

## Right's Security

What if the wind do howl without,  
And turn the creaking weather-vane;

What if the arrows of the rain  
Do beat against the window pane.  
Art thou not armored strong and fast

Against the sallies of the blast?  
Art thou not sheltered safe and well  
Against the flood's insistent swell?

What boots it, that thou stand'st alone,  
And laughest in the battle's face  
When all the weak have fled the place  
And let their feet and fears keep pace?

Thou wavest still thine ensign, high,  
And shoutest thy loud battle cry;  
Higher than e'er the tempest roared,  
It cleaves the silence like a sword.

Right arms and armors, too, that man  
Who will not compromise with wrong;  
Tho' single, he must front the throng,  
And wage the battle hard and long.

Minorities, since time began,  
Have shown the better side of man;  
And often in the lists of Time  
One man has made a cause sublime!