

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;
And he hut naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marshes play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Yet, perhaps, if countries we compare
And estimate the blessings which they share.
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.