

WHO OR WHICH?

Yet some are natural hussies
Of vileness all the butt;
They harp about the gleanings,
The voice of all the smut;
They poison there the very air,
They pimp, they coax, they strut.

Who jade them to the baiting?
Take note, O mocking fool!
Within your moral household,
Some model, fondling tool—
From sweetness to the blaring,
With the blatant blend, the goal.

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Who was the really sinful one,
The most accursed of Heaven,—
The one who groped her way so wronged,
Or the man of the world unshriven,
Who trod his way accused of God,
Unholy and unforgiven?

Think of this charge, you mummers,
Think on, O biting crew!
This public accusation,
It is addressed to you,—
To you that pilfer honor
And steep the dreadful brew!