

# **LEGENDS AND POEMS**

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Legends and Poems by F. Malcolm Doherty

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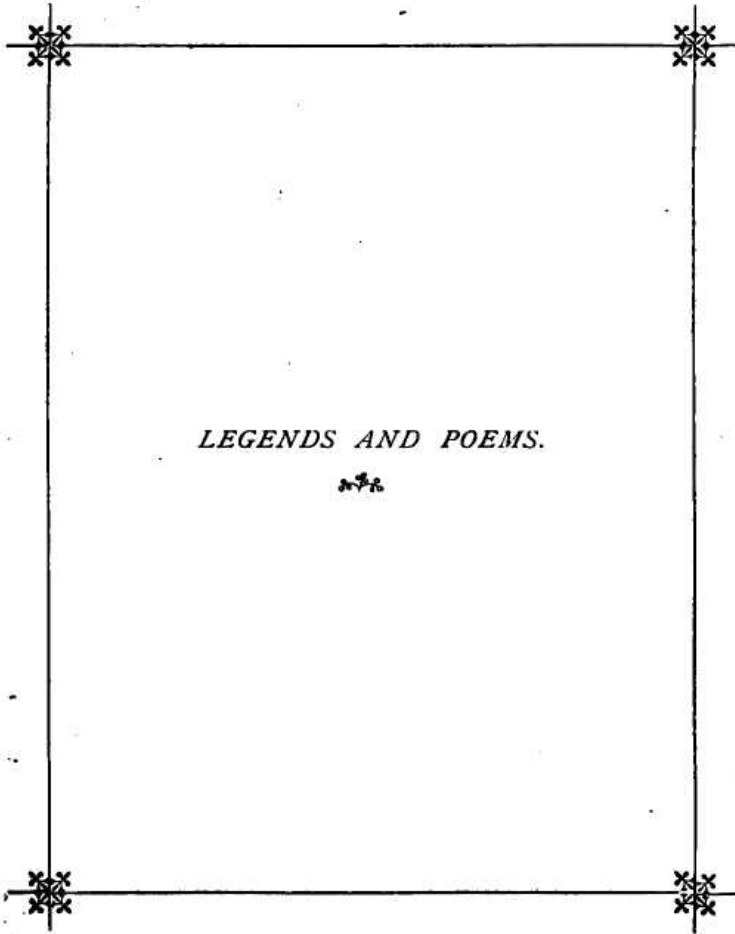
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**F. MALCOLM DOHERTY**

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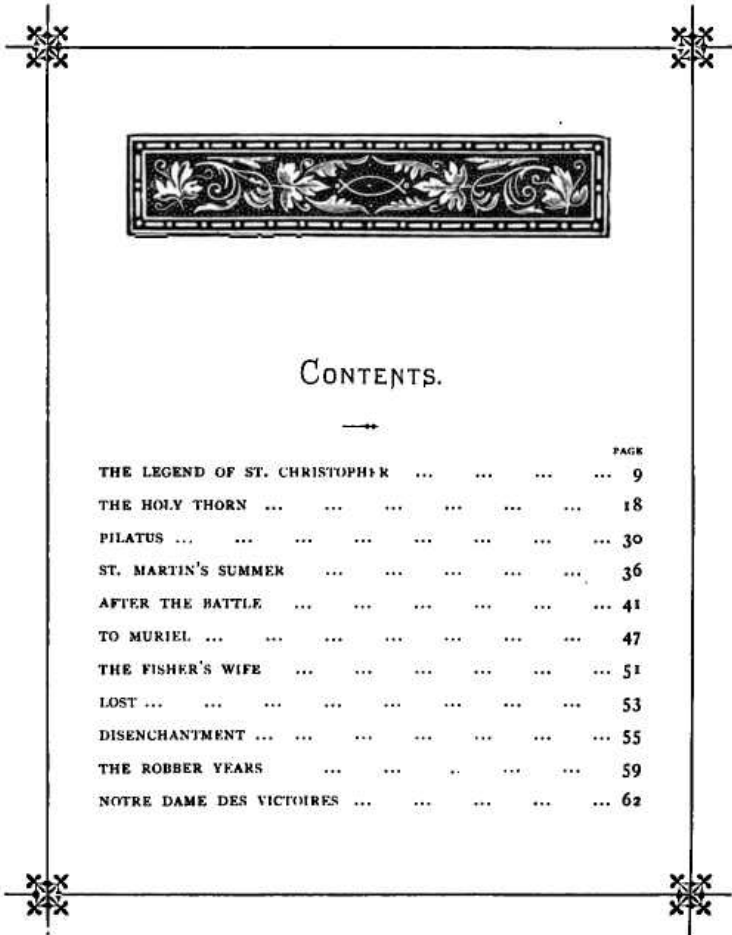
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BY  
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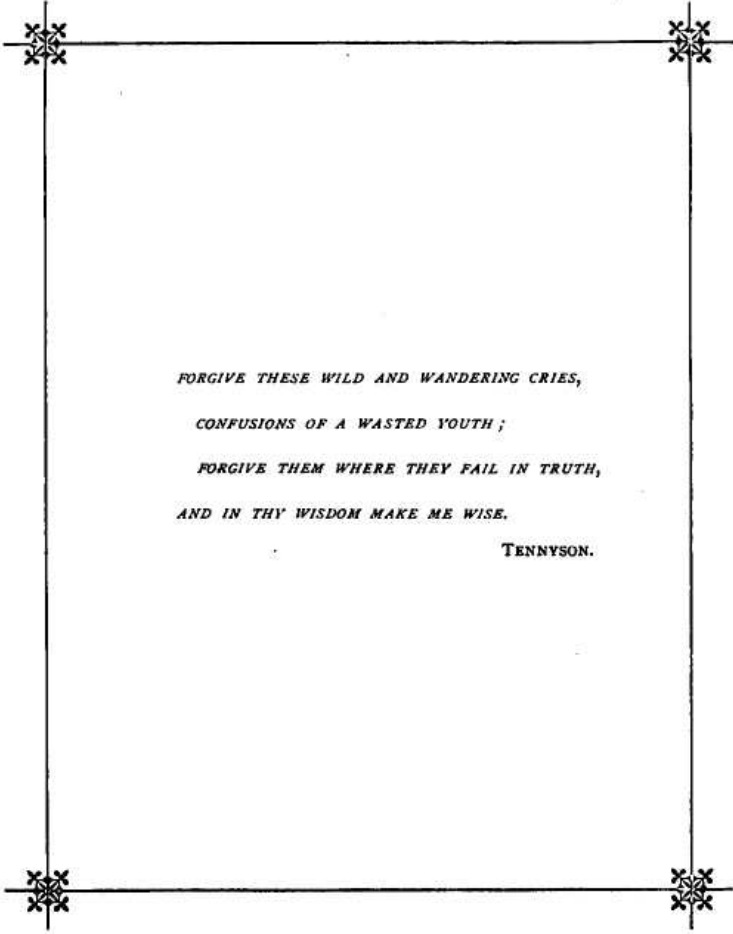
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*FORGIVE THESE WILD AND WANDERING CRIES,  
CONFUSIONS OF A WASTED YOUTH ;  
FORGIVE THEM WHERE THEY FAIL IN TRUTH,  
AND IN THY WISDOM MAKE ME WISE.*

TENNYSON.





## THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.



GIANT man was old Christopher,  
He was stout of limb and strong of nerve,  
And he vowed that the mightiest king on earth  
Was the only master whom he would serve.  
Great deeds of prowess had Christopher done,  
For many a chief he had bravely fought ;  
But never his master yet had he found,  
And still for the mightiest king he sought.

Till there came a day when he heard one say,  
"All earthly might is of little worth,  
For the greatest of all the kings there be,  
Is Christ, who is King both of heaven and earth."  
Up rises old Christopher then in haste,  
To a holy hermit straight he hies.  
"Where can I find King Christ?" he asks ;  
"Tell me, thou hermit, holy and wise.

"How can I serve Him? for Him will I serve,  
Since earthly might is of little worth,  
If the greatest of all the kings there be  
Is Christ, who is King both of heaven and earth."  
"Son," quoth the hermit, "He whom thou seek'st  
Is not to be served in a worldly way  
For the kings of the earth thou may'st battle and fight,  
To serve the Lord Christ thou must fast and pray."

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

II

“Fast !” laughed old Christopher. “Holy man,  
If I fasted, my strength would pass away ;  
Thou must find some other service for me ;  
I can fight, good father, I know not to pray.”  
The hermit gazed on the mighty man,  
On his sinewy limbs and massive frame,  
And he thought, All gifts must be used for God,  
But the service for all is not the same.

“Yea,” quoth he, “my son, the Lord of all  
Can be served by all—there is yet one way  
Thou canst serve Him well with thy giant strength,  
Though thou wilt not fast, and thou know'st not to pray.  
Who serves his fellows, he serves the Lord.  
Go, dwell in the depths of yonder wood,  
Where the mountain torrent comes fiercely down,  
And rushes along in an angry flood.