

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!"

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.

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.

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.

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.