CHILDREN

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
   No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
   That crown the north world’s head,

No word that ever was spoken
   Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
   Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
   To faithful or faithless eyes
Showed ever beyond clouds riven
   So clear a Paradise.

Earth’s creeds may be seventy times seven
   And blood have defiled each creed:
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
   It must be heaven indeed.