

**Remorse: Fragment**

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,  
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish  
Beyond comparison the worst are those  
By our own folly, or our guilt brought on:  
In ev'ry other circumstance, the mind  
Has this to say, "It was no deed of mine:"  
But, when to all the evil of misfortune  
This sting is added, "Blame thy foolish self!"  
Or worsen far, the pangs of keen remorse,  
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt-  
Of guilt, perhaps, when we've involved others,  
The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us;  
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!  
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments  
There's not a keener lash!  
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart  
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,  
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;  
And, after proper purpose of amendment,  
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?  
O happy, happy, enviable man!  
O glorious magnanimity of soul!