In one, until the land remaines
The old and shadows lie,
The fetid verse, whose whipes and spites
Indite humanity.

A Voice is near at thy side,
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic Voice, it acried,
To John in Patmos—"Write!"

Write! and tell out his bloody tale;
Record his iniquities,
The Day of Wrath—his endless Wail,
This great Apocalypse!

The Slave's Dream.

Beside the unquiet river he lay,
His sickle in his hand,
His breast was bare, his manner calm.

Thrice buried in the desert land,
Foretell a space of rest he seeks,
The tears of sorrow gather in his eye,
He stoops his head and weeps again.

Tear like

Like an antique dream, he lay
Beside the unquiet river:
A face of sorrow, for a sleeping form,
A face of sorrow, for a sleeping form.

In tears of strange devises,
But, in visions that flitted his thinking brain
Wax wise and of wisdom.

Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
He saw his native Land.