

281.—NEGROES

These negroes lullabying white babes, croon
Like murmuring pines and hemlocks eve; to sleep;
When shadows from the mountains o'er vales creep,
And lowing herds of kine in slumbers swoon:—

Close all the doors and windows 'gainst the moon;
That ambushed back of muslin clouds, doth peep
Down many a league through the night's vasty deep;
To spirit from them their world's only boon.

How sweet their menial offices they ply;
From dawn to dusk heedless of sun or rain;
Beneath a sunny, or a scowling sky:
And how we treat them as if curse of Cain
Had sapped our conscience,—turned our heads
awry;
As Phœbus would on surly sandy plain!