
To recompense their injured house."

Thereafter, when the giant lay  
Supinely rolled against thy feet,  
Him thou didst craftily betray,  
With amorous vexings, low and sweet,  
To tell thee that which was not meet.

And Samson spake to thee again; (Note: (Delilah attempteth to discover the source of Samson's strength. Samson very

## The Blood of the Prophets

neatly deceiveth her.))

"With seven green withes I may be bound,  
So shall I be as other men."

Whereat the lords the green withes found—  
The same about his limbs were bound.

Then did the fish-god in thee cry:

"The Philistines be upon thee now."

But Samson broke the withes awry,  
As when a keen fire toucheth tow;  
So thou didst not the secret know.

But thou, being full of guile, didst plead:

"My lord, thou hast but mocked my love  
With lies who gave thy saying heed;  
Hast thou not vexed my heart enough,  
To ease me all the pain thereof?"

Now, in the chamber with fresh hopes,  
The liers in wait did list, and then  
He said: "Go to, and get new ropes,  
Wherewith thou shalt bind me again,  
So shall I be as other men."

Then didst thou do as he had said, (Note: (Samson retaineth his intellect and the lustihood of his body and again misleadeth the subtle craft of Delilah.))

Whereat the fish-god in thee cried,  
"The Philistines be upon thy head,"  
He shook his shoulders deep and wide,  
And cast the ropes like thread aside.

But thou being safe in thy conceit,  
Didst chide him softly then and say:  
"Beforetime thou hast shown deceit,  
And mocked my quest with idle play,  
Thou canst not now my wish gaisay."

Then with the secret in his thought,  
He said: "If thou wilt weave my hair,  
The web withal, the deed is wrought,  
Thou shalt have all my strength in snare,  
And I as other men shall fare."

Seven locks of him thou tookest and wove  
The web withal and fastened it,  
And then the pin thy treason drove  
With laughter making all things fit,  
As did beseem thy cunning wit.

Then the god Dagon speaking by (Note: (Delilah still pursueth her designs and Samson beginning to be somewhat wearied

## The Blood of the Prophets

hinteth very close to his secret.))

Thy delicate mouth made horrid din;  
"Lo the Philistine lords are nigh" --  
He woke ere thou couldst scarce begin,  
And took away the web and pin.

Yet, saying not it doth suffice,  
Thou in the chamber's secrecy,  
Didst with thy artful words entice  
Samson to give his heart to thee,  
And tell thee where his strength might be.

Pleading, "How canst thou still aver,  
I love thee, being yet unkind?  
How is it thou dost minister  
Unto my heart with treacherous mind,  
Thou art but cruelly inclined."

From early morn to falling dusk,  
At night upon the curtained bed,  
Fragrant with spikenard and with musk,  
For weariness he laid his head,  
Whilst thou the insidious net didst spread.

Nor wouldst not give him any rest, (Note: (Samson being weakened by lust and overcome by Delilah's importunities and

guile telleth her wherein his greath strength consisteth.))

But vexed with various words his soul,  
Till death far more than life was blest,  
Shot through and through with heavy dole,  
He told thee all upon parole.

Saying, "I am a Nazarite,  
To God alway, nor hath there yet  
Razor or shears done despite  
To these my locks of coarsen jet,  
Therefore my strength hath known no let."

"But, and if these be shaven close,  
Whereas I once was strong as ten,  
I may not meet my meanest foes  
Among the hated Philistine,  
I shall be weak like other men."

He turned to sleep, the spell was done,  
Thou saidst "Come up this once, I trow  
The secret of his strength is known;  
Hereafter sweat shall bead his brow,  
Bring up the silver thou didst vow."

They came, and sleeping on thy knees,(Note: (Samson having trusted Delilah turneth to sleep whereat her minions



## The Blood of the Prophets

with  
force falleth upon him and depriveth him of his strength.))

The giant of his locks was shorn.  
And Dagon, being now at ease,  
Cried like the harbinger of morn,  
To see the giant's strength forlorn

For he wist not the Lord was gone --  
"I will go as I went erewhile,"  
He said, "and shake my mighty brawn."  
Without the captains, file on file,  
Did execute Delilah's guile.

At Gaza where the mockers pass,  
Midst curses and unholy sound,  
They fettered him with chains of brass,  
Put out his eyes, and being bound  
Within the prison house he ground.

The heathen looking on did sing;  
"Behold our god into our hand,  
Hath brought him for our banqueting,  
Who slew us and destroyed our land,  
Against whom none of us could stand."

Now, therefore, when the festival(Note: (Samson being no longer formidable and being deprived of his eyes is reduced to

slavery and made the sport of the heathen.))  
Waxed merrily, with one accord,  
The lords and captains loud did call,  
To bring him out whom they abhorred,  
To make them sport who sat at board.

And Samson made them sport and stood(Note: (After a time Samson prayeth for vengeance even though himself should  
perish thereby.))

Betwixt the pillars of the house,  
Above with scornful hardihood,  
Both men and women made carouse,  
And ridiculed his eyeless brows.

Then Samson prayed "Remember me  
O Lord, this once, if not again,  
O God, behold my misery.  
Now weaker than all other men  
Who once was mightier than ten."

"Grant vengeance for these sightless eyes,  
And for this unrequited toil,  
For fraud, injustice, perjuries,  
For lords whose greed devours the soil,

## The Blood of the Prophets

And kings and rulers who despoil."

"For all that maketh light of Thee,(Note: (Wherein by a very nice conceit revolution is symbolized.))

And sets at naught Thy holy word,  
For tongues that babble blasphemy,  
And impious hands that hold the sword —  
Grant vengeance, though I perish, Lord."

He grasped the pillars, having prayed,  
And bowed himself —the building fell,  
And on three thousands souls was laid,  
Gone soon to death with mighty yell.  
And Samson died, for it was well.

The lords and captains greatly err,  
Thinking that Samson is no more,  
Blind, but with ever-growing hair,  
He grinds from Tyre to Singapore,  
While yet Delilah plays the whore.

So it hath been, and yet will be,  
The captains, drunken at the feast,  
To garnish their felicity,  
Will taunt him as a captive beast,  
Until their insolence hath ceased.

Of ribaldry that smelleth sweet, (Note: (Wherein it is shown that while the people like Samson have been blinded,  
and

have not recovered their sight still that their hair continueth to grow.))

To Dagon and to Ashtoreth,  
Of bloody stripes from head to feet,  
He will endure unto the death,  
Being blind, he also nothing saith.

Then 'gainst the Doric capitals,  
Resting in prayer to God for power,  
He will shake down your marble walls,  
Abiding heaven's appointed hour,  
And those that fly shall hide and cower.

But this Delilah shall survive,  
To do the sin already done,  
Her treacherous wiles and arts shall thrive,  
At Gaza and at Ashkelon,  
A woman fair to look upon.

## THE WORLD–SAVER.

If the grim Fates, to stave ennui,  
    Play whips for fun, or snares for game,  
The liar full of ease goes free,  
    And Socrates must bear the shame.

With the blunt sage he stands despised  
    The Pharisees salute him not;  
Laughter awaits the truth he prized,  
    And Judas profits by his plot.

A million angels kneel and pray,  
    And sue for grace that he may win—  
Eternal Jove prepares the day,  
    And sternly sets the fateful gin.

Satan, who hates the light, is fain,  
    To back his virtuous enterprise;  
The omnipotent powers alone refrain,  
    Only the Lord of hosts denies.

Whate'er of woven argument,  
    Lacks warp to hold the woof in place,  
Smothers his honest discontent,  
    But leaves to view his woeful face.

Fling forth the flag, devour the land,  
    Grasp destiny and use the law;  
But dodge the epigram's keen brand,  
    And fall not by the ass's jaw

The idiot snicker strikes more down,  
    Than fell at Troy or Waterloo;  
Still, still he meets it with a frown,  
    And argues loudly for "the True."

Injustice lengthens out her chain,  
    Greed, yet ahungred, calls for more;  
But while the eons wax and wane,  
    He storms the barricaded door.

Wisdom and peace and fair intent,  
    Are tedious as a tale twice told;  
One thing increases being spent —  
    Perennial youth belongs to gold.

At Weehawken the soul set free,

## The Blood of the Prophets

Rules the high realm of Bunker Hill,  
Drink life from that philosophy,  
And flourish by the age's will.

If he shall toil to clear the field,  
Fate's children sieze the prosperous year;  
Boldly he fashions some new shield,  
And naked feels the victor's spear.

He rolls the world up into day,  
He finds the grain, and gets the hull,  
He sees his own mind in the sway,  
And Progress tiptoes on his skull.

Angels and fiends behold the wrong,  
And execrate his losing fight;  
While Jove amidst the choral song,  
Smiles, and the heavens glow with light!

## AMERICA.

Glorious daughter of time! Thou of the mild blue eye --  
Thou of the virginal forehead --pallid, unfurrowed of tears--  
Thou of the strong white hands with fingers dipped in the dye  
Of the blood that quickened the fathers of thee, in the ancient years,  
Leave thou the path of the beasts. Return thou again to the hills,  
Forsake thou the deserts of death, where ever the burning thirst,  
Flames in the throat for blood, for the vile desire that kills,  
Where the treacherous sands by the rebel cerastes are cursed,  
And the wastes are strewn with the bones of folly and hate.  
Return! where the sunlight gladdens the places of green,  
Where the stars comes forth, the heralds of faith and fate,  
And the winds of eternity breathe from a day unseen.

Thou! what hast thou to do with a time burnt out and done?  
With the old Serbonian bog-- the marshes where nations were lost?  
Where wailings are heard of the dead, of the slaughtered Roman and Hun,  
And phosphorent lights arise in the hands of a stricken ghost,  
Dreaming of splendors of battle that glanced from a million shields,  
When the C³sars pillaged for lust of gold and hunger of power;  
And the giants of Gothland festered and stank on the stretching fields,  
And the gods of the living were cursed, too weak to reveal the hour,  
When they should triumph and others should writhe in a dread defeat,  
In the day of thy grace, O fair and false to thy fathers and time,  
O thou whom the snares of kings already encompass thy feet,  
With thy singing robes besprent with the old Egyptian slime.

AMERICA.

## The Blood of the Prophets

But thou hast harkened to guile, to the cunning words of shame,  
    To the tempter with pieces of gold and the praise of the drunken throng.  
Scornfully push from their hands the crown of a common fame,  
    Not made for thy peaceful brows, for thou wert not born for wrong.  
Thou art the fruit of the groaning cycles of hope and love,  
    Told of by maddened prophets who never beheld thy face,  
Who drew from the teeming earth and the fetterless sky above,  
    That man was made to be free, and to stamp under foot the mace.  
How should thy innocent eyes ever leer with a reddened look?  
    Or thy hair be scented save of the measureless sea?  
Or thy feet know the ways of deceit, wrote out in the murderous book,  
    By monarchs who shrank from the scourging and doom of thy strength and thee?

Beloved of time and of fate, cherished of justice and truth,  
    Yet thou art free to do, to choose the ill and to die;  
To squander thy beauty for hire, to waste thy eternal youth —  
    For thou art eternal, if thou heedst them not, but pass by,  
Pass and return to the mountains of freedom and peace,  
Where heavenward flame the fires, where the torches may be relumed,  
To girdle the world with the light that was kindled in olden Greece;  
    Or that the sparks may be scattered wherever injustice has doomed,  
Darkness to be the portion of those who famish for light.  
    Be thou the great rock's shadow cast in a weary land,  
Be thou a star of guidance true in a wintry night,  
    Be thou thyself, and thyself alone, as heaven hath planned.

## SAMUEL.

"There will be no change at home." WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Hear then of brawn-armed Samuel,  
    Fair-haired and heavy-jaw;  
For he feared not the gates of hell,  
    Spiked 'round with heaven's law.

His viens with fiery draughts did glow,  
    Like sullen flames that burn,  
Beyond the granite gates, below,  
    Where souls for water yearn.

The blood of seven men he drew,  
    With many a dagger's thrust,

SAMUEL.

## The Blood of the Prophets

And theirs the fault whom thus he slew,  
He made the quarrel just.

Still deep in wine and mad carouse,  
He kept the plighted vow,  
Of her who sorrowed at the house,  
The thorns upon her brow.

Yet what she feared of sodden crime,  
His path by lust beset,  
Fell out, at last, upon a time,  
With gypsy Juliette.

The smoky-ebon of her eye,  
Made all his muscles weak.  
He loved the muddy, scarlet dye  
That mantled in her cheek.

For tawdry shawl and grimy skirt,  
For beads of colored glass;  
For circled ear-rings flecked with vert,  
And bracelets wrought of brass.

For thieving tricks and gypsy art,  
And evil craft and wile;  
For treachery of a venal heart,  
And lechery masked with guile.

For these the brawn-armed Samuel,  
Exchanged a faithful wife,  
And spat upon the gates of hell,  
The peril and the strife.

And so he wooed this Juliette,  
And sought her dark embrace,  
Nor knew that he and death had met,  
That instant face to face.

For soon a tetter barked about,  
With vile and loathsome crust,  
The fair skin thereby parched with drought  
That crumbled into dust.

At last we saw his hollow eye,  
His weak and staggering walk.  
They sneered at him who passed him by,  
And heard his chattering talk.

Thus died the foul-youth Samuel,  
Gray haired and sunken jaw,  
His soul went through the gates of hell,

SAMUEL.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Spiked 'round with heaven's law.

They placed his body on a pyre,  
And burned it skin and bones;  
And put the ashes, purged by fire,  
Beneath a pile of stones.

### MEMORABILIA.

Old pioneers, how fare your souls to-day?  
They seem to be  
Imminent about this pastoral way,  
This sunny lea,  
The elms and oaks you knew, greenly renew  
Their leaves each spring,  
But never comes the hour again which drew  
Your world from view.

Here in a mood I lay, deep in the grass,  
Between the graves;  
And saw ye rise, ye shadowy forms, and pass  
O'er the wind's waves;  
Sunk eyes and bended head, wherefrom is fled  
The light of life;  
Even as the land, whose early youth is dead,  
Whose glory fled.

With eighty years gone over what remains  
For tongue to tell?  
Hence was it that in silence, with no pains  
At last 'twas well,  
Under these trees to creep, for ultimate sleep  
To soothe regret,  
For the world's ways, for war, let mankind reap,  
You said, and weep.

Abram Rutledge died, ere the great war  
Ruined the land.  
His well-loved son was struck on fields afar  
By a brother's hand.  
Then brought they him, O pioneer, on his bier  
To the hill and the tree,  
Back home and laid him, son of Trenton, here,  
Your own grave near.

Of all unuttered griefs, of vaguest woes,

### MEMORABILIA.

## The Blood of the Prophets

None equals this:  
Forgotten hands, and work that no one knows  
Whose work it is;  
Good gifts bequeathed, but never earned, or spurned  
In hate or pride;  
And the boon of an age destroyed, ere a cycle turned  
O'er you inurned.

Abram Rutledge lies in a sunken grave,  
Dust and no more,  
Let Freedom fail, it is naught to him, who was brave,  
Who stood to the fore.  
The oaks and elms he knew, greenly renew  
Their leaves each spring,  
But gone his dream with that last hour which drew  
His world from view.

## BALLAD OF THE TRAITOR'S SOUL.

'Twas the shrunken soul of the traitor  
That whined in a coign of the dark;  
And the fiends were aroused from slumber,  
When Cerberus began to bark.

"Methought that I spoke" said Julian,  
Who betrayed God's own demesne;  
"And I," said the ghost of Caesar,  
"Heard the dying groans of the slain."

"Twas the voice," said the high priest Caiaphas,  
"That uttered those words of awe,  
"Ye have given a tithe of anise,  
And broken the weightier law."

Then cried out Judas Iscariot,  
Who fled on the wings of the wind;  
"Some one is counting the silver,  
And wailing because I sinned."

But spake up the seven devils,  
That vexed Mary Magdalene;  
"The days of our bondage are over,  
We are no longer unclean."

"Moreover the voice that called us,  
Said 'Enter the souls of men,



## The Blood of the Prophets

For Belial rules this cycle,  
And Mammon has triumphed again."

Then the horrent jowls of Moloch,  
Wrinkled into a grin,  
And he growled 'tis the soul of the traitor,  
Open and let him in."

'Twas the shrunken soul of the traitor,  
Like a mouse at the furnace door,  
That stood in the haze of hades,  
And trembled within its roar.

Then uprose the form of Satan,  
And taking a crucible saith:  
"The shrunken soul of the traitor  
Shall suffer the second death."

"Come anarchs of ancient cities,  
And captains of torch and sword;  
For hell hath never received one,  
By God and fiends so abhorred."

Then the shrunken soul of the traitor,  
Pleaded that he might live:  
"Ye have borne with Phillip and Herod,  
And my sin ye ought to forgive."

But Phillip came forward and mocked him:—  
"The laws of God may atone  
The crime of destroying a country,  
Unless he destroys his own."

So the horrent jowls of Moloch  
Wrinkled into a grin,  
And the crucible being ready,  
They threw the renegade in;

And fed the fire underneath it,  
Until in the crucible lay  
A drop of green, bitter water  
That smelled of death and decay.

Then Satan siezed hold of the crucible,  
And drained the drop on the fire,  
And a flame leaped up to the heavens,  
And instantly did expire.

And there in the darkness that followed  
The arch fiends with broken breath,  
Fled far from the place of horror,

BALLAD OF THE TRAITOR'S SOUL.

And the sight of the second death.

## THE PIONEER.

From the wide miles of autumn corn,  
Here to this sun-lit hill,  
The wind wails for a hope forlorn,  
And the grief of a ruined will.

The soul of a thousand years long dead,  
And stark to the mellow day,  
Broods, as the clouds drift over-head,  
And the rune of a mood has sway.

For here alas! in a waste of weeds,  
Fenced from the church-house near,  
Lost to a world which no more heeds,  
Lies tombed the pioneer.

Who passed when all that he made true,  
Blanched for a scarlet stain;  
Slain by the soul his father slew  
In the strife of Concord plain.

Who lived to hear an empire's horde  
Beat hoofs upon his graves.  
And saw his country's blinding sword  
Flash o'er a land of slaves.

Who saw his son's flesh sown for love,  
Crop and be cut in hate.  
And lust of princes mould and move  
His country's altered fate.

His son! whom Shiloh's field of fire,  
Truth brought and final grace,  
And rest whose eyes had their desire,  
Death rapt on Freedom's face.

Vision it was! Thy secret keep!  
Thou followedst the shade,  
Till by a chasm sheer and deep,  
Thou sawest it disarrayed:

The face thereof unmasked! For lo,  
What sawest thou? nay, refrain;

THE PIONEER.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Enough for us Manilla's woe!  
Enough the scarlet stain!

Ghosts of the myriads who died,  
Shriek not around his head.  
His work is done, his fame is tried,  
For him the arrow sped.

Look at the smiling fields, survey  
These valleys of his quest.  
This soul was master of his day;  
Take, pioneer, thy rest!

Such rest as not our bloody foes  
Shall trouble, cowards we,  
To shirk the task the Fates impose,  
We must be true like thee.

Thou pioneer through whose gnarled hand  
We touched the sage's cloak,  
Whose spirit waved the magic wand,  
That loosed the tyrant's yoke;

Who passed to thee the spark whose light  
May flame to heaven again;  
And turn the deepest pall of night,  
To morning for all men.

From the wide miles of autumn corn,  
Here to this sun-lit hill,  
The wind sings for a hope new born,  
And the vow of a chainless will.

For we, thy children, will not fail  
When we remember thee.  
Thou pioneer, whose trials avail  
To bring us victory!

## THE TEMPLE.

Beyond the gates of Hercules  
The seven builders took the stone,  
Spurned everywhere in days of ease,  
Long lying loose and overthrown,  
Now carried over bitter seas  
Where crystalline Arcturus shone!

THE TEMPLE.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Well for the demi-gods who chose  
    The granite long accursed, and well  
They hollow squared it to enclose  
    The book defying time and hell,  
And human guile and force, its foes  
    While tyrants rose and systems fell.

So in a sky of malachite,  
    Azured by sunlight, they upreared,  
True to the Northstar's level light,  
    The temple for a faith revered;  
Founded upon an ancient right  
    And all men worshipped, or they feared.

No wealth of carved bucranium  
    O'erwrought the plain entablature.  
The Sea wind's keen harmonium  
    Found the great Dorians hard and sure,  
Holding the topless roof o'er swum  
    By Heaven's eternal coverture.

Here should the temple's keeper live,  
    Sifted alike by art and time.  
Above him heaven's blue to give  
    His spirit limitless sweep and rhyme,  
To rain nor gray cloud sensitive,  
    Nor the world's changing pantomime.

Never the eagle with wide-wings  
    Should see the Gallic cockerel perch  
Hereon; nor hear the voice that sings  
    An ancient sadness, fain to search  
The straining grief of fallen kings,  
    Haunting the bloody mother-church.

After a time the seven seers  
    Let slip the chisel, dead for sleep.  
And left to those of after years,  
    (Hands skilled in ruin dark and deep)  
To slay the ghosts of olden fears,  
    And, as it was, the [correction; sic = teh] temple keep.

Who was he, pray, who first shut out  
    With level roof the needful sky?  
Who let the rich acanthus flout  
    The frozen squares, or falsify  
The stately cornice with a rout  
    Of wing'd gargoyles, prone to fly

Yet it was done; and still afar

THE TEMPLE.

## The Blood of the Prophets

The eagle clothed in lightnings saw  
The temple stand without a scar,  
Faithful as mountains to the law;  
Albeit even of glory and war  
The keeper dreamed in twilight's awe.

Never the eagle at heaven's peak  
Should mark the temple's wreck or fall.  
And still the feeble years would wreak  
Some fitful fancy over all,  
Some Gothic finial, masque or freak,  
Or tracery work of lesser Gaul.

Soon from afar the vultures spied  
The arch'd roof above the fane.  
The heavy battlements deep and wide,  
Turrets and pinnacles of Spain,  
The temple's fallen grace bestride,  
The temple's holy art profane.

And croaking, as they drew anear  
They saw the Moorish columns raised  
Where stood the Dorians tall severe.  
And here and there the marble blazed  
For watchmen and the cannoneer,  
And sleepless oriels unamazed.

Within what change had come to pass!  
What keeps below, what traps above,  
What arabesques of bronze and brass,  
What secret stairs for hate or love,  
Of gold and treasure what a mass,  
In barbarous legend spoken of.

Lo! the Escorial on new ground,  
Virgin to faggot and the sword,  
And many slaves who stood around,  
Bribed for the task, seduced the horde  
To worship with tumultuous sound  
These ancient horrors thus restored.

But yet within the frieze, beneath  
The pendants, masques or porticoes  
What Ethiop eggs, defying death,  
Spawned long ago, lay in repose!  
Transported hither, given breath  
To fill the air with wing'd woes!

Under a snarling gargoyle slept  
A life which Time was loath to stir.  
Yet when the treasure, sternly kept,

THE TEMPLE.

## The Blood of the Prophets

Fattened on fraud and massacre,  
And men lost hope and women wept,  
This spirit broke its sepulchre.

And flitted forth amid the night,  
Which made the sun's face ghastly pale,  
Upon its quest of guilt and might,  
Evil and hideous and frail;  
Alien, long dead, but brought to light  
Its ancient foe to countervail --

A devil-cherub with dark wings,  
A bat-like fiend, equipped to kill  
With seasoned venom from its stings;  
A voice of madness far too shrill  
For men to hear, long heard of kings,  
Who saw not till it did its will.

This struck the temple's keeper dead  
Wheeling upon an aimless course,  
New hatched and blinded, sick, misled  
By its new world; with dull remorse ---  
Thence from the gargoyle's soul imbred  
To do its work of blood and force.

Never the eagle at heaven's peak  
Should mark the temple's wreck or fall.  
Nor see the feeble builders wreak  
Some fitful fancy over all,  
Some Gothic finial, masque or freak,  
Or tracery work of lesser Gaul.

Nor sailing far aloft behold  
The temple's steps with blood distained.  
Nor feel the snake's fangs blue and cold  
Strike as his spirit waxed and waned.  
Nor see the vultures growing bold  
Croak o'er an empery regained.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still on a jut of lofty land,  
Strange for its barbarous array,  
The temple waits the Phidian hand,  
The over-work to tear away,  
And leave its simple self to stand  
The myriad ages to survey!

## THE TWO SOULS.

Two souls within this lunar cycle passed  
Beyond the curtained stage of life and time.  
One weary from long vigils, bent with toil,  
Fell ere his task was done; and one consumed  
With glooming fire that fed upon itself  
Within the darkened chamber of a heart --  
Blackened and hardened with its dark designs --  
Death crumbled. And from widest points of earth  
Men grieved for each, each for a different grief,  
Each for a shattered hope, because they slept.  
Whate'er the crags and bleak declivities  
Which marred this peak, it pointed heavenward;  
So much men gained to see that glory and light  
Last faded from its head and first appeared,  
And that it made a comrade of those orbs  
Whose still and unremitting splendor gave  
The far-off truth along their level beams.  
His was a life whose opulence of deeds  
Made heirs of all mankind when gold shall lie  
In useless heaps, or breed the ills which tear  
The human heart with fraud, and violence.  
Toiling while others slept, and 'mid the jeers  
Of those whose children will enjoy the meed  
Of what he did, he kept his nature's trust.  
Thus without bitter doubts of heaven's law  
He scorned to traffic with the ease of life  
And mouth a faith the bargain would belie.  
The other, like a spider huge and vile,  
Dug pits for men, and slavered from his tongue  
The waxen slime in which to stick their feet.  
His was the gift of cruel alchemy  
Which turned to gold the flow of tears and blood  
And by the incantation of his words  
Made worthless paper precious. His the heart  
To loosen war, until a land was stripped,  
And all the world was shaken; till amidst  
The reeling masquerade of hate and death  
This bloated thief dropped off, whom care had sapped  
Of power to pleasure in his stolen hoard.  
But he would move the world! By scattering  
His bloody spoils like seed about the earth.  
And with the proceeds of the widow's house  
Undo the work of Washington! with gold  
Accomplish what the British soldiery  
Failed twice to do! call back the ancient days --  
Stab Progress dead! Destroy democracy --

## The Blood of the Prophets

Curdle the sweetness of the youthful mind  
With King-craft, and debauch the sons of men  
Till slavery be their portion! Shall it be?

If the final good  
Of ages and their anguished sacrifice  
May be destroyed by villany and gold  
Procured by villany. Enough of grief!  
Turn loose life's carnival, for those who miss  
The flesh's lust, have lost the all in all!

### **FILIPINOS, REMEMBER US.**

You, if it fall to you to take  
From us the lamp that Athens gave,  
Fill it with mercy for our sake,  
And light us gently to the grave.

The Goth and Vandal rendered not  
For evil good —but all in vain  
Have we, your victors, prayed and taught  
If through you freedom bleeds again.

Bound home, but blown across the sea  
In earth that clings about his feet,  
The whinchat bears the seedling tree,  
And plants the sterile lands with wheat.

But we —we shipped with slime for freight,  
Unknown to us what in it grew;  
And brought untoward to our hate  
The germ of Liberty to you.

When you have armed and joined the East  
To swell the Peril which affrights  
Our bloody conscience at the feast,  
Where Fate the ancient curse re-writes;

When the White Peril, slumber bound,  
Gorged full, the sport of bottle flies,  
Awakes to find you on his ground  
Puissant, cynical and wise;

Kicking his childish lies and frauds  
'Round infamy's quiescent yard;  
And raking from the wall the gawds

FILIPINOS, REMEMBER US.



## The Blood of the Prophets

Despite the dull and drunken guard;  
Or battering down the entrance door  
    Long shut, while yours was opened wide,  
To forage in our golden store,  
    Our rich possessions to divide;

To us it were but poor amends  
    Our sons with hatred to entreat;  
Remember us, who were your friends  
    Right in the battle's blood and heat.

For our sakes, centuries sunk in sleep,  
    Who strove to stave the certain doom,  
Our brothers' sons forgive, and keep  
    The flower of Liberty in bloom.

Move not in blindness, as of old  
    The unconscious Hun devoured the land;  
You must, with history's page unrolled,  
    Be god-like in your great command.

Yes, if it fall to you to take  
    From us the lamp that Athens gave,  
Fill it with gladness for our sake,  
    Restore the weak and free the slave:

Fill every place of waste with love,  
    And every land of woe with light,  
Till Peace, the pentecostal dove,  
    Descend and consecrate your might

## **BALLADE OF DEAD REPUBLICS.**

Tell me ye King-craft of to-day  
    Where is Athens, who made men free;  
Then sank into stupor by the way,  
    Subdued by the Spartan tyranny?  
And Rome that staggered to death, perdie,  
    Stabbed by the sword of Hannibal,  
And bled by patrician infamy —  
    The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

Cleon and Pericles held sway  
    O'er the foes of Greek democracy.  
The Gracchi brothers struggled to stay

## **BALLADE OF DEAD REPUBLICS.**

## The Blood of the Prophets

The stress of the Ceasars' stern decree.  
And look at Rienzi's passion, he  
Who strove the republic to recall!  
Slain at last for his perfidy --  
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

What of Florence and Venice, say?  
And the Netherlands that ruled the sea?  
And Cromwell's England more strong than they  
Which banished the throne and the bended knee?  
Yes, and Savonarola's plea,  
And William of Orange's rise and fall?  
Yea, though they labored for you and me --  
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

ENVOY.

Prince! 'tis the year of your jubilee,  
The great republic is in your thrall.  
And who will restore her armory?—  
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all!

## **BANNER OF MEN WHO WERE FREE.**

Flag of the great republic, banner of men who were free!  
Carried aloft for freedom in many a bloody gorge;  
Torn by the shot of tyrants in battle by land and sea,  
The rallying hope of our fathers by Valley Forge.

But what is it but a rag, save it emblem the higher law?  
Striped with the red of blood, flecked with the stars of war.  
The ensign of might alone, to be held by the people in awe,  
And cursed by savage chieftans in lands afar.

Little we owe to the England of this her lesser day,  
But much to the field of Naseby, the spirit of Runnymede;  
The bold adventurous Angles, who never shrank from the fray  
When Liberty cried aloud in her hour of need.

Aloft on the dome of truth, in the city of brotherly love,  
A sign to the world of hate, of Christ enthroned in the state,  
Symbol of peace, like the olive leaf and the messenger dove,  
Flew the flag of our fathers—the sign of a just debate!

But they dare to raise its standard on a field where the battle smoke,

**BANNER OF MEN WHO WERE FREE.**

## The Blood of the Prophets

Is rent with the groans of the slain, like the fallen of Lexington;  
Where the eagles have traveled afar from the vultures of war which croak  
O'er the bodies of those who died for the prize that it should have won?

Flag of a noble race, no longer our flag in truth,  
Borne by a hostile hand in a cause of shame,  
Give us the banner that flapped in the eyes of the nation's youth  
And sent a thrill through the world of its faultless flame!

Yet, if its soul shall perish, take it for what it was --  
For the shroud of those who worship the dead ideal;  
Dead to lie with the dead beneath the recurrent grass,  
No longer to grieve for the lost and no more to feel.

## AMERICA IN 1804.

(America Conquers Europe.)

Foul shapes that hate the day, again grown bold,  
Late driven hence, infested fane and court.  
The laurels of our victory were amort.  
Vile King-craft with his breed of blood and gold  
Took heart to see the ancient wrongs infold  
Our life, and childish figments which disport  
I' that pale light whose essence mayn't support  
Realities, in Freedom's hall to hold  
Sick carnival did troop. But at the height  
Of that debauch, while yet could be erased  
The smut and spittle from the sacred chart,  
Written in blood --a man whose soul gave light  
Intolerable to kings, their power abased,  
As he subdued the empire of the heart.

## AMERICA IN 1904.

(Europe Conquers America.)

Strong for the strong and in his own conceit;  
Half-boy, half-madman, playing with the fire;  
Usurper, hoodlum, wed to his desire;  
Loud in the hunt--afraid albeit to beat  
The wolves which reared him--always with swift feet,  
Booted and spurred to huddle in the mire

AMERICA IN 1804.

## The Blood of the Prophets

The malcontents, though Freedom die—no higher  
Launching his truncheon; only to the street  
Thundering at millionaires; unlearned, though read,  
In human agony—surrendered up  
To glory, war—of empty pomp the chief—  
Europa, thou hast conquered! with bowed head  
For Freedom slain (who prayed might pass the cup)  
We pray, in faith, thy triumph may be brief!

## ON A PICTURE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

If thou, Columbia, dost from this, thy son—  
The condor beak and python eyes—recoil,  
Bethink thee of the years that Freedom's soil  
Was husbanded by devil—feet which run  
To scatter lies and wrongs; until thereon  
Huge growths do thrive, once meadow, by the toil  
Of pioneers; where now resort for spoil  
The mouths and beaks that hunt for carrion.  
In years to come, if men mid the debris  
Of this republic shall explore the cause  
Of vast decay, two faces will appear:  
The perjured Marshall, who with sorcery  
Planted the jungle of unequal laws,  
And this huge reptile, now a nation's Fear!

## RACE SUICIDE.

"Get children," says Commodus. Why unbar  
The portals of the earth? Pre—natal dead  
If you had entered here the god of war  
Had slaughtered you to crown ambition's head!

## EPITAPH FOR A DEAD SENATOR.

Alas! he died when swill flowed far and near,  
While there were other pearls and deeper mud.  
Muse of the belly, drop a briny tear,  
The educated hog has crossed the flood.

## HAIL! MASTER DEATH!

When conquerors lift the bloody shield,  
    Showing the fallen's ooze of life,  
And on a waste of blasted field  
    Joy quickens to the drum and fife,  
Then the weird brood of flame and fate,  
    Far under ground, are ill at ease,  
And rock their bodies, as they wait,  
    When Death shall strangle even these.

The banquet board is red and white,  
    And laughter bubbles with the wine;  
But what's the meed of this delight?  
    The pauper's children peak and pine!  
Enough! our sisters laughing stir  
    The prescient worm, which scents and sees  
The feast time shall not long defer --  
    For Death shall strangle even these.

Tumbled at last in earth and lost  
    To church bells, sycophant and priest,  
The sodden hulks of those who crossed  
    The world with sorrow west and east.  
True Holder of the scales and sword,  
    God of all Gods, whose stern decrees  
Scatter the emperor's bloody hoard --  
    Great Death who stranglest even these!

So we shall not forever lie  
    In graves o'er run by cloven feet --  
We, vanquished who were first to die;  
    We, hooted from the judgment seat.  
Come arm'd hands and hands that clutch  
    The bauble world, fall to your knees --  
Oh you who triumphed over--much --  
    For death shall strangle even these.

## SUPPLICATION.

For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.--PSALM CIII. 14.

Oh Lord, when all our bones are thrust  
    Beyond the gaze of all but Thine;

HAIL! MASTER DEATH!

## The Blood of the Prophets

And these blaspheming tongues are dust  
Which babbled of Thy name divine,  
How helpless then to carp or rail  
Against the canons of Thy word;  
Wilt Thou, when thus our spirits fail,  
Have mercy, Lord?

Here from this ebon speck that floats  
As but a mote within Thine eye,  
Vain sneers and curses from our throats  
Rise to the vault of Thy fair sky:  
Yet when this world of ours is still  
Of this all-wondering, tortured horde,  
And none is left for Thou to kill --  
Have mercy, Lord!

Thou knowest that our flesh is grass;  
Ah! let our withered souls remain  
Like stricken reeds of some morass,  
Bleached, if Thou will, by ceaseless rain.  
Have we not had enough of fire,  
Enough of torment and the sword,  
If these accrue from Thy desire?  
Have mercy, Lord!

Dost Thou not see about our feet  
The tangles of our erring thought?  
Thou knowest that we run to greet  
High hopes that vanish into naught.  
We bleed, we fall, we rise again;  
How can we be of Thee abhorred?  
We are Thy breed, we little men --  
Have mercy, Lord!

Wilt Thou then slay for that we slay,  
Wilt Thou deny when we deny?  
A thousand years are but a day,  
A little day within Thine eye:  
We thirst for love, we yearn for life;  
We lust, wilt Thou the lust record?  
We, beaten, fall upon the knife--  
Have mercy, Lord!

Thou givest us youth that turns to age;  
And strength that leaves us while we seek.  
Thou pourest the fire of sacred rage  
In costly vessels all too weak.  
Great works we planned in hopes that Thou  
Fit wisdom therefor wouldst accord;  
Thou wrotest failure on our brow --  
Have mercy, Lord!

HAIL! MASTER DEATH!

## The Blood of the Prophets

Could we but know, as Thou dost know —  
    Hold the whole scheme at once in mind!  
Yet, dost Thou watch our anxious woe  
    Who piece with palsied hands and blind  
The fragments of our little plan,  
    To thrive and earn Thy blest reward,  
And make and keep the world of man —  
    Have mercy, Lord!

Thou settest the sun within his place  
    To light the world, the world is Thine,  
Put in our hands and through Thy grace  
    To be subdued and made divine.  
Whether we serve Thee ill or well,  
    Thou knowest our frame, nor canst afford  
To leave Thy own for long in hell —  
    Have mercy, Lord!