The People To Their Land – Edward Carpenter

O high cliffs looking heavenward,
O valleys green and fair,
Sea cliffs that seem to gird and guard
Our island once so dear,
In vain your beauties now ye spread,
For we are numbered with the dead,
A robber band has seized the land,
And we are exiles here.

The moonlight glides along the shore
And silvers all the sands;
It gleams on halls and castles hoar,
Built by our fathers' hands.
But from the scene its beauty fades,
The light dies out along the glades:
A robber band has seized the land,
And we are exiles here.

The plowman plows, the sower sows,
The reaper reaps the ear,
The woodman to the forest goes
Before the day grows clear;
But of our toil no fruit we see,
The harvest's not for you and me:
A robber band has seized the land,
And we are exiles here.

The cattle in the sun may lie,
The fox by night may roam,
The lark may sing all day on high
Between its heaven and home;
But we have no place here, to die
Is the one right we need not buy:
Then high to heaven our vows are given,
We'll have our land or die.