

HUMILITY'S STING

**You have delivered this fool from his trivial
self esteem,**

**You have travelled my soul down a path few
have seen,**

**You have opened a door but once and all
was seen,**

**That purity of the soul is not contained in
anything,**

**And though life's thorn may impede the
singing bird,**

**It can never take away your perfect song
once heard.**

**This is my testimony to you white swan
that if dame fortune,**

**Ever wanders me down vanity's way and
it becomes my King,**

**I will think of thee white bird to feel humility's
sting.**