The deep to come.

Come bitter lake and hotter, for a tale here is to tell
Of the wonderful days a coming, when all shall be better than well

And the tale shall be told of a country, a land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England in the days that are going to be.

There more than one of a thousand in the days that are yet to come
Shall have some hope for tomorrow, some joy in the ancient home.

For men (laugh not, but listen to this strange tale of mine)
All folk that are in England shall be better lodged than home.

Then a man shall work and think him, and rejoice in the deed of his
And yet come home in the seven too front and heavy load.

Then in that land, a country shall work and have no end
From morning to evening and the longer night comes.

Tell you how to a wonder that no man then shall be glad
For folk's folly, and misdeeds to match at the work so hard.

For that which the worker wins, shall win he his indeed,
For shall help be needed for nothing by him that hath loved so well

O new found wonder, justice! but for whom shall we getter thy
For ourselves in each of our fellows, that no hand may borrow of us.

Then all men and all things shall be free, and no man shall be fear
For riches that come for nothing but to gather a friend for a skull.

And what shall be then shall be let us when none shall keep up any
To be his friend in the market, and peace and prime the soul.

Then what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
And the waste and the woods and the beauty? these happy fields is
The power of ancient song, the beauty of the mighty dead,

And the wild men seeking out marvels, are the poets and the dead.

The home of ancient legends, and latter of the memory.
And the painter's hand of wonder, and the marvels new made by
And the sweet choirs of music - all this shall do and know,

For all these shall be ours and all more, and more shall be brought
Of the seed and the gain of living in the days of the world now

Ah! such are the days that shall be! but what are the deeds of today,
And the true of the years we dwell in that we are laid away?

Why then, and for what are we waiting? There are these hours to pay
For what we've done; and what is the form that the dream strong in heart spend.

Why then, and for what are we waiting? While our brother sleeps and the
And on every wind of the measured a wasted life goes by.

How long shall they approach us, that crowd in crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold crowded haggard bell?

Through equalled like they labor, in order's pride they die,
Their sons of a mighty nation, their foes of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it, nor save our souls from the
Blest many a million corns, and shall we be better in works and;

It is we must answer and hasten, and open wide the door
For the rich man's weary terror, and the now but hope of the poor.

If the spirit art of the subdued, and their managed destinies,
A light in your do woe and woe wisdom till the weary days depart.

Come, since all things call to The living and The dead
And on the arching yea a gymnasying light is shed.

Come, let us cast off sadness and put by care and rest,
For the cares alone are nearer till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the role, better whenin we men can join,
With those faults and faults, yet his deal shall still prevail.

Ah, come, it's cast off fasting for this at least live thence,
That the lesson with the day is coming, and for the New Tomorrow go.