

Him and his gold ; the frailer caravel,
With what was mine, came happily to the
shore.

There was a glimmering of God's hand.

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O
my lord,

I swear to you I heard his voice between
The thunders in the black Veragua nights,

'O soul of little faith, slow to believe !
Have I not been about thee from thy

birth ?
Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-

sea ?
Set thee in light till time shall be no

more ?
Is it I who have deceived thee or the

world ?
Endure ! thou hast done so well for men,

that men
Cry out against thee : was it otherwise

With mine own Son ?'

And more than once in days
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when
drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his
voice,

'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the
hand,

Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice
again—

I know that he has led me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work his will—
His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,
I lying here bedridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and
king—

The first discoverer starves—his followers,
all

Flower into fortune—our world's way—
and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
And seeing what a door for scoundrel
scum

I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,
Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain

Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,

Their wives and children Spanish concu-
bines,

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in
blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath the
scourge,

Some over-labour'd, some by their own
hands,—

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature,
kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of
Spain—

Ah God, the harmless people whom we
found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise !
Who took us for the very Gods from

Heaven,
And we have sent them very fiends from

Hell ;
And I myself, myself not blameless, I

Could sometimes wish I had never led
the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic
Queen

Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-
forted !

This creedless people will be brought to
Christ

And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who
bore the Cross