

Through this dread thing the suffering ages look
To him, and hence his aching stoop.
O Masters ! lords ! and rulers in all lands
You'll have to reckon with this man,
Who with his hoe-hoes on—forever on,
At every stroke a thistle slain
A cursed thing destroyed for e'er and e'er.
And down the centuries to come his name
Shall pass, the benefactor of his race.



AFTER THE RUBAIYAT

Friend ! Who calleth thus must prove his right,
Steady his lamp shall burn like beacon light.
Friendship is not like love's consuming flame
That flaring high goes out in darkest night.

Since from life's flowing wine-cup thou dost sip—
Not of the dregs but from the very lip,
Lend of thy joy to me some smallest part—
A thought, a word, or even gentle quip.

When we give of our best—with others share—
Let it be wine, or love, or friendship rare,
Life yields its essence of supremest joy.
For as we give we're sure to find elsewhere.

What does life give within its narrow span,
Some youth, some love—the rest we quickly scan,
The lamp burns low, the wine has lost its taste,
The morning comes, and lo ! lies dead the man.

Happy then he who neither has nor wants
For Envy—Care seek not his humble haunts,
Ambition—cruel master—knows him not,
And only fools revile him with their taunts.