

II

Only the Doric little Morgue !
 The dead-house where you show your
 drowned :
 Petrarch's Vaucuse makes proud the
 Sorgue,
 Your Morgue has made the Seine
 renowned.
 One pays one's debt in such a case ;
 I plucked up heart and entered,—
 stalked,
 Keeping a tolerable face
 Compared with some whose cheeks
 were chalked :
 Let them ! No Briton's to be baulked !

III

First came the silent gazers ; next,
 A screen of glass, we're thankful for ;
 Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,
 The three men who did most abhor
 Their life in Paris yesterday,
 So killed themselves : and now,
 enthroned
 Each on his copper couch, they lay
 Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
 I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

IV

Poor men, God made, and all for that !
 The reverence struck me ; o'er each
 head
 Religiously was hung his hat,
 Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
 Sacred from touch : each had his berth,
 His bounds, his proper place of rest,
 Who last night tenanted on earth
 Some arch, where twelve such slept
 abreast,—
 Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.

V

How did it happen, my poor boy ?
 You wanted to be Buonaparte
 And have the Tuileries for toy,
 And could not, so it broke your heart ?
 You, old one by his side, I judge,
 Were, red as blood, a socialist,
 A leveller ! Does the Empire grudge
 You've gained what no Republic
 missed ?
 Be quiet, and unclench your fist !

VI

And this—why, he was red in vain,
 Or black,—poor fellow that is blue !
 What fancy was it, turned your brain ?
 Oh, women were the prize for you !
 Money gets women, cards and dice
 Get money, and ill-luck gets just
 The copper couch and one clear nice
 Cool squirt of water o'er your bust,
 The right thing to extinguish lust !

VII

It's wiser being good than bad ;
 It's safer being meek than fierce ;
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be
 fetched ;
 That what began best, can't end
 worst,
 Nor what God blessed once, prove
 accurst.

EPILOGUE

FIRST SPEAKER, *as David*

I

On the first of the Feast of Feasts,
 The Dedication Day,
 When the Levites joined the Priests
 At the Altar in robed array,
 Gave signal to sound and say,—

II

When the thousands, rear and van,
 Swarming with one accord,
 Became as a single man,
 (Look, gesture, thought and word
 In praising and thanking the Lord,—

III

When the singers lift up their voice,
 And the trumpets made endeavour
 Sounding, 'In God rejoice !'
 Saying, 'In Him rejoice
 Whose mercy endureth for ever !'—

IV

Then the Temple filled with a cloud,
 Even the House of the Lord ;