

With which thou treatest those who wait on thee ;
 And grudging thee thy claim, they bide their time.
 And when is come the end of thy long crime,
 When their long bondage with thy pow'r is ended,
 Then broken laws may be renewed or mended.
 Shut are thine ears to words of sound advice,
 Cold is thy soul to view thy family's rise,
 Impeded by an impost of the devil,
 While thou in lazy power dost daily revel.
 The intercourse 'twixt man and man that gives
 The dullest soul, the dullest life that lives,
 An interest in his kind and bids him place
 Esteem upon his dealings with his race,
 By specious argument and fitful reason
 Thou criest down. Thy ready howl is "Treason
 To our kind," if one dare raise dissenting voice,
 Or dare express than thine another choice
 Of means whereby a lasting good may come,
 And waft our drifting vessels nearer home.
 Because, forsooth, the simples in thy care,
 With reverence that daily less does wear,
 Will view through dimness of unlightened ages,
 Warped, twisted, colored to suit Fancy's pages,
 A mythic bond, the fungus of tradition,
 A leading link 'twixt them and their perdition,
 And grace it with the name of filial love,
 Thou here deniest the right to forward move,
 To grasp in friendship friendship's outstretched hand,
 And win th' applause of this and every land,
 To bind our joys and woes with other lives,
 And from th' arena where all passion strives,
 Win such full happiness as with our own,
 May free our life from every grief-wrought groan."