

## XIX

How long shall slumber hold your lid-closed eyes?  
Or being roused from sleep, will you not see  
This canker worm which threatens the destinies  
And saps the life of England's royal tree?  
The glorious oak with branches widely spread,—  
Whose thousand years of growth have made it rise  
Till o'er earth's forests sways its leaf-crowned head,  
And firmly rooted every storm defies!  
Alas! dead branches, stark, already show,  
That rodent Folly saps the roots below.