

Into the woods my Master went,
clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master went,
forspent with love and shame.
But the olive trees were not blinding
to him,
The little grey leaves were kind
to him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
and He was well content,
Out of the woods my Master came,
content with death and shame;
When death and shame would woo
Him last,
From under the trees they drew
Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew him last,
When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier