

See, see! the red light shines!
 'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
 And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
 Of Alps and Apennines,
 "Enceladus, arise!"

35

ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
 A ploughman, who in foul or fair
 Sings at his task.
 So clear we know not if it is
 The laverock's song we hear or his,
 Nor care to ask.

5

For him the ploughing of those fields
 A more ethereal harvest yields
 Than sheaves of grain:
 Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;
 The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
 Sing in his brain.

10

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
 Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
 Beside the stream
 Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
 And heather, where his footsteps pass,
 The brighter seem.

15

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
 The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
 He feels the force,
 The treacherous under-tow and stress,
 Of wayward passions, and no less
 The keen remorse.

20

5

10

15

20

25

30