

AMERICA

COLUMBUS came to thee and called thee
new!

New World to him, but thy rich blood,
bright gold,

Lay cold where once the fires manifold
Raged fiercely. New? Primeval forests
grew,

Had fallen, and were coal! Thine eagles
flew

Undaunted then as now, and where the bold
South Rocky Mountains rise in fold on fold
The Aztec to his God the victim slew.

The tropic verdure of thy far north world
Had passed for ever, moon-like fading out.
Sky-piercing mounts have reared them from
the seas—

The lost Atlantis has been depth-ward
hurled,

Since thou wert new!—Old! all thy land-
marks shout,

And bid us read thy waiting mysteries.