

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