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| But here and there a straying sunbeam flashes On palace, castle, tower, and hall, Thronged with the idle crowd whose lordly pleasures Cast desolation over all. |
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| Who thrust across wild waves of Western Ocean, The scanty remnant of the clans, And gave to gorse and brake and forest-rangers The meadow slopes that once were man's. |
| Gazing athwart this weary waste of heather, And desolate haunts of bird or deer, And lonely homes of selfish Saxon splendour, A southern cry rings in my ear. |
| A cry that, bursting from ten thousand voices, Awoke from midnight into noon Marseilles, Bordeaux, St. Etienne, Lyons, Paris, With lips that shrieked, "Vive la Commune !" |
| My thirsty bosom pants for sunny waters, And luscious glebe of vine-clad lands, And chanted psalms of universal freedom, And sacred grasp of brotherly hands : |
| Pants to behold the ruddy Highland ranger, With fair-cheeked sons of English soil, Linked to the sunburnt throng of Southern cities In one vast brotherhood of toil; |
| Banded to break the pride of hoarded treasure, Or insolent boast of lordly birth, And spread the equal boon of free-born manhood Through all the mighty skirts of earth : |
| No longer with the red right hand of slaughter, Or eyes made drunk with blood and wine, But sober sweat of brows whose sure endeavour Builds slowly up the grand design: |
| Not eager to forestall in raw impatience The lagging wheels of distant years, But working out a silent revolution, Unstained by blot of blood or tears : |
| Till once again that holy cry re-echo From mightier crowds, and louder still, Through ocean-sundered streets, with happier auspice Of single, undivided will : |
| And once again this gloomy Scottish landscape With glowing glories shine afar, Spreading the nobler wealth of golden harvests High up the slopes of Lochnagar : |
| And, step by step, the men of many nationsMerge in one boundless league and free,As Thames and Seine, St. Lawrence, Nile, and GangesMingle in one illimitable sea. |

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