

Sires, we take the curse ye spread
By ignorance and sinning led —
The curse ye shouldered from the shores
Of ages more infirm than yours!
We take the curse, but O, we find
The veteran arm, the chastened mind —
Accepting to destroy!
A sterner struggle dares our powers:
'Tis well! — a larger faith is ours
And a sublimer joy! —
That sees the exultant Cherubim
Lowering their flames to Him
That made the Garden, Who shall lead
Loved and gathered from the gloam
All the toiling Adam home,
Whole at last, and Man indeed!

VI.

Then from His breast, the All-holding, All-revealing,
In whom all we that nurse our separate woes
Are but one anguish, bodied for one healing,
Breathe, O Thou Spirit, masterful repose!
Such as the Days conspire
That brood on starry fire
Yet scheme their azure still.
Breathe courage that alone can make us free;
And labouring faith, Thy patient alchemy
Of chaos into all-pervading will.
Let him that staggers in the road
Accept as though he chose the load!
Yea, though ten times most innocent,
Let him that suffers be content!
He bears what others might have borne
Rebellious, impious, and forlorn.
He too a warrior is, and he,
More greatly conquering though he fall,
Can grasp the spears of tyranny
And in his bosom hide them all;
And hark his comrades through the breach
His faith could win, his will could reach.