

And the blinded god of Mammon
Hath paled at the minstrel's name,
And a shiver hath passed to his crusted soul
'Neath the blaze of the heavenly flame ;
The tyrant with gloom in his heart,
And the brand of Cain on his brow,
Like a craven quakes in his white-lipped fear
At the gleaming of Freedom now.

* * * * *

The shroud of the past hath vanished,
And the mighty-given-of-God
Looms forth entranced with the meanest flower
That springs from the verdant sod.
Oh ! wildly impassioned spirit !
In the throes of thy great unrest,
Thou gavest the golden chalice of Thought,
But we called for the ribald jest.

The stamp of the mind unfettered,
The smile and the orbèd fire,
No magic touch to the image brings,
We garnish a broken lyre ;
But scarr'd with the fight of ages,
Triumphantly Scotia turns,
With a queenly glance of pride in her eyes,
To gaze on her laureate Burns.