

The stars were harping choral symphonies
 In sympathy with worlds born again,
 And a new era stood upon the verge
 Of fact. Alas! Vile use has bred the slave's
 Habtt. The horse has thrown his rider but
 Runs wild, bewilder'd, till another's in
 The saddle and he feels a master's touch;
 The late wash'd sow grows sad with cleanliness,
 But as the pig imagination glows
 With dreams of wallowing near, she grunts with joy.
 Ruled by Pisistratus men could not be
 Worse slaves than they are there in that young land
 In this new world. They have academies;
 And from a thousand tabernacles gleams
 The cross, the symbol sweet of lore more deep
 Than Greek philosophy, though it requires
 Athenian lamps to bring its light out clear;
 420 They have the garner'd lore of ages old
 And new, but cannot think—the serfs of bold
 And blatant calumny, whose breath of life
 Is rank vituperation of the best
 And wisest men. That form of civic life
 Which liberty and government by the sage
 Secures, nowhere is seen. Democracy
 Puts chattering apes in seats of power, and howls
 Hosannas praising not humility
 Divine an ass bestriding, but the ass
 Himself, out-braying hideous egotisms,