

Tortured am I, wrecked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud ;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity ;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains .

Then, with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort thou thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendor in my death,
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back, for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

Copies of these poems may be procured
from Mrs. R. Jackson, 106 McNab St.
North, Hamilton, Ontario.