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## As I Was Bound for Babylon

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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