

**UTOPIA OF
USURERS, AND
OTHER ESSAYS**

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Utopia of usurers, and other essays by Gilbert K. Chesterton

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GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

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By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON



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A SONG OF SWORDS

"A drove of cattle came into a village called Swords;
and was stopped by the rioters."—Daily Paper.

In the place called Swords on the Irish road
It is told for a new renown
How we held the horns of the cattle, and how
We will hold the horns of the devils now
Ere the lord of hell with the horn on his brow
Is crowned in Dublin town.

Light in the East and light in the West,
And light on the cruel lords,
On the souls that suddenly all men knew,
And the green flag flew and the red flag flew,
And many a wheel of the world stopped, too,
When the cattle were stopped at Swords.

Be they sinners or less than saints
That smite in the street for rage,
We know where the shame shines bright; we
know
You that they smite at, you their foe,
Lords of the lawless wage and low,
This is your lawful wage.

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A SONG OF SWORDS

You pinched a child to a torture price
That you dared not name in words;
So black a jest was the silver bit
That your own speech shook for the shame of it,
And the coward was plain as a cow they hit
 When the cattle have strayed at Swords.

The wheel of the torrent of wives went round
To break men's brotherhood;
You gave the good Irish blood to grease
The clubs of your country's enemies;
You saw the brave man beat to the knees:
 And you saw that it was good.

The rope of the rich is long and long—
The longest of hangmen's cords;
But the kings and crowds are holding their
 breath,
In a giant shadow o'er all beneath
Where God stands holding the scales of Death
 Between the cattle and Swords.

Haply the lords that hire and lend
The lowest of all men's lords,
Who sell their kind like kine at a fair,
Will find no head of their cattle there;
But faces of men where cattle were:
 Faces of men—and Swords.

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