

## THE CRY OF EUROPE

*Girl of the yellow, heavy-yellow, gold-yellow hair,  
the song of your mouth and Europe's shivering cry,  
fair, heavy-haired, spirited, beautiful girl,  
the disgrace of our day would not be bitter in your kiss.*

*Would your song and splendid beauty take  
from me the dead loathsomeness of these ways,  
the brute and the brigand at the head of Europe  
and your mouth red and proud with the old song?*

*Would white body and forehead's sun take  
from me the foul black treachery,  
spite of the bourgeois and poison of their creed  
and the febleness of our dismal Scotland?*

*Would beauty and serene music put  
from me the sore frailty of this lasting cause,  
the Spanish miner leaping in the face of horror  
and his great spirit going down untroubled'?*

*What would the kiss of your proud mouth be  
compared with each drop of the precious blood  
that fell on the cold frozen uplands  
of Spanish mountains from a column of steel?*

*What every lock of your gold-yellow head  
to all the poverty, anguish and grief  
that will come and have come on Europe's people  
from the Slave Ship to the slavery of the whole people?*