

Source: James Whitcomb Riley, *Green Fields and Running Brooks* (Indianapolis, IN: Bowen-Merrill Co., 1895) 142.

### JOHN BROWN

Writ in between the lines of his life-deed  
We trace the sacred service of a heart  
Answering the Divine command, in every part  
Bearing on human weal: His love did feed  
The loveless; and his gentle hands did lead [5]  
The blind, and lift the weak, and balm the smart  
Of other wounds than rankled at the dart  
In his own breast, that gloried thus to bleed.  
He served the lowliest first – nay, them alone –  
The most despised that e'er wreaked vain breath [10]  
In cries of suppliance in the reign whereat  
Red Guilt sate squat upon her spattered throne.—  
For those doomed there it was he went to death.  
God! how the merest man loves one like that!