As I Was Bound for Babylon

Byron Herbert Reece
SHADOWS

I mark now as I pass
Across the greening meadow
With jaunty step, the grass
Gloomed by my towering shadow.

My lease to hide the sky
Is all too short, alas,
For I at length must lie
In the shadow of the grass.

AS I WAS BOUND FOR BABYLON

As I was bound for Babylon
Being a-wearied of the way
I rested at Jerusalem
About the fifth hour of the day.
And going on I chanced to see,
Nailed high on steep Golgotha Hill,
Three shapes as ghastly as could be
And near to death but living still.
The mid-most one they named with scorn
And gave to drink of vinegar
And wrote: "Jesus of Nazareth born
King of the Jews he hangeth here!"
The pain that wracked him trunk and limb
He bore with such a princely grace
There seemed to float a diadem
Above his strange and lovely face.
One look had I and hurried on;
The guards were dicing for his robe
When suddenly there was no sun
And darkness covered up the globe.
Be sure I hastened forth in fear
Nor lagged till day reclaimed the sun
At the ninth hour, serene and clear,
As I went on to Babylon.

BYRON HERBERT REECE