

284.—THE LUSITANIA

Before I'd let the Lusitania sink,
Were I a god, with awe and might and power,
I'd make upon the slime and ooze a bower,
And drop the seas in hell ere one could wink:—

Where hungry Teuton should find meat and drink,—
Great whales that did at flying harpoons cower,
Shooting in air, for fear, a water-tower;
That made the eyes of heaven with brine blink.

But I am not. The ruthless Hun has sped,
Like lightnings riving oak, his shaft, and down
To death,—a watery grave,—go harmless wights:
The mother and her babe sleep 'mong the dead.
And nations, Jupiter-like angry, frown
And will scourge from the earth these damned hell-
kites.