

- 2. What little profit can accrue? And yet what heavy wrath is due, O thou perfidious tongue! To thee? Thy sting upon thyself shall turn, Of lasting flames that fiercely burn. The constant fuel thou shalt be.
- 3. But O! How wretched is my doom, Who am a sojourner become In barren Mesech's desert soil! With Kedar's wicked tents enclosed, To lawless savages exposed. Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
- 4. My hapless dwelling is with those Who peace and amity oppose, And pleasure take in others' harms; Sweet peace is all I court and seek; But when to them of peace I speak, they strait cry out: "To arms! To arms!"

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015. Re-scored from 2/2 to 2/4, with longer notes at the end of each line.