TO THE LIBERTY BELL

_Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 1892-1950_

Toll, toll,
O cracked and venerable!
Start swinging suddenly
And speak
Upon this jigging air.

Tell us of a day when men stood up in meeting
And spoke of God,
And nobody laughed.

Toll, toll.

They say we have no leader now. It may be.
I know
we have no cause.

America! – Beautiful Nowhere in the hearts of a few
Periwigged men
Sitting about a table.

Toll, toll.

Yet toll not.
Lest to our shame we learn how few to-day
Would stand in the street and listen.
Only some lean, half-hearted anarchist
Who happened to be out ;
And the children,
That shout at air-planes.