

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

The stars swing censers of pale gold to God,
Whose incense is the love-song of the free;
Angels with mercy and with beauty shod
Move in the mazes of an Eden, trod
Not by the seemly spirits of the sea,
But by brave men built wholly of desire
And freedom's mystic fire,
To clothe its habitants with glorious attire.

Clasp hands, O fair republic of the west,
And leave the kingdoms to their sudden fate.
With new-born love and ardour unexpressed,
Let Lethe steep in its unquiet rest
The old years whose red hands have made us great.
O fair republic, strong and swift, unbind
The shackles of thy mind!
More than our kin ye are; henceforth not less than kind!

Bind on the splendid sandals, and unloose
The burning horses, and fling wide the reins!
From Danzig's ice to sunny Syracuse
Europe shall see and tremble and ask truce,
And new blood pour through Asia's wasted veins.
Our Empire from Guiana to Hong Kong,
In your new love made strong,
Shall last while earth is glad because of sun and song.

And O! ye desert places of the sea,
Ye plains and mountains rugged with the wind,
And all ye hollow caverns whence there flee
Foam-heads and blustering waves, give ear to me,
And O thou thunder, follow hard behind!
O womb of night, reverberate these chords,
Ye clouds, ye stormy lords,
With clamour and shrill voice as of ten thousand swords:—

Swords that clang sharp on heaven's anvil, white
With heat of God's own forehead that beholds
The building broken that is made of might,
Nor builded firm on justice' iron height,
Nor is not cast in mercy's silver mould:—
Swords sharp to slay, when vengeance must its fill
Drink of the bloody rill
Wherein men lave their mouths, arise and smite and kill!