

BNP/E3, 77 - 75^c

77-75
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Joseph Chamberlain.

Their blood on thy head, whom the Afric waste
Saw struggling, puppets with unwillful hand,
Brother and brother: their bought souls shall brand
Thine own with horror. Be thy name erased

From the full mouth of men; nor be there traced
To thee one glory to thy parent land;
But 'fore us, as 'fore God, e'er do thou stand
In that thy deed forevermore disgraced.

Where lie the sons and husbands, where those dear
That thy curst craft hath lost? Their drops of blood,
One by one fallen, and many a cadenced tear,
With triple justice weighted trebly dread,
Shall each, rolled onward in a burning flood,
Crush thy dark soul. Their blood be on thy head!

Alexander Search

February 1905.

Transcrição

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