

To walk within the glory of the Lord
 Sunless and moonless, utter light—but
 no !
 The Lord had sent this bright, strange
 dream to me
 To mind me of the secret vow I made
 When Spain was waging war against the
 Moor—
 I strove myself with Spain against the
 Moor.
 There came two voices from the Sepul-
 chre,
 Two friars crying that if Spain should
 oust
 The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce
 Soldan of Egypt, would break down and
 raze
 The blessed tomb of Christ ; whereon I
 vow'd
 That, if our Princes harken'd to my
 prayer,
 Whatever wealth I brought from that new
 world
 Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead
 A new crusade against the Saracen,
 And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

 Gold ? I had brought your Princes
 gold enough
 If left alone ! Being but a Genovese,
 I am handled worse than had I been a
 Moor,
 And breach'd the belting wall of Cam-
 balu,
 And given the Great Khan's palaces to
 the Moor,
 Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Pres'er
 John,
 And cast it to the Moor : but *had* I
 brought
 From Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all
 The gold that Solomon's navies carried
 home,
 Would that have gilded *me*? Blue blood
 of Spain,
 Tho' quartering your own royal arms of
 Spain,
 I have not : blue blood and black blood
 of Spain,
 The noble and the convict of Castile,
 Howl'd me from Hispaniola ; for you
 know
 The flies at home, that ever swarm about
 And cloud the highest heads, and murmur
 down
 Truth in the distance—these outbuzz'd
 me so
 That even our prudent king, our righteous
 queen—
 I pray'd them being so calumniated
 They would commission one of weight
 and worth
 To judge between my slander'd self and
 me—
 Fonseca my main enemy at their court,
 They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one
 As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—
 Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—
 who sack'd
 My dwelling, seized upon my papers,
 loosed
 My captives, feed the rebels of the crown,
 Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing,
 gave
 All but free leave for all to work the
 mines,
 Drove me and my good brothers home in
 chains,
 And gathering ruthless gold—a single
 piece
 Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos
 —so
 They tell me—weigh'd him down into the
 abysm—
 The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,
 The seas of our discovering over-roll