THE RETURN OF FAITH

Apothecary

But if, then, you too much me hate,
I'll never beg, 'Forgive me please.'
But ask, "Do kill me now!" If Fate
Of mine will make you more at ease

Let drops of blood on lowly ground
Declare the truest fact of faith.
To all the world with loudest sound.
So that they'll know the cause of Death.

My history of faithfulness
Is writ with blood and life by you
Upon the widest world's surface,
And with the world 'twill last long too.

Do watch and find the faults in me,
If Trust has died from human mind
Or if the faith and loyalty
Are my hypocrisy you find

You know? Your small and lovely hand
Has writ the most immortal deed,
For future's literary land
Will always it refer and read.

Then judge and sentence me at once,
Without a bit of sympathy.
Or I'll, in form of Faith, advance
The faults and faults again to thee.

The Death and Faith will be the aim
Of 'example which each one must learn.
When one's to name my name; your name,
All age will know what's faith's return!