

TO AMERICA

The petty partisans of party war,
The hireling quillmen, and the jingo crowd,
The well-paid patriots, scenting from afar
Silence, their doom—shall they eclipse the star
Now crescent in the sky, whose music loud
Rejoices humble hearts and true men all,
And sounds the funeral
Dirge of slave, tyrant, priest, that snarl, and snarling fall?
These we forget—remembering only this:
Ye are blood-brothers, and our tongues are one;
Our hopes and conquests in one splendid kiss
Unite and struggle not for empire. Is
Our land and yours too little for the sun
To gladden, to illumine, to bid increase,
Bound by two mighty seas
In one fraternal clasp of admirable peace?
Ye are our brothers; ye have spurned the power
That bound the islands of your eastern shore;
Ye have restored to freedom that fair flower,
Cuba, in her most agonising hour,
And east and west have thundered with red war.
We freed us from the slavery of Spain,
And laid upon the main
Our hand three centuries back—and ye have struck again.
Priestcraft and tyranny in this defeat
Shake, and the walls of hell with fear resound;
The sun laughs gladlier on the heavier wheat,
Because the fates must weave a winding-sheet
At last for Fear. Deliverers are found
Who will deliver. Mountain, stream, and brake,
Lone wood, and sleepy lake,
Are peopled with bright shapes that sing for freedom's sake.
Rocks, and pale fountains, and tall trees that quiver,
And all the clouds that deck the sunset sky
Move like the music of a mighty river
Where ripples break, and rapids gleam and shiver,
And calm rebuilds her empire bye-and-bye.
For joy of this alliance all the earth
Forgets her day of dearth,
In her new birth forgets, and maddens into mirth.