

For as a spirit stood  
Before the seer good,  
Bright-eyed, with amber ribs and limbs of fire,  
And caught him to the skies,  
Whence, with reluctant eyes,  
He viewed the wicked's sin and mad desire,  
And saw beneath the waning day  
His haunts and chambers of dark imagery.

So, not by feeble chance  
Of time or circumstance,  
He scanned their features and their turpitude,  
But his unclouded sight  
Burned through the blackest night,  
And in our midst unscreened the felon brood,  
And warned them from our blameless doors  
Back to their hateful fields and alien shores.