

TO AMERICA

Listen, all lands, and wonder! For the night
Rolls back her beaten iron, and the day
Breaks, and the passionate heralds of the light,
Armoured with love for panoply of might,
Rush on the portals of the falling way.
The lamps of heaven are dim while swords strike fire
From rocks whose crests burn higher:
At their assault hell's dogs gasp, totter, and expire.
All the gold gates are open of the East;
The rugged columns of the hills uphold
A dome of changeless turquoise, and they feast,
The sun's lips, on the woods that have increased
Since dawn with store of unimagined gold.
The steam of many exhalations rare
Sweetens the midday air;
Earth's oriflamme advanced, Heaven's silver spears aflare!
The broad Pacific brightens into blue,
And coral isles are white with beating flame
Of living water on their strand, live through
With million flames candescent as the dew,
Red flowers too queenly for a mortal name!
The sea is pregnant with green stars; the land,
The sky, like lovers stand
With kiss half-consciously exchanged, hand fast in hand.
O lovers fair and free, the wings of peace
Bear this voice onward; linger as you will
By moon-wrought glades, and softly murmuring seas,
Lands white with summer, and the quiet leas!
Linger, and let no word of music thrill
Your hearts; young love is all the harp ye need:
Your kiss in very deed
Is keen to echo song well tuned from Milton's reed.
O lovers, and ye happy groves that hear
Their whispers, and ye vales that know their feet,
And all ye mountains that incline your ear
To the wise whisper of the love-lorn sphere,
And all ye caves their murmurs who repeat;
Your music throbs in unison with mine;
The world is flushed with wine
Bubbling from Freedom's well, warm, luminous, divine.