

The Calling of St Matthew



... I was patient of the scoff
That met me always there from day to day,
From any knave or coward of them all;
I was content to live that wretched way;
For truly till I left the council hall,
And rode forth arm'd beneath the burning sun,
My gleams of happiness were faint and few,
But then I saw my real life had begun,
And that I should be strong quite well I knew.
For I was riding out to look for love.
Therefore the birds within the thicket sung.