

To a cruel goddess

'Tis thee, oh mighty goddess, whom I praise,
Who lets us cook our food above thy fire,
Who helps us in thy multifarious ways,
Whose warmth and comfort daily us embrace -
Yea, rightly do I ply for thee my lyre!

And when the life of one of us does end,
What would without thee be his funeral pyre?
Thou even mad'st our midget continent:
First grasped it from the ocean's fundament,
Then kept it from the sea-god's dreadful ire.

But should this fire-berg be rent asunder,
Return in pieces whence, intact, it came,
And take its bounty and its people under -
Who, Cruel One, would hallow then thy name?