

VII

25 But these are the days of advance, the works of the
men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a trades-
man's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of
a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

VI

Sooner or later I too may, . . . rely take the print
30 Of the golden age — why not? I have neither hope
nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a
flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are
ashes and dust.

IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days
gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together,
each sex, like swine.
35 When only the ledger lives, and when only not all
men lie;
Peace in her vineyard — yes. — but a company
forges the wine.

X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's
head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled
wife,