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To America

By Aleister Crowley

THOU fair Republic oversea afar,
Where long blue ripples lap the fertile land,
Whose manifest dominion, like a star,
Fixed by the iron hands and swords of war,*
Now must for aye, a constellation, stand—
Thou new strong nation! as the eagle aspires
To match the sun's own fires,
Children of our land, hear the children of your sires!

We stretch out hands to-day when the white wings
Of peace are spread beneath you and your foe.
O race of men that slay the slaves of kings!
We, whom the foam-crowned ocean still enrings,
We, whose strong freedom never brooked a blow,
Hail you now victors, hail you of the sword
Proved in the west the lord,
Hail you, and bid you sound quick friendship and accord.

The eagle of your emblem would not stoop
To the proud threats of that outrageous wing
That Bismarck reared, and strengthened, and bade swoop
Fierce upon France, whose pallid pinions droop
To own an Emperor where she mocked a king:
Their challenge you hurled back across the foam:
Vienna and tall Rome
Trembled for their ally: you stirred our hearts at home.

* This poem was first written at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.