

# **A BUNDLE OF MYRRH**

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A Bundle of Myrrh by John G. Neihardt

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**JOHN G. NEIHARDT**

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OF MYRRH**



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*Trade from Sam  
Christmas, 1907.*

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BY

JOHN G. NEIHARDT



NEW YORK  
THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY  
MCMVII

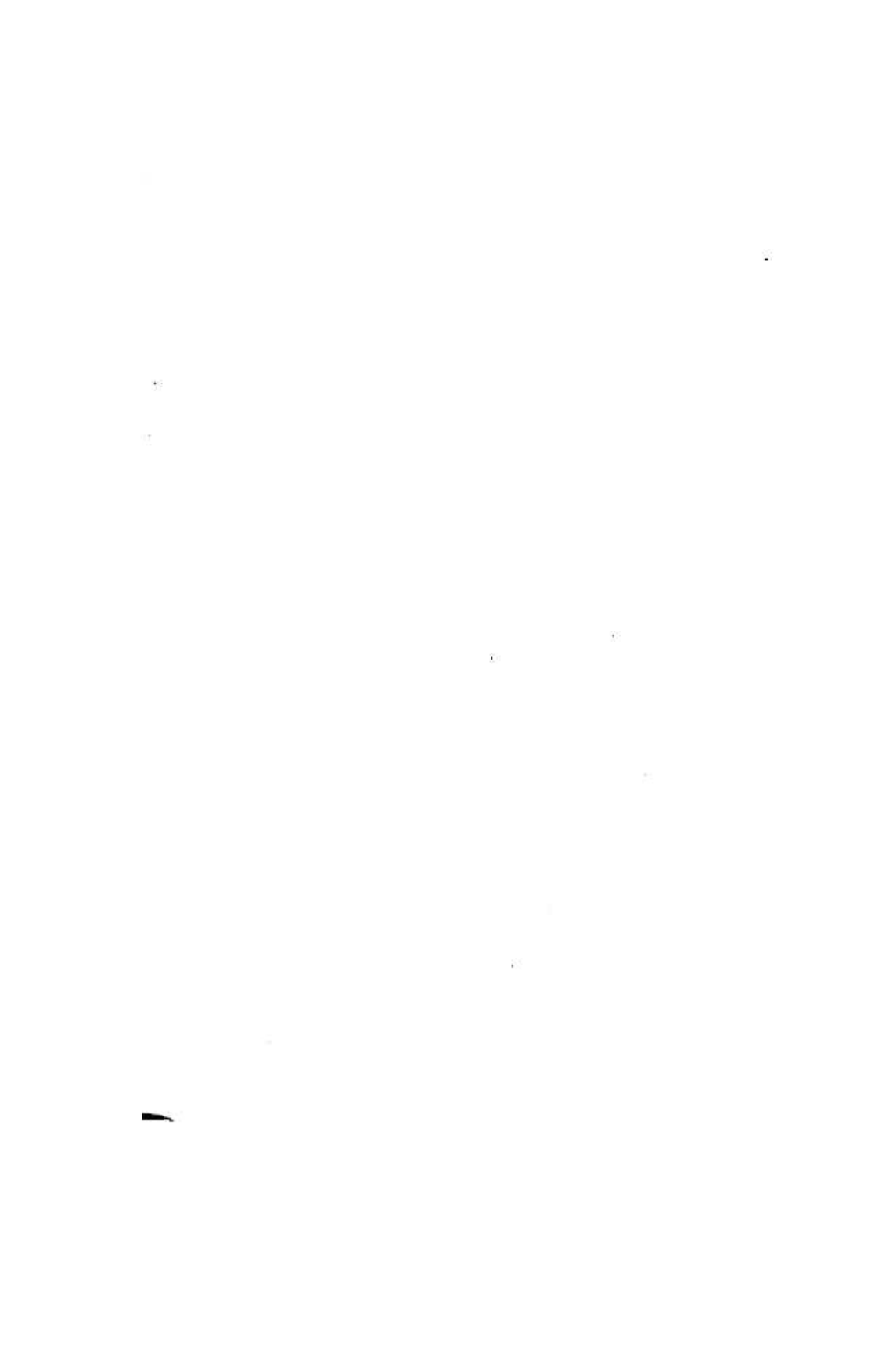
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### DEDICATION

*When I—the fool—am dead,  
There will be one to stand above my head,  
Her wan lips yearning toward my quiet lips  
That stung her soul so oft with bitter cries.  
And I shall feel forgiving finger-tips  
And I shall hear her saying with her sighs:  
"This fool I mothered sucked a bitter breast;  
His life was fever and his soul was fire:  
O burning fool, O restless fool at rest,  
None knew but I how high you could aspire,  
None knew but I how deep your soul could sink!"*

*And when these words above the fool are said,  
The others ranged about the room shall think  
The fool is dead.*

*Collected Bd Shop 13 May 1917*





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*"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,  
Fair as the moon,  
Clear as the sun,  
And terrible as an army with banners?"*

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