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

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| LONG, too long, O land,  |

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

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

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

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