

*Aleister Crowley.*

Thunder and lightning free fashioned for speech and  
seeing,

Pinnacles royal and steep, queen of the arduous  
breast!

Ye on whose icy bosom, passionate, at the sunrise,  
Ye in whose wind-swept hollows, lulled in the  
noonrise clear,

Often and oft I struggled, a child with an angry  
mother

Often and oft I slept, maid in a lover's arms.

Back to ye, back, wild towers, from this flat and  
desolate fenland,

Back to ye yet will I flee, swallow on wing to  
the south;

Move in your purple cloud-banks and leap your far-  
swelling torrents,

Bathe in the pools below, laugh with the winds  
above,

Battle and strive and climb in the teeth of the glad  
wild weather,

Flash on the slopes of ice, dance on the spires of rock,

Run like a glad young panther over the stony high-  
lands,

Shout with the joy of living, race to the rugged cairn,

Feel the breath of your freedom burn in my veins,  
and Freedom!

Freedom! echoes adown cliff and precipitous ghyll.

Down by the cold grey lake the sun descends from  
his hunting,

Shadow and silence steals over the frozen fells.