**LONG, TOO LONG, O LAND.**

|  |
| --- |
| LONG, too long, O land, |

|  |
| --- |
| Traveling roads all even and peaceful, you learn'd from           joys and prosperity only; |

|  |
| --- |
| But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish—ad-           vancing, grappling with direst fate, and recoiling           not; |

|  |
| --- |
| And now to conceive, and show to the world, what your           children en-masse really are; |

|  |
| --- |
| (For who except myself has yet conceived what your           children en-masse really are?) |