

We'll gird ourselves anew, to fight
Our fell, determin'd foe,
And with experience's light,
Each time more skilful grow.

SLANDER.

Of all the poison plants that grow,
And flourish in the human breast,
No other plant, perhaps, hath so
Deep clench'd a root, or peaceful rest.

No other plant has such a fruit,
At once so sweet, and deadly too,
As that which loads each branch and shoot,
And falls for me to eat, and you.

Fell jealousy, the monster wild,
Whose green eyes roll in frenzy round,
His ravages are small, and mild,
To thine, and narrow'r far his ground.

His pow'r is felt around his home,
But who can gauge the sway of thine,
Which reaches high to heaven's dome,
And acts within the darksome mine?

Thy poison drops distil each hour,
To blight, to ruin and destroy,
And find with dark, insidious pow'r,
The heart of woman, man and boy.

What antidote can neutralize
Thy baneful force, thy potent spell?
For deepest danger ever lies
Within this poison draught of hell.