

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

Oscar Wilde



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OSCAR WILDE

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IN MEMORIAM

C.T.W.

**SOMETIME TROOPER OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.
OBIIT H.M. PRISON, READING, BERKSHIRE,**

JULY 7TH, 1896

PRESENTED BY PROJECT GUTENBERG ON THE 99TH ANNIVERSARY.

VERSION ONE

I. He did not wear his scarlet coat, For blood and wine are red, And blood and wine were on his hands When they found him with the dead, The poor dead woman whom he loved, And murdered in her bed. He walked amongst the Trial Men In a suit of shabby grey; A cricket cap was on his head, And his step seemed light and gay; But I never saw a man who looked So wistfully at the day. I never saw a man who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue Which prisoners call the sky, And at every drifting cloud that went With sails of silver by. I walked, with other souls in pain, Within another ring, And was wondering if the man had done A great or little thing, When a voice behind me whispered low, "That fellow's got to swing." Dear Christ! the very prison walls Suddenly seemed to reel, And the sky above my head became Like a casque of scorching steel; And, though I was a soul in pain, My

VERSION TWO

I He did not wear his scarlet coat, For blood and wine are red, And blood and wine were on his hands When they found him with the dead, The poor dead woman whom he loved, And murdered in her bed. He walked amongst the Trial Men In a suit of shabby gray; A cricket cap was on his head, And his step seemed light and gay; But I never saw a man who looked So wistfully at the day. I never saw a man who looked With such a wistful eye Upon that little tent of blue Which prisoners call the sky, And at every drifting cloud that went With sails of silver by. I walked, with other souls in pain, Within another ring, And was wondering if the man had done A great or little thing, When a voice behind me whispered low, "That fellow's got to swing." Dear Christ! the very prison walls Suddenly seemed to reel, And the sky above my head became Like a casque of scorching steel; And, though I was a soul in pain, My pain I could not feel. I only

pain I could not feel. I only knew
what hunted thought Quickened
his step, and why He looked
upon the garish day With such a
wistful eye; The man had killed
the thing he loved And so he had
to die. Yet each man kills the
thing he loves By each let this be
heard, Some do it with a bitter
look, Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!
Some kill their love when they
are young, And some when they
are old; Some strangle with the
hands of Lust, Some with the
hands of Gold: The kindest use a
knife, because The dead so soon
grow cold. Some love too little,
some too long, Some sell, and
others buy; Some do the deed
with many tears, And some
without a sigh: For each man kills
the thing he loves, Yet each man
does not die. He does not die a
death of shame On a day of dark
disgrace, Nor have a noose
about his neck, Nor a cloth upon
his face, Nor drop feet foremost
through the floor Into an empty
place He does not sit with silent
men Who watch him night and
day; Who watch him when he
tries to weep, And when he tries
to pray; Who watch him lest
himself should rob The prison of
its prey. He does not wake at

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its prey. He does not wake at
dawn to see Dread figures throng

dawn to see Dread figures throng his room, The shivering Chaplain robed in white, The Sheriff stern with gloom, And the Governor all in shiny black, With the yellow face of Doom. He does not rise in piteous haste To put on convict-clothes, While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloats, and notes Each new and nerve-twitched pose, Fingering a watch whose little ticks Are like horrible hammer-blows. He does not know that sickening thirst That sands one's throat, before The hangman with his gardener's gloves Slips through the padded door, And binds one with three leathern thongs, That the throat may thirst no more. He does not bend his head to hear The Burial Office read, Nor, while the terror of his soul Tells him he is not dead, Cross his own coffin, as he moves Into the hideous shed. He does not stare upon the air Through a little roof of glass; He does not pray with lips of clay For his agony to pass; Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek The kiss of Caiaphas. II. Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard, In a suit of shabby grey: His cricket cap was on his head, And his step seemed light and gay, But I never saw a man who looked So wistfully at the day. I never saw a man who looked With such a

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wistful eye Upon that little tent of
blue Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every wandering cloud
that trailed Its raveled fleeces by.
He did not wring his hands, as do
Those witless men who dare To
try to rear the changeling Hope In
the cave of black Despair: He
only looked upon the sun, And
drank the morning air. He did not
wring his hands nor weep, Nor
did he peek or pine, But he drank
the air as though it held Some
healthful anodyne; With open
mouth he drank the sun As
though it had been wine! And I
and all the souls in pain, Who
tramped the other ring, Forgot if
we ourselves had done A great
or little thing, And watched with
gaze of dull amaze The man who
had to swing. And strange it was
to see him pass With a step so
light and gay, And strange it was
to see him look So wistfully at the
day, And strange it was to think
that he Had such a debt to pay.
For oak and elm have pleasant
leaves That in the spring-time
shoot: But grim to see is the
gallows-tree, With its adder-bitten
root, And, green or dry, a man
must die Before it bears its fruit!
The loftiest place is that seat of
grace For which all worldlings try:
But who would stand in hempen

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blue Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every wandering cloud
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The loftiest place is the seat of
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But who would stand in hempen
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through a murderer's collar take
His last look at the sky? It is
sweet to dance to violins When
Love and Life are fair: To dance
to flutes, to dance to lutes Is
delicate and rare: But it is not
sweet with nimble feet To dance
upon the air! So with curious
eyes and sick surmise We
watched him day by day, And
wondered if each one of us
Would end the self-same way,
For none can tell to what red Hell
His sightless soul may stray. At
last the dead man walked no
more Amongst the Trial Men, And
I knew that he was standing up In
the black dock's dreadful pen,
And that never would I see his
face In God's sweet world again.
Like two doomed ships that pass
in storm We had crossed each
other's way: But we made no
sign, we said no word, We had
no word to say; For we did not
meet in the holy night, But in the
shameful day. A prison wall was
round us both, Two outcast men
were we: The world had thrust us
from its heart, And God from out
His care: And the iron gin that
waits for Sin Had caught us in its
snare. III In Debtors' Yard the
stones are hard, And the dripping
wall is high, So it was there he
took the air Beneath the leaden

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sky, And by each side a Warder walked, For fear the man might die. Or else he sat with those who watched His anguish night and day; Who watched him when he rose to weep, And when he crouched to pray; Who watched him lest himself should rob Their scaffold of its prey. The Governor was strong upon The Regulations Act: The Doctor said that Death was but A scientific fact: And twice a day the Chaplain called And left a little tract. And twice a day he smoked his pipe, And drank his quart of beer: His soul was resolute, and held No hiding-place for fear; He often said that he was glad The hangman's day was near. But why he said so strange a thing No Warder dared to ask: For he to whom a watcher's doom Is given as his task, Must set a lock upon his lips, And make his face a mask. Or else he might be moved, and try To comfort or console: And what should Human Pity do Pent up in Murderers' Hole? What word of grace in such a place Could help a brother's soul? With slouch and swing around the ring We trod the Fool's Parade! We did not care: we knew we were The Devil's Own Brigade: And shaven head and feet of lead Make a

might die. Or else he sat with those who watched His anguish night and day; Who watched him when he rose to weep, And when he crouched to pray; Who watched him lest himself should rob Their scaffold of its prey. The Governor was strong upon The Regulations Act: The Doctor said that Death was but A scientific fact: And twice a day the Chaplain called, And left a little tract. And twice a day he smoked his pipe, And drank his quart of beer: His soul was resolute, and held No hiding-place for fear; He often said that he was glad The hangman's day was near. But why he said so strange a thing No warder dared to ask: For he to whom a watcher's doom Is given as his task, Must set a lock upon his lips, And make his face a mask. Or else he might be moved, and try To comfort or console: And what should Human Pity do Pent up in Murderers' Hole? What word of grace in such a place Could help a brother's soul? With slouch and swing around the ring We trod the Fools' Parade! We did not care: we knew we were The Devils' Own Brigade: And shaven head and feet of lead Make a merry masquerade. We tore the tarry rope to shreds With blunt and

merry masquerade. We tore the tarry rope to shreds With blunt and bleeding nails; We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors, And cleaned the shining rails: And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank, And clattered with the pails. We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones, We turned the dusty drill: We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns, And sweated on the mill: But in the heart of every man Terror was lying still. So still it lay that every day Crawled like a weed-clogged wave: And we forgot the bitter lot That waits for fool and knave, Till once, as we tramped in from work, We passed an open grave. With yawning mouth the yellow hole Gaped for a living thing; The very mud cried out for blood To the thirsty asphalte ring: And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair The fellow had to swing. Right in we went, with soul intent On Death and Dread and Doom: The hangman, with his little bag, Went shuffling through the gloom And each man trembled as he crept Into his numbered tomb. That night the empty corridors Were full of forms of Fear, And up and down the iron town Stole feet we could not hear, And through the bars that hide the stars White faces seemed to peer. He lay as

bleeding nails; We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors, And cleaned the shining rails: And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank, And clattered with the pails. We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones, We turned the dusty drill: We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns, And sweated on the mill: But in the heart of every man Terror was lying still. So still it lay that every day Crawled like a weed-clogged wave: And we forgot the bitter lot That waits for fool and knave, Till once, as we tramped in from work, We passed an open grave. With yawning mouth the horrid hole Gaped for a living thing; The very mud cried out for blood To the thirsty asphalte ring: And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair The fellow had to swing. Right in we went, with soul intent On Death and Dread and Doom: The hangman, with his little bag, Went shuffling through the gloom: And I trembled as I groped my way Into my numbered tomb. That night the empty corridors Were full of forms of Fear, And up and down the iron town Stole feet we could not hear, And through the bars that hide the stars White faces seemed to peer. He lay as one who lies and dreams In a pleasant meadow-land, The

one who lies and dreams In a
pleasant meadow-land, The
watcher watched him as he slept,
And could not understand How
one could sleep so sweet a sleep
With a hangman close at hand?
But there is no sleep when men
must weep Who never yet have
wept: So we—the fool, the fraud,
the knave— That endless vigil
kept, And through each brain on
hands of pain Another's terror
crept. Alas! it is a fearful thing To
feel another's guilt! For, right
within, the sword of Sin Pierced
to its poisoned hilt, And as
molten lead were the tears we
shed For the blood we had not
spilt. The Warders with their
shoes of felt Crept by each
padlocked door, And peeped and
saw, with eyes of awe, Grey
figures on the floor, And
wondered why men knelt to pray
Who never prayed before. All
through the night we knelt and
prayed, Mad mourners of a
corpse! The troubled plumes of
midnight were The plumes upon
a hearse: And bitter wine upon a
sponge Was the savior of
Remorse. The cock crew, the red
cock crew, But never came the
day: And crooked shape of Terror
crouched, In the corners where
we lay: And each evil sprite that
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The troubled plumes of midnight
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hearse: And as bitter wine upon a
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Remorse. The gray cock crew,
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came the day: And crooked
shapes of Terror crouched, In the
corners where we lay: And each
evil sprite that walks by night
Before us seemed to play. They
glided past, the glided fast, Like
travellers through a mist: They

to play. They glided past, they
glided fast, Like travelers through
a mist: They mocked the moon in
a rigadon Of delicate turn and
twist, And with formal pace and
loathsome grace The phantoms
kept their tryst. With mop and
mow, we saw them go, Slim
shadows hand in hand: About,
about, in ghostly rout They trod a
saraband: And the damned
grotesques made arabesques,
Like the wind upon the sand!
With the pirouettes of
marionettes, They tripped on
pointed tread: But with flutes of
Fear they filled the ear, As their
grisly masque they led, And loud
they sang, and loud they sang,
For they sang to wake the dead.
"Oho!" they cried, "The world is
wide, But fettered limbs go lame!
And once, or twice, to throw the
dice Is a gentlemanly game, But
he does not win who plays with
Sin In the secret House of
Shame." No things of air these
antics were That frolicked with
such glee: To men whose lives
were held in gyves, And whose
feet might not go free, Ah!
wounds of Christ! they were living
things, Most terrible to see.
Around, around, they waltzed
and wound; Some wheeled in
smirking pairs: With the mincing
step of demirep Some sidled up

mocked the moon in a rigadon
Of delicate turn and twist, And
with formal pace and loathsome
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step of a demirep Some sidled up
the stairs: And with subtle sneer,
and fawning leer, Each helped us
at our prayers. The morning wind

the stairs: And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer, Each helped us at our prayers. The morning wind began to moan, But still the night went on: Through its giant loom the web of gloom Crept till each thread was spun: And, as we prayed, we grew afraid Of the Justice of the Sun. The moaning wind went wandering round The weeping prison-wall: Till like a wheel of turning-steel We felt the minutes crawl: O moaning wind! what had we done To have such a seneschal? At last I saw the shadowed bars Like a lattice wrought in lead, Move right across the whitewashed wall That faced my three-plank bed, And I knew that somewhere in the world God's dreadful dawn was red. At six o'clock we cleaned our cells, At seven all was still, But the sough and swing of a mighty wing The prison seemed to fill, For the Lord of Death with icy breath Had entered in to kill. He did not pass in purple pomp, Nor ride a moon-white steed. Three yards of cord and a sliding board Are all the gallows' need: So with rope of shame the Herald came To do the secret deed. We were as men who through a fen Of filthy darkness grope: We did not dare to breathe a prayer, Or give our

began to moan, But still the night went on: Through its giant loom the web of gloom Crept till each thread was spun: And, as we prayed, we grew afraid Of the Justice of the Sun. The moaning wind went wandering round The weeping prison wall: Till like a wheel of turning steel We felt the minutes crawl: O moaning wind! what had we done To have such a seneschal? At last I saw the shadowed bars, Like a lattice wrought in lead, Move right across the whitewashed wall That faced my three-plank bed, And I knew that somewhere in the world God's dreadful dawn was red. At six o'clock we cleaned our cells, At seven all was still, But the sough and swing of a mighty wing The prison seemed to fill, For the Lord of Death with icy breath Had entered in to kill. He did not pass in purple pomp, Nor ride a moon-white steed. Three yards of cord and a sliding board Are all the gallows' need: So with rope of shame the Herald came To do the secret deed. We were as men who through a fen Of filthy darkness grope: We did not dare to breathe a prayer, Or to give our anguish scope: Something was dead in each of us, And what was dead was Hope. For Man's grim Justice

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was dead was Hope. For Man's
grim Justice goes its way, And
will not swerve aside: It slays the
weak, it slays the strong, It has a
deadly stride: With iron heel it
slays the strong, The monstrous
parricide! We waited for the
stroke of eight: Each tongue was
thick with thirst: For the stroke of
eight is the stroke of Fate That
makes a man accursed, And
Fate will use a running noose For
the best man and the worst. We
had no other thing to do, Save to
wait for the sign to come: So, like
things of stone in a valley lone,
Quiet we sat and dumb: But each
man's heart beat thick and quick
Like a madman on a drum! With
sudden shock the prison-clock
Smote on the shivering air, And
from all the gaol rose up a wail Of
impotent despair, Like the sound
that frightened marshes hear
From a leper in his lair. And as
one sees most fearful things In
the crystal of a dream, We saw
the greasy hempen rope Hooked
to the blackened beam, And
heard the prayer the hangman's
snare Strangled into a scream.
And all the woe that moved him
so That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the
bloody sweats, None knew so

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the woe that moved him so That
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wild regrets, and the bloody
sweats, None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than
one More deaths that one must
die. IV There is no chapel on the

well as I: For he who live more
lives than one More deaths than
one must die. IV. There is no
chapel on the day On which they
hang a man: The Chaplain's
heart is far too sick, Or his face is
far to wan, Or there is that written
in his eyes Which none should
look upon. So they kept us close
till nigh on noon, And then they
rang the bell, And the Warders
with their jingling keys Opened
each listening cell, And down the
iron stair we tramped, Each from
his separate Hell. Out into God's
sweet air we went, But not in
wonted way, For this man's face
was white with fear, And that
man's face was grey, And I never
saw sad men who looked So
wistfully at the day. I never saw
sad men who looked With such a
wistful eye Upon that little tent of
blue We prisoners called the sky,
And at every careless cloud that
passed In happy freedom by. But
there were those amongst us all
Who walked with downcast head,
And knew that, had each got his
due, They should have died
instead: He had but killed a thing
that lived Whilst they had killed
the dead. For he who sins a
second time Wakes a dead soul
to pain, And draws it from its
spotted shroud, And makes it
bleed again, And makes it bleed
day On which they hang a man:
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sick, Or his face is far too wan, Or
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in monstrous garb With crooked

great gouts of blood And makes it bleed in vain! Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb With crooked arrows starred, Silently we went round and round The slippery asphalte yard; Silently we went round and round, And no man spoke a word. Silently we went round and round, And through each hollow mind The memory of dreadful things Rushed like a dreadful wind, An Horror stalked before each man, And terror crept behind. The Warders strutted up and down, And kept their herd of brutes, Their uniforms were spick and span, And they wore their Sunday suits, But we knew the work they had been at By the quicklime on their boots. For where a grave had opened wide, There was no grave at all: Only a stretch of mud and sand By the hideous prison-wall, And a little heap of burning lime, That the man should have his pall. For he has a pall, this wretched man, Such as few men can claim: Deep down below a prison-yard, Naked for greater shame, He lies, with fetters on each foot, Wrapt in a sheet of flame! And all the while the burning lime Eats flesh and bone away, It eats the brittle bone by night, And the soft flesh by the day, It eats the flesh and bones

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by turns, But it eats the heart
 always. For three long years they
 will not sow Or root or seedling
 there: For three long years the
 unblest spot Will sterile be and
 bare, And look upon the
 wondering sky With
 unrepentant stare. They think a
 murderer's heart would taint Each
 simple seed they sow. It is not
 true! God's kindly earth Is kinder
 than men know, And the red rose
 would but glow more red, The
 white rose whiter blow. Out of his
 mouth a red, red rose! Out of his
 heart a white! For who can say
 by what strange way, Christ
 brings his will to light, Since the
 barren staff the pilgrim bore
 Bloomed in the great Pope's
 sight? But neither milk-white rose
 nor red May bloom in prison air;
 The shard, the pebble, and the
 flint, Are what they give us there:
 For flowers have been known to
 heal A common man's despair.
 So never will wine-red rose or
 white, Petal by petal, fall On that
 stretch of mud and sand that lies
 By the hideous prison-wall, To tell
 the men who tramp the yard That
 God's Son died for all. Yet though
 the hideous prison-wall Still hems
 him round and round, And a spirit
 may not walk by night That is with
 fetters bound, And a spirit may
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ground, He is at peace—this wretched man— At peace, or will be soon: There is no thing to make him mad, Nor does Terror walk at noon, For the lampless Earth in which he lies Has neither Sun nor Moon. They hanged him as a beast is hanged: They did not even toll A requiem that might have brought Rest to his startled soul, But hurriedly they took him out, And hid him in a hole. They stripped him of his canvas clothes, And gave him to the flies; They mocked the swollen purple throat And the stark and staring eyes: And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud In which their convict lies. The Chaplain would not kneel to pray By his dishonoured grave: Nor mark it with that blessed Cross That Christ for sinners gave, Because the man was one of those Whom Christ came down to save. Yet all is well; he has but passed To Life's appointed bourne: And alien tears will fill for him Pity's long-broken urn, For his mourner will be outcast men, And outcasts always mourn. V. I know not whether Laws be right, Or whether Laws be wrong; All that we know who lie in gaol Is that the wall is strong; And that each day is like a year, A year whose days are long. But this I

walk at noon, For the lampless Earth in which he lies Has neither Sun nor Moon. They hanged him as a beast is hanged: They did not even toll A requiem that might have brought Rest to his startled soul, But hurriedly they took him out, And hid him in a hole. The warders stripped him of his clothes, And gave him to the flies: They mocked the swollen purple throat, And the stark and staring eyes: And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud In which the convict lies. The Chaplain would not kneel to pray By his dishonoured grave: Nor mark it with that blessed Cross That Christ for sinners gave, Because the man was one of those Whom Christ came down to save. Yet all is well; he has but passed To Life's appointed bourne: And alien tears will fill for him Pity's long-broken urn, For his mourners be outcast men, And outcasts always mourn. V I know not whether Laws be right, Or whether Laws be wrong; All that we know who lie in gaol Is that the wall is strong; And that each day is like a year, A year whose days are long. But this I know, that every Law That men have made for Man, Since first Man took His brother's life, And the sad world began, But straws the

know, that every Law That men
have made for Man, Since first
Man took his brother's life, And
the sad world began, But straws
the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan. This too I
know—and wise it were If each
could know the same— That
every prison that men build Is
built with bricks of shame, And
bound with bars lest Christ
should see How men their
brothers maim. With bars they
blur the gracious moon, And blind
the goodly sun: And they do well
to hide their Hell, For in it things
are done That Son of God nor
son of Man Ever should look
upon! The vilest deeds like
poison weeds Bloom well in
prison-air: It is only what is good
in Man That wastes and withers
there: Pale Anguish keeps the
heavy gate, And the Warder is
Despair For they starve the little
frightened child Till it weeps both
night and day: And they scourge
the weak, and flog the fool, And
gibe the old and grey, And some
grow mad, and all grow bad, And
none a word may say. Each
narrow cell in which we dwell Is a
foul and dark latrine, And the
fetid breath of living Death
Chokes up each grated screen,
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust
In Humanity's machine. The

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Humanity's machine. The
brackish water that we drink
Creeps with a loathsome slime,
And the bitter bread they weigh in
scales Is full of chalk and lime,
And Sleep will not lie down, but

brackish water that we drink
Creeps with a loathsome slime,
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scales Is full of chalk and lime,
And Sleep will not lie down, but
walks Wild-eyed and cries to
Time. But though lean Hunger
and green Thirst Like asp with
adder fight, We have little care of
prison fare, For what chills and
kills outright Is that every stone
one lifts by day Becomes one's
heart by night. With midnight
always in one's heart, And
twilight in one's cell, We turn the
crank, or tear the rope, Each in
his separate Hell, And the silence
is more awful far Than the sound
of a brazen bell. And never a
human voice comes near To
speak a gentle word: And the eye
that watches through the door Is
pitiless and hard: And by all
forgot, we rot and rot, With soul
and body marred. And thus we
rust Life's iron chain Degraded
and alone: And some men curse,
and some men weep, And some
men make no moan: But God's
eternal Laws are kind And break
the heart of stone. And every
human heart that breaks, In
prison-cell or yard, Is as that
broken box that gave Its treasure
to the Lord, And filled the unclean
leper's house With the scent of
costliest nard. Ah! happy day

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And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken

they whose hearts can break And peace of pardon win! How else may man make straight his plan And cleanse his soul from Sin? How else but through a broken heart May Lord Christ enter in? And he of the swollen purple throat. And the stark and staring eyes, Waits for the holy hands that took The Thief to Paradise; And a broken and a contrite heart The Lord will not despise. The man in red who reads the Law Gave him three weeks of life, Three little weeks in which to heal His soul of his soul's strife, And cleanse from every blot of blood The hand that held the knife. And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand, The hand that held the steel: For only blood can wipe out blood, And only tears can heal: And the crimson stain that was of Cain Became Christ's snow-white seal. VI. In Reading gaol by Reading town There is a pit of shame, And in it lies a wretched man Eaten by teeth of flame, In burning winding-sheet he lies, And his grave has got no name. And there, till Christ call forth the dead, In silence let him lie: No need to waste the foolish tear, Or heave the windy sigh: The man had killed the thing he loved, And so he had to die. And all men kill the thing they love, By	heart May Lord Christ enter in? And he of the swollen purple throat, And the stark and staring eyes, Waits for the holy hands that took The Thief to Paradise; And a broken and a contrite heart The Lord will not despise. The man in red who reads the Law Gave him three weeks of life, Three little weeks in which to heal His soul of his soul's strife, And cleanse from every blot of blood The hand that held the knife. And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand, The hand that held the steel: For only blood can wipe out blood, And only tears can heal: And the crimson stain that was of Cain Became Christ's snow-white seal. VI In Reading gaol by Reading town There is a pit of shame, And in it lies a wretched man Eaten by teeth of flame, In a burning winding-sheet he lies, And his grave has got no name. And there, till Christ call forth the dead, In silence let him lie: No need to waste the foolish tear, Or heave the windy sigh: The man had killed the thing he loved, And so he had to die. And all men kill the thing they love, By all let this be heard, Some do it with a bitter look, Some with a flattering word, The coward does it with a kiss, The brave man with a sword!
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