

LINES

WRITTEN IN A GUEST-BOOK FOUND IN THE
CHAMBER OF A FRIEND'S HOUSE,
IN WHICH THE AUTHOR SPENT
THE NIGHT.

LET us not sleep,
Howe'er with toils and cares we
weary be,
Until we look, O loving Lord ! to Thee,
-And cry,—“O Lord, have mercy upon me !
In Life, In Death, in Immortality,
My Soul forever keep !”

THE FLIGHT OF TYRANTS.

WRITTEN ON THE INTERVENTION IN THE CAUSE
OF CUBA.

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE bright Antilles shall be free,—
Columbia speaks the word !
The Islands of the Eastern Sea
Have Freedom's bugle heard.
Tyrants, your destined hour is nigh !
Fight ye like hawks ; like hawks ye fly,
Like hawks ye dart upon your prey.—
The weak, the faint, the helpless slay.
Let Freedom rise to strike *her* blow !—
Go,—go,—go !

Ho ! Tyrants, leave your quaking thrones,
With trembling lips and dumb !
Rejoice, ye People ! Time atones !
Rejoice ! *Your hour is come !*
The worth of MAN the Proud must learn :