

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Burn, changeful purple of the vine's cool stream!
Burn, like the sunset of a stormy sky
When white winds gather, and white horses gleam
Upon the ocean, and the meadows steam
With haze of thunder, when the crimson eye
Dips, and deep darkness falls and lies, and breaks
 In lightning's fearful flakes,
When thunder unto thunder calls, and the storm awakes.
With maddening hoofs, ye coursers of the sun,
Spurn the reverberant air, and paw the day!
Make east and west indissolubly one!
Strike down the darkness, its dominion done,
 And bid light gird its sword to thigh, display
The shield of heaven's blue, and call the deep
 To watch the warrior sleep
Of two fast friends that wake only if brave men weep!
Wake, western land so fair, and this shall be!
Speak and accomplish! Let no ardour slip,
A sullen hound, slink sly and shamefully
To Hell's heel, storm exacerbate the sea,
 And spoil a perfect kiss from free land's lip.
O fair free sister country, for our sake,
 Who at thy side would break
All bars, all bonds, and bid the very dead awake!
Are not your veins made purple with our blood,
 And our dominions touch they not afield?
Pours not the sea its long exultant flood
On either's coast? The rose has one same bud,
 And the vine's heart one purple pledge doth yield.
Are we not weary of the fangéd pen?
 Are we not friends, and men?
Let us look frankly face to face—and quarrel then!
Oh! by the groves of green and quiet ways,
 And on the windy reaches of the river,
In moonlit night and blue unbroken days,
And where the cold ice breaks in pallid bays,
 And where dim dawns in frosty forest shiver,
Where India burns and far Australia glows,
 Where cactus blooms, where rose,
Let our hearts' beat be heard, to lighten many woes!