

## THOMAS HOOD.

Great poets never die ; their words are seeds  
Which sheltered in the hearts of men take root,  
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds—  
The world's sustaining fruit.

No idle dreamers they, nor light their task,  
Who, with a weapon simple as a song,  
Defend the Right, and tear the lying mask  
From the foul face of Wrong ;

Who 'neath the coarsest, foulest rags can see  
Some glimpses of the never-dying spark  
That lights the front of frail humanity,  
As stars illumine the dark.

And such was he, whose spirit shot a ray  
Of sunlight through the sad hearts of the poor ;—  
The dawning of that brighter, better day,  
No longer now obscure.

Patient in suffering, calm amid the strife  
Of this bleak world, how patiently he wrought !—  
Weaving bright threads through the sad woof of life,  
In the great loom of Thought.

The music of his words, falling on ears  
Dulled with the droning of the workshop wheel,  
Hath robbed the humble toiler of his tears,  
And taught him how to feel.

Fought he not bravely ? Answer, ye oppressed :  
Fought he not wisely ?—Let the future say :  
The sun that sets in such a golden west  
Heralds a golden day.