

CROMWELL'S STATUE.

What needs our Cromwell stone or
bronze to say
His was the light that lit on England's
way
The sundawn of her time-compel-
ling power,
The noontide of her most imperial
day?

His hand won back the sea for
England's dower;
His footfall bade the Moor change
heart and cower;
His word on Milton's tongue spake
law to France
When Piedmont felt the she-wolf
Rome devour.

From Cromwell's eyes the light of
England's glance
Flashed, and bowed down the kings
by grace of chance,
The priest-anointed princes; one
alone
By grace of England held their hosts
in trance.

The enthroned Republic from her
kinglier throne
Spake, and her speech was Crom-
well's. Earth has known
No lordlier presence. How should
Cromwell stand
By kinglets and by queenlings hewn
in stone?

Incarnate England in his warrior
hano
Smote, and as fire devours the black-
ening brand
Made ashes of their strengths who
wrought her wrong,
And turned the strongholds of her
foes to sand.

His praise is in the sea's and Milton's
song;
What praise could reach him from
the weakling throng
That rules by leave of tongues
whose praise is shame—
Him, who made England out of
weakness strong?

There needs no clarion's blast of
broad-blown fame
To bid the world bear witness whence
he came
Who bade fierce Europe fawn at
England's heel
And purged the plague of lineal rule
with flame.

There needs no witness graven on
stone or steel
For one whose work bids fame bow
down and kneel;
Our man of men, whose time-com-
manding name
Speaks England, and proclaims her
Commonweal.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
Nineteenth Century.