

And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken
 worldling wail'd,
 And the flying gold¹ of the ruin'd woodlands drove
 thro' the air.

IV

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were
 stirr'd
 By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a
 whisper'd fright,
 15 And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my
 heart as I heard
 The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shud-
 dering night.

V

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are
 villains all.
 Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be
 maintained:
 But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and
 the Hall,
 20 Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us
 flaccid and drain'd.

VI

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we
 have made them a curse,
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its
 own;
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
 worse
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his
 own hearthstone?

¹ *Flying gold.* The autumn leaves.