

3

—Vain murmuring mortal hold—
 Call down from Heaven no fire to scathe its foci : †
 Strong tho' they be and bold,
 Leave them to him who time and season knows. †

4

We do not murmur, Lord—
 Yet, yet a little while—and thou shalt come
 And with thee thy reward— †
 But who that marks mankind, who can be dumb ?

5

Weep, Afric, weep thy full—
 Tears, hapless land, are all that's left thee now :
 Back thy proud masters pull
 The plighted hand, and again their hallowed vow.

6

Weep then—and break thy heart—
 There is no hope in man—no faith in Kings—
 They see each greedy mart
 Prepare the load which thy worn shoulder wrings :

7

They wink and they permit—
 Their hearts are gross—their eyes with fainess swell †
 And on their thrones they sit
 As if they did no wrong, or knew no hell.

8

They see, from each fair realm,
 Full many a bark her gainful way pursue—
 With Murder at the helm
 And demons' breath to waft th' accursed crew.

9

Will these blasphemers dare,
 Trading in treachery,—drenched in crimes and gore,
 The name of CHRIST to wear
 The GOD who gave the GOSPEL to adore ?

10

Can these———O Heaven above !—
 Can these be MEN ?—be brethren jointly nursed
 In Nature's lap of love ?
 In the broad school of God's creation versed ?

11

Aye—they are men indeed—
 Too like, too like, that fallen, blighted race :—
 Too well the distant breed
 Shews of original taint the living trace.

12

Come here, come ponder here,
 Ye who the light of Heaven to darkness turn,—
 Shrewd sceptic band, to clear
 This mystery of mankind, is your concern.

13

O creature, breathing high
 Immortal thoughts—musing deep things whose hue
 Is borrowed from the sky †—
 Gifted to search the pure, the wise, the true, ¶

14

How art thou fallen and changed !
 Where is thy gloss, thy morning freshness gone ? **

* Luke ix. 54 and seq.

† Acts i, 7.

‡ Heb. x. 37. Rev. xxii. 12.

§ Matth. xiii. 15. Ps. lxiii. 7.

¶ Such thoughts as glitter in the Muses ray
 With orient hues, *unborrowed of the Sun*.—GRAY.

¶¶ Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.—HOR.

** How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the Morn'g !—Isaiah xiv. 12.