

“ It were

A cruel punishment for one most cruel,
If such can love, to make that love the fuel
Of the mind's hell—hate, scorn, remorse, despair :
But *me*, whose heart a stranger's tear might wear
As water-drops the sandy fountain stone ;
Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan
For woes which others hear not, and could see
The absent with the glass of phantasy,
And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,
Following the captive to his dungeon deep ;
Me, who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
The else-unfelt oppressions of this earth,
And was to thee the flame upon thy hearth,
When all beside was cold :—that thou on me
Should rain these plagues of blistering agony—
Such curses are from lips once eloquent
With love's too partial praise ! Let none relent
Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name
Henceforth, if an example for the same
They seek :—for thou on me lookedst so and so,
And didst speak thus and thus. I live to show
How much men bear and die not.

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