

**SUITS
LAWN OF STEAM.**

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your ears and reins,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As a tempest seizes a chain;
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,

At the childish boorish of human might,
And the boast of human power.
When I saw an army upon the land,
A day upon the seas,
Creeping along, a small-like band,
Or walking a wayward breeze;

When I saw the present reel,
With the toll which he fairely bore,

As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or staggered at the weary ear.

When I measured the panting course's speed,

The flight of the carrier dove,

As they bore a law a King decreed,

Or the lines of impotent love;

I could not but think how the world would feel,

As these were outstripped by aye;

When I shord be bound to the rusting reel,

Or chained to the iron ear.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at length,

And I rushed to my throne with a blast,

And laughed in my iron strength,

As I went bawling past.

Oh! they saw a wondrous change

On the earth and ocean wide—

Where now my fiery strides range—

Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,

The mountain steep decline,

Time, space have yielded to my power—

The giant streams of the quenched west,

And the orient floods divine.

The ocean waves were I, I sweep,

To hear my strength rejoice,

And monsters of the briny deep

Cower, trembling at my voice,

I carry the wealth and of earth,

The thought of the God-like mind

The wind lags after my going forth,

The lightning falls behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,

My tireless arm doth play,

Where the rocks no'er saw the sun's decline,

Or the dawn of the glorious day;

I bring earth's glittering jewels up

From the hidden caves below,

And I make the fountain's granite cup

With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, forge the steel,

In all the shops of trade,

I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,

Where my arms of strength are made

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,

I carry, I spin, I weave,

And all my doings I put in print

On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,

No bones to be laid on the shelf,

And soon I intend you may go to play;

While I manage the world myself,

But harness me down with your iron bands,

Be sure of your ears and reins,

For I scorn the power of your puny hands,

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