

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

To
WILLIAM E. CHANNING

The pages of thy book I read,

And as I closed each one,

My heart, responding, ever said,

“Servant of God! Well done!”

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;

At times they seem to me,

Like Luther’s, in the days of old,

Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes

The old and chartered lie,

The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes

Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side

Speaking in tones of might,

Like the prophetic voice, that cried

To John in Patmos, “Write!”

Write! And tell out this bloody tale;

Record this dire eclipse,

This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,

This dread Apocalypse!

