

VI.

Ye, living in your luxury and ease,
Think not of all your country's fathers bore ;
And still forget the famine and disease
Those pioneers suffered on your shore.
Their names are unfamiliar on your tongue,
Their deeds but vaguely known, their praise unsung.

VII.

So has it been, and so shall ever be :
The man who stands to-day a shining light,
The hero who commands our fealty,
To-morrow, in oblivion's dark night,
Will be forgotten, or, on history's page,
May flicker dimly in a future age.

VIII.

Think not, ye men who seek to carve your name
On monuments of everlasting stone,
That ye can thus secure eternal fame.
Far greater deeds than yours have others done,
And greater far the harvest they have sown,
Which now ye reap, while they remain unknown.

~