

Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land
and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred
thrones.

XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by
the hill,
50 And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-
decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap
from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating
yardwand, home. —

XIV

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his
mood?
Must *I* too creep to the hollow and dash myself down
and die
55 Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore
to brood
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swin-
dler's lie?

XV

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love* in the
passionate shriek,
Love for the silent thing that had made false haste
to the grave —
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would
rise and speak
60 And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used
to rave.