

Art Bears, Albion, Awake!

Tumble you cedars! Owls
Be gone; beaks, tear
The fabric of the night
To sparks!
Moles, spit the soil,
Crime's beaks destroy O
Ermine, maculate invert
The starry firmament of
Night! Spilt graves
Apart-Quick! And
Suck nouriture from death,
Sack cities and upraise
Their slain!

Awake! Awake!
Let banners fly like
Shrapnel, and efface
The Sky!