

# The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman



WALT WHITMAN

Leaves of Grass

A TEXTUAL VARIORUM OF THE PRINTED POEMS

VOLUME III: Poems, 1870-1891

*Edited by*

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# The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman

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# The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman



*Walt Whitman 1889*

LEAVES OF GRASS.

PASSAGE  
to  
INDIA.

*Gliding o'er all, through all,  
Through Nature, Time, and Space,  
As a Ship on the waters advancing,  
The Voyage of the Soul—not Life alone,  
Death—many Deaths, I sing.*

Washington, D. C.

1871.

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Gliding o'er All.

Gliding o'er all, through all,  
 Through Nature, Time, and Space,  
 As a ship on the waters advancing,  
 The voyage of the soul—not life alone,  
 Death, many deaths I'll sing. ◦

5

Passage to India.

*I*

Singing my days,  
 Singing the great achievements of the present,  
 Singing the strong light works of engineers,  
 Our modern wonders, (the antique ponderous Seven outvied,)  
 In the Old World the east the Suez canal,

5

*Title:* 71[PI]: *Untitled*. [[In 71[PI] appears on the title page of the *Passage to India* volume; entire poem in italics]

3 71[PI]: *Ship*  
 4 71[PI]: *Voyage ~ Soul— ~ Life*  
 5 71[PI]: *Death—many Deaths, I*

*Title:* 71[PI]: PASSAGE TO INDIA. Opening poem of the 71 *Passage to India* volume; PI annexed to 71 LG, to the 72 impression, and to 76 *Two Rivulets*

71[PI]: [Stanza and section numbers]  
 3 71[PI]: strong, light  
 5 71[PI]: World, the east, the

The New by its mighty railroad spann'd,  
 The seas inlaid with eloquent gentle wires;  
 Yet first to sound, and ever sound, the cry with thee O soul,  
 The Past! the Past! the Past! o

- 10 The Past—the dark unfathom'd retrospect!  
 The teeming gulf—the sleepers and the shadows!  
 The past—the infinite greatness of the past!  
 For what is the present after all but a growth out of the past?  
 (As a projectile form'd, impell'd, passing a certain line, still keeps on,  
 15 So the present, utterly form'd, impell'd by the past.) o

## 2

Passage O soul to India!  
 Eclaircise the myths Asiatic, the primitive fables. o

- Not you alone proud truths of the world,  
 Nor you alone ye facts of modern science,  
 20 But myths and fables of eld, Asia's, Africa's fables,  
 The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos'd dreams,  
 The deep diving bibles and legends,  
 The daring plots of the poets, the elder religions;  
 O you temples fairer than lilies pour'd over by the rising sun!  
 O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of the known, mounting  
 25 to heaven!  
 You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses, burnish'd with gold!  
 Towers of fables immortal fashion'd from mortal dreams!  
 You too I welcome and fully the same as the rest!  
 You too with joy I sing. o

7 71[PI]: eloquent, gentle wires,  
 8 71[PI]: I sound, to commence, the cry,  
 with thee, O  
 10 71[PI]: Past! the dark, unfathom'd  
 11 71[PI]: gulf! the  
 12 71[PI]: past! the  
 13 71[PI]: present, after all, but  
 14 71[PI]: projectile, form'd,  
 16 71[PI]: Passage, O soul, to  
 17 71[PI]: Asiatic—the

18 71[PI]: alone, proud ~ world!  
 19 71[PI]: alone, ye ~ science!  
 20 71[PI]: eld—Asia's, ~ fables!  
 21 71[PI]: spirit!—the ~ dreams!  
 22 71[PI]: legends;  
 23 71[PI]: poets—the  
 24 71[PI]: —O ~ lilies, pour'd  
 25 71[PI]: fables, spurning  
 27 71[PI]: immortal, fashion'd  
 28 71[PI]: welcome, and fully, the ~ rest;



Passage to India! 30  
 Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose from the first?  
 The earth to be spann'd, connected by network,  
 The races, neighbors, to marry and be given in marriage,  
 The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brought near,  
 The lands to be welded together. o 35

A worship new I sing,  
 You captains, voyagers, explorers, yours,  
 You engineers, you architects, machinists, yours,  
 You, not for trade or transportation only,  
 But in God's name, and for thy sake O soul. o 40

3

Passage to India!  
 Lo soul for thee of tableaus twain,  
 I see in one the Suez canal initiated, open'd;  
 I see the procession of steamships, the Empress Eugenie's leading the van,  
 I mark from on deck the strange landscape, the pure sky, the level sand in the  
 distance, 45  
 I pass swiftly the picturesque groups, the workmen gather'd,  
 The gigantic dredging machines. o

In one again, different, (yet thine, all thine, O soul, the same.)  
 I see over my own continent the Pacific railroad surmounting every barrier,  
 I see continual trains of cars winding along the Platte carrying freight and  
 passengers, 50  
 I hear the locomotives rushing and roaring, and the shrill steam-whistle,

30	71[PI]: [Section 3 begins with 30]	40	71[PI]: sake, O soul.)
31	71[PI]: soul! seest	41	71[PI]: [Section 4 begins with 41]
32	71[PI]: net-work, 71[PI]: [The following line appears after 32:]	42	71[PI]: Lo, soul, for thee, of
	[1] The people to become brothers and sisters,	43	71[PI]: see, in one, the
36	71[PI]: (A ~ new, I sing;	44	71[PI]: van;
37	71[PI]: yours!	45	71[PI]: mark, from ~ deck, the ~ dis- tance;
38	71[PI]: engineers! you ~ yours!	48	71[PI]: one, again,
		49	71[PI]: Railroad, surmounting ~ barrier;
		50	71[PI]: Platte, carrying ~ passengers;

- I hear the echoes reverberate through the grandest scenery in the world,  
 I cross the Laramie plains, I note the rocks in grotesque shapes, the buttes,  
 I see the plentiful larkspur and wild onions, the barren, colorless, sage-deserts,  
 I see in glimpses afar or towering immediately above me the great mountains,  
 55 I see the Wind river and the Wahsatch mountains,  
 I see the Monument mountain and the Eagle's Nest, I pass the Promontory,  
 I ascend the Nevadas,  
 I scan the noble Elk mountain and wind around its base,  
 I see the Humboldt range, I thread the valley and cross the river,  
 I see the clear waters of lake Tahoe, I see forests of majestic pines,  
 Or crossing the great desert, the alkaline plains, I behold enchanting mirages  
 60 of waters and meadows,  
 Marking through these and after all, in duplicate slender lines,  
 Bridging the three or four thousand miles of land travel,  
 Tying the Eastern to the Western sea,  
 The road between Europe and Asia. ◦
- 65 (Ah Genoese thy dream! thy dream!  
 Centuries after thou art laid in thy grave,  
 The shore thou foundest verifies thy dream.) ◦

## 4

- Passage to India!  
 Struggles of many a captain, tales of many a sailor dead,  
 70 Over my mood stealing and spreading they come,  
 Like clouds and cloudlets in the unreach'd sky. ◦

Along all history, down the slopes,  
 As a rivulet running, sinking now, and now again to the surface rising,  
 A ceaseless thought, a varied train—lo, soul, to thee, thy sight, they rise,

- |                         |  |      |                                |
|-------------------------|--|------|--------------------------------|
| 52                      | 71[PI]: world;                         | 60   | 71[PI]: Or, crossing ~ mead-   |
| 53                      | 71[PI]: plains—I ~ shapes—the buttes;  | ows; |                                |
| 54                      | 71[PI]: onions—the ~ sage-deserts;     | 61   | 71[PI]: these, and             |
| 55                      | 71[PI]: afar, or ~ me, the ~ mountains | 65   | 71[PI]: Genoese, thy           |
| —I ~ River ~ mountains; |  | 67   | 71[PI]: dream!                 |
| 56                      | 71[PI]: Nest—I ~ Promontory—I ~        | 68   | 71[PI]: [Section 5 begins with |
| Nevadas;                |  | 68]  |                                |
| 57                      | 71[PI]: mountain, and ~ base;          | 69   | 71[PI]: captain—tales ~ dead!  |
| 58                      | 71[PI]: range—I                        | 70   | 71[PI]: mood, stealing         |
| 59                      | 71[PI]: Lake Tahoe—I                   | 74   | 71[PI]: Lo, soul! to           |

The plans, the voyages again, the expeditions; 75  
 Again Vasco de Gama sails forth,  
 Again the knowledge gain'd, the mariner's compass,  
 Lands found and nations born, thou born America,  
 For purpose vast, man's long probation fill'd,  
 Thou rondure of the world at last accomplish'd. o 80

5

O vast Rondure, swimming in space,  
 Cover'd all over with visible power and beauty,  
 Alternate light and day and the teeming spiritual darkness,  
 Unspeakable high processions of sun and moon and countless stars above,  
 Below, the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains, trees, 85  
 With inscrutable purpose, some hidden prophetic intention,  
 Now first it seems my thought begins to span thee. o

Down from the gardens of Asia descending radiating,  
 Adam and Eve appear, then their myriad progeny after them,  
 Wandering, yearning, curious, with restless explorations, 90  
 With questionings, baffled, formless, feverish, with never-happy hearts,  
 With that sad incessant refrain, *Wherefore unsatisfied soul?* and *Whither O  
 mocking life?* o

Ah who shall soothe these feverish children?  
 Who justify these restless explorations?  
 Who speak the secret of impassive earth? 95  
 Who bind it to us? what is this separate Nature so unnatural?

75	71[PI]: expeditions:	85	71[PI]: trees;
76	71[PI]: forth;	86	71[PI]: purpose—some hidden, prophetic intention;
78	71[PI]: found, and ~ born—thou born, America, (a hemisphere unborn,)	87	71[PI]: Now, first, it seems, my
80	71[PI]: Thou, rondure ~ world, at	88	71[PI]: Asia, descending, radiating,
81	71[PI]: O, vast ~ space! [Section 6 be- gins with 81]	90	71[PI]: curious—with
82	71[PI]: beauty!	91	71[PI]: feverish—with
83	71[PI]: day, and ~ teeming, spiritual darkness;	92	71[PI]: sad, incessant ~ <i>Wherefore, un- satisfied Soul?</i> and, <i>Whither, O ~ Life?</i>
84	71[PI]: Unspeakable, high ~ moon, and ~ stars, above;	93	71[PI]: Ah, who
		95	71[PI]: Earth?
		96	71[PI]: us? What ~ Nature, so

What is this earth to our affections? (unloving earth, without a throb to  
answer ours,  
Cold earth, the place of graves.) ○

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be carried out,  
100 Perhaps even now the time has arrived. ○

After the seas are all cross'd, (as they seem already cross'd,)  
After the great captains and engineers have accomplished'd their work,  
After the noble inventors, after the scientists, the chemist, the geologist,  
ethnologist,  
Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,  
105 The true son of God shall come singing his songs. ○

Then not your deeds only O voyagers, O scientists and inventors, shall be  
justified,  
All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,  
All affection shall be fully responded to, the secret shall be told,  
All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and hook'd and link'd  
together,  
The whole earth, this cold, impassive, voiceless earth, shall be completely  
110 justified,  
Trinitas divine shall be gloriously accomplish'd and compacted by the true  
son of God, the poet,  
(He shall indeed pass the straits and conquer the mountains,  
He shall double the cape of Good Hope to some purpose,)  
Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,  
115 The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them. ○

## 6

Year at whose wide-flung door I sing!

- |     |   |     |  |
|-----|---|-----|--|
| 97  | 71[PI]: Earth, to ~ ours;                     | 108 | 71[PI]: to—the ~ told;   |
| 99  | 71[PI]: Yet, soul, be ~ remains—and ~<br>out; | 109 | 71[PI]: up, and ~ together;                                      |
| 100 | 71[PI]: (Perhaps ~ arrived.)                  | 110 | 71[PI]: Earth—this ~ Earth, ~ jus-<br>tified;                    |
| 103 | 71[PI]: inventors—after                       | 111 | 71[PI]: Son  |
| 104 | 71[PI]: Poet, worthy ~ name;                  | 113 | 71[PI]: Cape ~ purpose;)   |
| 105 | 71[PI]: Son ~ come, singing                   | 115 | 71[PI]: Son  |
| 106 | 71[PI]: Then, not ~ only, O                   | 116 | 71[PI]: whose open'd wide-flung [Sec-<br>tion 7 begins with 116] |
| 107 | 71[PI]: hearts, as ~ children, shall          |     |  |

Year of the purpose accomplish'd!  
 Year of the marriage of continents, climates and oceans!  
 (No mere doge of Venice now wedding the Adriatic,)  
 I see O year in you the vast terraqueous globe given and giving all, 120  
 Europe to Asia, Africa join'd, and they to the New World,  
 The lands, geographies, dancing before you, holding a festival garland,  
 As brides and bridegrooms hand in hand. ◦

Passage to India!  
 Cooling airs from Caucasus far, soothing cradle of man, 125  
 The river Euphrates flowing, the past lit up again. ◦

Lo soul, the retrospect brought forward,  
 The old, most populous, wealthiest of earth's lands,  
 The streams of the Indus and the Ganges and their many affluents,  
 (I my shores of America walking to-day behold, resuming all,) 130  
 The tale of Alexander on his warlike marches suddenly dying,  
 On one side China and on the other side Persia and Arabia,  
 To the south the great seas and the bay of Bengal,  
 The flowing literatures, tremendous epics, religions, castes,  
 Old occult Brahma interminably far back, the tender and junior Buddha, 135  
 Central and southern empires and all their belongings, possessors,  
 The wars of Tamerlane, the reign of Aurungzebe,  
 The traders, rulers, explorers, Moslems, Venetians, Byzantium, the Arabs,  
 Portuguese,  
 The first travelers famous yet, Marco Polo, Batouta the Moor,  
 Doubts to be solv'd, the map incognita, blanks to be fill'd, 140  
 The foot of man unstay'd, the hands never at rest,  
 Thyself O soul that will not brook a challenge. ◦

- |     |  |     |   |
|-----|--|-----|---|
| 119 | 71[PI]: Doge ~ now, wedding ~ Adriatic;)             | 130 | 71[PI]: (I, my ~ to-day, behold,          |
| 120 | 71[PI]: see, O year, in you, the ~ globe, given, and | 131 | 71[PI]: Alexander, on ~ marches, suddenly |
| 121 | 71[PI]: World;                                       | 132 | 71[PI]: China, and                        |
| 124 | 71[PI]: [Section 8 begins with 124]                  | 133 | 71[PI]: seas, and ~ Bay of Bengal;        |
| 127 | 71[PI]: Lo, soul, ~ retrospect, brought forward;     | 135 | 71[PI]: Brahma, interminably ~ back—the   |
| 128 | 71[PI]: Earth's                                      | 136 | 71[PI]: empires, and                      |
| 129 | 71[PI]: Ganges, and ~ affluents;                     | 139 | 71[PI]: travelers, famous                 |
|     |  | 142 | 71[PI]: Thyself, O soul, that             |

The mediæval navigators rise before me,  
 The world of 1492, with its awaken'd enterprise,  
 145 Something swelling in humanity now like the sap of the earth in spring,  
 The sunset splendor of chivalry declining. ○

And who art thou sad shade?  
 Gigantic, visionary, thyself a visionary,  
 With majestic limbs and pious beaming eyes,  
 150 Spreading around with every look of thine a golden world,  
 Enhuing it with gorgeous hues. ○

As the chief histrion,  
 Down to the footlights walks in some great scena,  
 Dominating the rest I see the Admiral himself,  
 155 (History's type of courage, action, faith,)  
 Behold him sail from Palos leading his little fleet,  
 His voyage behold, his return, his great fame,  
 His misfortunes, calumniators, behold him a prisoner, chain'd,  
 Behold his dejection, poverty, death. ○

160 (Curious in time I stand, noting the efforts of heroes,  
 Is the deferment long? bitter the slander, poverty, death?  
 Lies the seed unreck'd for centuries in the ground? lo, to God's due occasion,  
 Uprising in the night, it sprouts, blooms,  
 And fills the earth with use and beauty.) ○

## 7

165 Passage indeed O soul to primal thought,  
 Not lands and seas alone, thy own clear freshness,

143 71[PI]: mediæval [Section 9 begins with  
 143]  
 144 71[PI]: enterprise;  
 147 71[PI]: thou, sad  
 149 71[PI]: limbs, and pious, beaming  
 150 71[PI]: around, with ~ thine, a  
 153 71[PI]: walks, in  
 154 71[PI]: rest, I  
 155 71[PI]: faith;)

156 71[PI]: Palos, leading ~ fleet;  
 157 71[PI]: behold—his return—his  
 158 71[PI]: caluminators—behold  
 160 71[PI]: (Curious, in time, I ~ heroes;  
 162 71[PI]: Lo! to  
 165 71[PI]: indeed, O soul, to ~ thought!  
 [Section 10 begins with 165]  
 166 71[PI]: alone—thy

The young maturity of brood and bloom,  
To realms of budding bibles. ◦

O soul, repressless, I with thee and thou with me,  
Thy circumnavigation of the world begin, 170  
Of man, the voyage of his mind's return,  
To reason's early paradise,  
Back, back to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,  
Again with fair creation. ◦

8

O we can wait no longer, 175  
We too take ship O soul,  
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,  
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail,  
Amid the wafting winds, (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul,) 180  
Caroling free, singing our song of God,  
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration. ◦

With laugh and many a kiss,  
(Let others deprecate, let others weep for sin, remorse, humiliation,)  
O soul thou pleasest me, I thee. ◦

Ah more than any priest O soul we too believe in God, 185  
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally. ◦

O soul thou pleasest me, I thee,  
Sailing these seas or on the hills, or waking in the night,  
Thoughts, silent thoughts, of Time and Space and Death, like waters flowing,

167	71[PI]: bloom;		
169	71[PI]: thee, and		
170	71[PI]: begin;	180	71[PI]: free—singing
174	71[PI]: Creation.	182	71[PI]: laugh, and
175	71[PI]: longer! [Section 11 begins with	183	71[PI]: deprecate—let ~ humiliation;)
175]		184	71[PI]: soul, thou ~ me—I
176	71[PI]: ship, O soul!	185	71[PI]: Ah, more ~ priest, O soul, we
177	71[PI]: Joyous, we ~ seas!	~ God;	
178	71[PI]: Fearless, for ~ shores, on ~	187	71[PI]: soul, thou ~ me—I thee;
extasy		188	71[PI]: seas, or
		189	71[PI]: Time, and Space, and

- 190 Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite,  
 Whose air I breathe, whose ripples hear, lave me all over,  
 Bathe me O God in thee, mounting to thee,  
 I and my soul to range in range of thee. o
- O Thou transcendent,  
 195 Nameless, the fibre and the breath,  
 Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou centre of them,  
 Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving,  
 Thou moral, spiritual fountain—affection's source—thou reservoir,  
 (O pensive soul of me—O thirst unsatisfied—waitest not there?)  
 200 Waitest not haply for us somewhere there the Comrade perfect?)  
 Thou pulse—thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,  
 That, circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,  
 Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of space,  
 How should I think, how breathe a single breath, how speak, if, out of myself,  
 205 I could not launch, to those, superior universes? o

- Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,  
 At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,  
 But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,  
 And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,  
 210 Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,  
 And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space. o

- Greater than stars or suns,  
 Bounding O soul thou journeyest forth;  
 What love than thine and ours could wider amplify?  
 215 What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours O soul?  
 What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength?

- |     |  |     |   |
|-----|--|-----|---|
| 190 | 7I[PI]: me, indeed, as                                   | 200 | 7I[PI]: us, somewhere there, the            |
| 191 | 7I[PI]: hear—lave ~ over;                                | 201 | 7I[PI]: pulse! thou                         |
| 192 | 7I[PI]: me, O God, in thee—mounting                      | 203 | 7I[PI]: space!                              |
| 194 | 7I[PI]: transcendent!                                    | 204 | 7I[PI]: think—how ~ breath—how<br>speak—if, |
| 195 | 7I[PI]: Nameless—the ~ breath!                           | 208 | 7I[PI]: thee, O                             |
| 196 | 7I[PI]: light—shedding ~ universes—<br>thou ~ them!      | 209 | 7I[PI]: lo! thou                            |
| 197 | 7I[PI]: loving!  | 211 | 7I[PI]: full, the                           |
| 198 | 7I[PI]: fountain! affection's source! thou<br>reservoir! | 213 | 7I[PI]: Bounding, O soul, thou              |
| 199 | 7I[PI]: me! O ~ unsatisfied! waitest                     | 214 | 7I[PI]: —What love, than                    |
|     |  | 215 | 7I[PI]: ours, O                             |



What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all?  
 For others' sake to suffer all? ○

Reckoning ahead O soul, when thou, the time achiev'd,  
 The seas all cross'd, weather'd the capes, the voyage done, 220  
 Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest, the aim attain'd,  
 As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother found,  
 The Younger melts in fondness in his arms. ○

9

Passage to more than India!  
 Are thy wings plumed indeed for such far flights? 225  
 O soul, voyagest thou indeed on voyages like those?  
 Disportest thou on waters such as those?  
 Soundest below the Sanscrit and the Vedas?  
 Then have thy bent unleash'd. ○

Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce enigmas! 230  
 Passage to you, to mastership of you, ye strangling problems!  
 You, strew'd with the wrecks of skeletons, that, living, never reach'd you. ○

Passage to more than India!  
 O secret of the earth and sky!  
 Of you O waters of the sea! O winding creeks and rivers! 235  
 Of you O woods and fields! of you strong mountains of my land!  
 Of you O prairies! of you gray rocks!  
 O morning red! O clouds! O rain and snows!  
 O day and night, passage to you! ○

O sun and moon and all you stars! Sirius and Jupiter! 240  
 Passage to you! ○

- |     |   |     |                                      |
|-----|---|-----|--------------------------------------|
| 217 | 71[PI]: willingness, for ~ sake, to   | 226 | 71[PI]: O Soul, ~ these?             |
| 219 | 71[PI]: ahead, O ~ achiev'd. [Period—<br>probable printer's error] 72 [PI]: ahead, O<br>~ achiev'd, | 227 | 71[PI]: as these?                    |
| 220 | 71[PI]: (The ~ done,)   | 233 | 71[PI]: [Section 13 begins with 233] |
| 222 | 71[PI]: As, fill'd  | 235 | 71[PI]: you, O                       |
| 224 | 71[PI]: [Section 12 begins with 224]  | 236 | 71[PI]: you, O ~ Of you, strong      |
|     |   | 237 | 71[PI]: you, O ~ Of you, gray        |
|     |   | 240 | 71[PI]: moon, and                    |

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!  
 Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!  
 Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!  
 245 Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?  
 Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes?  
 Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough? ◦

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,  
 Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,  
 250 For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,  
 And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all. ◦

O my brave soul!  
 O farther farther sail!  
 O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?  
 255 O farther, farther, farther sail! ◦

## Proud Music of the Storm.

### I

Proud music of the storm,  
 Blast that careers so free, whistling across the prairies,  
 Strong hum of forest tree-tops—wind of the mountains,

242 71[PI]: Passage—immediate  
 243 71[PI]: Away, O  
 246 71[PI]: grovell'd  
 248 71[PI]: forth! steer ~ only!

249 71[PI]: Reckless, O ~ me;  
 253 71[PI]: farther, farther  
 254 71[PI]: safe! Are

*Title:* 71[PI]: PROUD MUSIC OF THE STORM.

71[PI]: [Stanza and section numbers]

1 71[PI]: storm!

2 71[PI]: prairies!

3 71[PI]: tree-tops! Wind ~ mountains!

Personified dim shapes—you hidden orchestras,  
 You serenades of phantoms with instruments alert, 5  
 Blending with Nature's rhythmus all the tongues of nations;  
 You chords left as by vast composers—you choruses,  
 You formless, free, religious dances—you from the Orient,  
 You undertone of rivers, roar of pouring cataracts,  
 You sounds from distant guns with galloping cavalry, 10  
 Echoes of camps with all the different bugle-calls,  
 Trooping tumultuous, filling the midnight late, bending me powerless,  
 Entering my lonesome slumber-chamber, why have you seiz'd me? o

## 2

Come forward O my soul, and let the rest retire,  
 Listen, lose not, it is toward thee they tend, 15  
 Parting the midnight, entering my slumber-chamber,  
 For thee they sing and dance O soul. o

A festival song,  
 The duet of the bridegroom and the bride, a marriage-march,  
 With lips of love, and hearts of lovers fill'd to the brim with love, 20  
 The red-flush'd cheeks and perfumes, the cortege swarming full of friendly  
 faces young and old,  
 To flutes' clear notes and sounding harps' cantabile. o

Now loud approaching drums,  
 Victoria! see'st thou in powder-smoke the banners torn but flying? the rout  
 of the baffled?  
 Hearest those shouts of a conquering army? o 25

4 7I[PI]: shapes! you ~ orchestras!  
 5 7I[PI]: phantoms, with  
 6 7I[PI]: Blending, with ~ rhythmus, all  
 7 7I[PI]: composers! you choruses!  
 8 7I[PI]: dances! you ~ Orient!  
 9 7I[PI]: cataracts;  
 10 7I[PI]: guns, with ~ cavalry!  
 11 7I[PI]: camps, with ~ bugle-calls!  
 13 7I[PI]: slumber-chamber—Why  
 14 7I[PI]: forward, O my Soul, ~ retire;

15 7I[PI]: Listen—lose not—it ~ tend;  
 17 7I[PI]: dance, O Soul.  
 18 7I[PI]: song!  
 19 7I[PI]: bride—a marriage-/march,  
 20 7I[PI]: lovers, fill'd ~ love;  
 21 7I[PI]: cheeks, and perfumes—the ~  
 swarming, full ~ faces, young  
 22 7I[PI]: notes, and  
 23 7I[PI]: drums! [Section 3 begins with 23]

(Ah soul, the sobs of women, the wounded groaning in agony,  
The hiss and crackle of flames, the blacken'd ruins, the embers of cities,  
The dirge and desolation of mankind.) ◦

Now airs antique and mediæval fill me,  
30 I see and hear old harpers with their harps at Welsh festivals,  
I hear the minnesingers singing their lays of love,  
I hear the minstrels, gleemen, troubadours, of the middle ages. ◦

Now the great organ sounds,  
Tremulous, while underneath, (as the hid footholds of the earth,  
35 On which arising rest, and leaping forth depend,  
All shapes of beauty, grace and strength, all hues we know,  
Green blades of grass and warbling birds, children that gambol and play,  
the clouds of heaven above,)  
The strong base stands, and its pulsations intermits not,  
Bathing, supporting, merging all the rest, maternity of all the rest,  
40 And with it every instrument in multitudes,  
The players playing, all the world's musicians,  
The solemn hymns and masses rousing adoration,  
All passionate heart-chants, sorrowful appeals,  
The measureless sweet vocalists of ages,  
45 And for their solvent setting earth's own diapason,  
Of winds and woods and mighty ocean waves,  
A new composite orchestra, binder of years and climes, ten-fold renewer,  
As of the far-back days the poets tell, the Paradiso,  
The straying thence, the separation long, but now the wandering done,  
50 The journey done, the journeyman come home,

26 71[PI]: (Ah, Soul, ~ women—the  
27 71[PI]: flames—the ~ ruins—the  
29 71[PI]: medieval ~ me! [Section 4 begins  
with 29]  
30 71[PI]: harps, at ~ festivals:  
31 71[PI]: minnesingers, singing  
32 71[PI]: the feudal ages.  
33 71[PI]: [Section 5 begins with 33]  
34 71[PI]: Tremulous—while  
35 71[PI]: arising, rest, ~ forth, depend,  
36 71[PI]: strength—all

37 71[PI]: grass, and ~ birds—children ~  
play—the  
39 71[PI]: rest—maternity ~ rest;  
41 71[PI]: playing—all  
42 71[PI]: masses, rousing  
45 71[PI]: setting, Earth's  
46 71[PI]: waves;  
47 71[PI]: orchestra—binder ~ climes—ten-  
fold  
48 71[PI]: tell—the  
50 71[PI]: Journeyman

And man and art with Nature fused again. ◦

Tutti! for earth and heaven;  
(The Almighty leader now for once has signal'd with his wand.) ◦

The manly strophe of the husbands of the world,  
And all the wives responding. ◦ 55

The tongues of violins,  
(I think O tongues ye tell this heart, that cannot tell itself,  
This brooding yearning heart, that cannot tell itself.) ◦

## 3

Ah from a little child,  
Thou knowest soul how to me all sounds became music, 60  
My mother's voice in lullaby or hymn,  
(The voice, O tender voices, memory's loving voices,  
Last miracle of all, O dearest mother's, sister's, voices;)  
The rain, the growing corn, the breeze among the long-leav'd corn,  
The measur'd sea-surf beating on the sand, 65  
The twittering bird, the hawk's sharp scream,  
The wild-fowl's notes at night as flying low migrating north or south,  
The psalm in the country church or mid the clustering trees, the open air  
camp-meeting,  
The fiddler in the tavern, the glee, the long-strung sailor-song,  
The lowing cattle, bleating sheep, the crowing cock at dawn. ◦ 70

All songs of current lands come sounding round me,

51 71[PI]: And Man ~ Art, with

52 71[PI]: for Earth ~ Heaven! [Section 6 begins with 52]

53 71[PI]: Leader ~ for me, for once, has [No parentheses]

56 71[PI]: violins!

57 71[PI]: think, O tongues, ye ~ itself;

58 71[PI]: brooding, yearning

59 71[PI]: Ah, from [Section 7 begins with 59]

60 71[PI]: knowest, Soul, how ~ music;

61 71[PI]: voice, in ~ hymn;

62 71[PI]: voice—O ~ voices—memory's ~ voices!

63 71[PI]: all—O

65 71[PI]: sea-surf, beating

67 71[PI]: night, as ~ low, migrating

68 71[PI]: church, or

69 71[PI]: tavern—the

70 71[PI]: sheep—the

71 71[PI]: 'round [Section 8 begins with 71]

- The German airs of friendship, wine and love,  
 Irish ballads, merry jigs and dances, English warbles,  
 Chansons of France, Scotch tunes, and o'er the rest,  
 75 Italia's peerless compositions. ○
- Across the stage with pallor on her face, yet lurid passion,  
 Stalks Norma brandishing the dagger in her hand. ○
- I see poor crazed Lucia's eyes' unnatural gleam,  
 Her hair down her back falls loose and dishevel'd. ○
- 80 I see where Ernani walking the bridal garden,  
 Amid the scent of night-roses, radiant, holding his bride by the hand,  
 Hears the infernal call, the death-pledge of the horn. ○
- To crossing swords and gray hairs bared to heaven,  
 The clear electric base and baritone of the world,  
 85 The trombone duo, Libertad forever! ○
- From Spanish chestnut trees' dense shade,  
 By old and heavy convent walls a wailing song,  
 Song of lost love, the torch of youth and life quench'd in despair,  
 Song of the dying swan, Fernando's heart is breaking. ○
- 90 Awaking from her woes at last retriev'd Amina sings,  
 Copious as stars and glad as morning light the torrents of her joy. ○
- (The teeming lady comes,  
 The lustrous orb, Venus contralto, the blooming mother,  
 Sister of loftiest gods, Alboni's self I hear.) ○

- |    |                            |    |  |
|----|----------------------------|----|--|
| 73 | 71[PI]: dances—English     | 87 | 71[PI]: walls, a   |
| 74 | 71[PI]: tunes—and          | 88 | 71[PI]: love—the   |
| 76 | 71[PI]: stage, with        | 89 | 71[PI]: swan—Fernando's  |
| 77 | 71[PI]: Norma, brandishing | 90 | 71[PI]: last, retriev'd ~ sings;   |
| 78 | 71[PI]: gleam;             | 91 | 71[PI]: stars, and ~ light, the  |
| 79 | 71[PI]: dishevell'd.       | 92 | 71[PI]: comes!   |
| 80 | 71[PI]: Ernani, walking    | 93 | 71[PI]—76[PI] [TR— <i>Centennial Ed'n</i> ]:<br>orb—Venus contralto—the 76[PI] [TR— <i>Author's Edition</i> ]: lustrous orb—Venus con-<br>tralto—the |
| 83 | 71[PI]: swords, and grey   | 94 | 71[PI]: gods—Alboni's  |
| 84 | 71[PI]: clear, electric    |    |  |
| 85 | 71[PI]: duo—Libertad       |    |  |

## 4

I hear those odes, symphonies, operas, 95  
 I hear in the *William Tell* the music of an arous'd and angry people,  
 I hear Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the *Prophet*, or *Robert*,  
 Gounod's *Faust*, or Mozart's *Don Juan*. ◦

I hear the dance-music of all nations,  
 The waltz, some delicious measure, lapsing, bathing me in bliss, 100  
 The bolero to tinkling guitars and clattering castanets. ◦

I see religious dances old and new,  
 I hear the sound of the Hebrew lyre,  
 I see the crusaders marching bearing the cross on high, to the martial clang  
 of cymbals,  
 I hear dervishes monotonously chanting, interspers'd with frantic shouts, as  
 they spin around turning always towards Mecca, 105  
 I see the rapt religious dances of the Persians and the Arabs,  
 Again, at Eleusis, home of Ceres, I see the modern Greeks dancing,  
 I hear them clapping their hands as they bend their bodies,  
 I hear the metrical shuffling of their feet. ◦

I see again the wild old Corybantian dance, the performers wounding each  
 other, 110  
 I see the Roman youth to the shrill sound of flageolets throwing and catching  
 their weapons,  
 As they fall on their knees and rise again. ◦

I hear from the Mussulman mosque the muezzin calling,  
 I see the worshippers within, nor form nor sermon, argument nor word,  
 But silent, strange, devout, rais'd, glowing heads, ecstatic faces. ◦ 115

95 71[PI]: operas; [Section 9 begins with 95]  
 96 71[PI]: *Tell*, the ~ people;  
 97 71[PI]: *Robert*;  
 99 71[PI]: [Section 10 begins with 99]  
 100 71[PI]: waltz, (some ~ bliss);  
 101 71[PI]: bolero, to  
 104 71[PI]: Crusaders marching, bearing ~  
 cymbals;  
 105 71[PI]: around, turning ~ Mecca;  
 106 71[PI]: Arabs;

108 71[PI]: hands, as  
 110 71[PI]: other;  
 111 71[PI]: youth, to ~ flageolets, throwing  
 112 71[PI]: knees, and  
 113 71[PI]: calling;  
 114 71[PI]: within, (nor form, nor ~ argu-  
 ment, nor  
 115 71[PI]: devout—rais'd, ~ heads—extatic  
 faces.)

I hear the Egyptian harp of many strings,  
 The primitive chants of the Nile boatmen,  
 The sacred imperial hymns of China,  
 To the delicate sounds of the king, (the stricken wood and stone,  
 120 Or to Hindu flutes and the fretting twang of the vina,  
 A band of bayaderes. ◦

## 5

Now Asia, Africa leave me, Europe seizing inflates me,  
 To organs huge and bands I hear as from vast concourses of voices,  
 Luther's strong hymn *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*,  
 125 Rossini's *Stabat Mater dolorosa*,  
 Or floating in some high cathedral dim with gorgeous color'd windows,  
 The passionate *Agnus Dei* or *Gloria in Excelsis*. ◦

Composers! mighty maestros!  
 And you, sweet singers of old lands, soprani, tenori, bassi!  
 130 To you a new bard caroling in the West,  
 Obeisant sends his love. ◦

(Such led to thee O soul,  
 All senses, shows and objects, lead to thee,  
 But now it seems to me sound leads o'er all the rest.) ◦

135 I hear the annual singing of the children in St. Paul's cathedral,  
 Or, under the high roof of some colossal hall, the symphonies, oratorios ◦  
     Beethoven, Handel, or Haydn,  
 The *Creation* in billows of godhood laves me. ◦

116 71[PI]: [Section 11 begins with 116]

117 71[PI]: boatmen;

119 71[PI]: stone;)

120 71[PI]: flutes, and

122 71[PI]: me—Europe, seizing, inflates  
 me; [Section 12 begins with 122]

123 71[PI]: huge, and bands, I

124 71[PI]: hymn, *Eine* ~ *Gott*;

125 71[PI]: *dolorosa*;

126 71[PI]: Or, floating ~ dim, with

127 71[PI]: *Dei*, or

128 71[PI]: [Section 13 begins with 128]

129 71[PI]: lands—Soprani! Tenori! Bassi

130 71[PI]: bard, carolling ~ west,

131 71[PI]: Obeisant, sends

132 71[PI]: thee, O Soul!

134 71[PI]: now, it ~ me, sound

135 71[PI]: Cathedral; [Section 14 begin  
 with 135]

136 71[PI]: Haydn;

137 71[PI]: *Creation*, in



Give me to hold all sounds, (I madly struggling cry,  
 Fill me with all the voices of the universe,  
 Endow me with their throbbings, Nature's also, 140  
 The tempests, waters, winds, operas and chants, marches and dances,  
 Utter, pour in, for I would take them all! o

## 6

Then I woke softly,  
 And pausing, questioning awhile the music of my dream,  
 And questioning all those reminiscences, the tempest in its fury, 145  
 And all the songs of sopranos and tenors,  
 And those rapt oriental dances of religious fervor,  
 And the sweet varied instruments, and the diapason of organs,  
 And all the artless plaints of love and grief and death,  
 I said to my silent curious soul out of the bed of the slumber-chamber, 150  
 Come, for I have found the clew I sought so long,  
 Let us go forth refresh'd amid the day,  
 Cheerfully tallying life, walking the world, the real,  
 Nourish'd henceforth by our celestial dream. o

And I said, moreover, 155  
 Haply what thou hast heard O soul was not the sound of winds,  
 Nor dream of raging storm, nor sea-hawk's flapping wings nor harsh scream,  
 Nor vocalism of sun-bright Italy,  
 Nor German organ majestic, nor vast concourse of voices, nor layers of  
 harmonies,  
 Nor strophes of husbands and wives, nor sound of marching soldiers, 160  
 Nor flutes, nor harps, nor the bugle-calls of camps,

- |            |   |     |   |
|------------|---|-----|---|
| 138        | 7I[PI]: (I, madly struggling, cry,)       | 149 | 7I[PI]: love, and   |
| 140        | 7I[PI]: throbbings—Nature's               | 150 | 7I[PI]: silent, curious Soul, out Copy-<br>text: slumber-/ chamber, |
| 81-88[SS]: | thobbings, 88[CPP]: [Final read-<br>ing]  | 151 | 7I[PI]: clue  |
| 141        | 7I[PI]: winds—operas ~ chants—<br>marches | 156 | 7I[PI]: Haply, what ~ heard, O Soul,<br>was                         |
| 142        | 7I[PI]: Utter—pour in—for ~ all.          | 157 | 7I[PI]: wings, nor  |
| 143        | 7I[PI]: [Section 15 begins with 143]      | 159 | 7I[PI]: majestic—nor ~ voices—nor ~<br>harmonies;                   |
| 145        | 7I[PI]: reminiscences—the                 | 160 | 7I[PI]: wives—nor   |
| 147        | 7I[PI]: dances, of                        | 161 | 7I[PI]: camps;  |

But to a new rhythmus fitted for thee,  
 Poems bridging the way from Life to Death, vaguely wafted in night air,  
     uncaught, unwritten,  
 Which let us go forth in the bold day and write. ◦

[Ashes of Soldiers: Epigraph.]

*Again a verse for sake of you,  
 You soldiers in the ranks—you Volunteers,  
 Who bravely fighting, silent fell,  
 To fill unmention'd graves. ◦*

This Dust was Once the Man.

This dust was once the man,  
 Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,  
 Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,  
 Was saved the Union of these States. ◦

162 71[PI]: But, to

163 71[PI]: Poems, bridging

164 71[PI]: Which, let ~ day, and

*Title:* 71[PI]: *Untitled*. [Appeared in 71[PI] only, as an epigraph for the Ashes of Soldiers cluster; preceded the opening poem Ashes of Soldiers. (see II 510)]

*Title:* 71[PI]: THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN.  
 1 71[PI]: Man,

2 71[PI]: resolute—under

4 71[PI]: These

## Whispers of Heavenly Death.

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,  
 Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,  
 Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,  
 Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,  
 (Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?) ○ 5

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,  
 Mournfully slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,  
 With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,  
 Appearing and disappearing. ○

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth; 10  
 On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,  
 Some soul is passing over.) ○

*Title:* 71[PI]: WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

71[PI]: [Stanza numbers]

1 71[PI]: death, murmur'd ~ hear;

2 71[PI]: night—sibilant chorals;

3 71[PI]: ascending—mystical breezes,  
 wafted ~ low;

4 71[PI]: rivers—tides ~ current, flowing,  
 ~ flowing;

6 71[PI]: see, skyward, ~ cloud-masses;

7 71[PI]: Mournfully, slowly ~ mixing;

8 71[PI]: With, at times, a half-dimm'd,  
 sadden'd, far-off

10 71[PI]: parturition, rather—some solemn,  
 immortal birth:

11 71[PI]: frontiers, to

12 71[PI]: Soul

## Darest Thou Now O Soul.

Darest thou now O soul,  
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,  
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow? ◦

No map there, nor guide,  
5 Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,  
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land. ◦

I know it not O soul,  
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,  
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land. ◦

10 Till when the ties loosen,  
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,  
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us. ◦

Then we burst forth, we float,  
In Time and Space O soul, prepared for them,  
15 Equal, equipt at last, (Oh joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil O soul. ◦

*Title:* 7I[PI]: DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL.

7I[PI]: [Stanza numbers, centered]

1 7I[PI]: now, O Soul,

2 7I[PI]: Unknown Region,

3 7I[PI]: feet, nor

4 7I[PI]: map, there,

7 7I[PI]: not, O Soul;

8 7I[PI]: thou—all ~ us;

9 7I[PI]: waits, undream'd of, in ~ region—  
that

10 7I[PI]: Till, when

12 7I[PI]: bounds, bound us.

13 7I[PI]: forth—we

14 7I[PI]: Space, O Soul—prepared ~ them;

15 7I[PI]: last—(O ~ fulfil, O Soul.

## A Noiseless Patient Spider.

A noiseless patient spider,  
 I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,  
 Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,  
 It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,  
 Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.      5

And you O my soul where you stand,  
 Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,  
 Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,  
 Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,  
 Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.      10

*Title:* 7I[PI]: A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER.

7I[PI]: [Stanza numbers]

2 7I[PI]: mark'd, where, on ~ promontory,  
 it stood, isolated;

3 7I[PI]: how, to ~ vacant, vast

4 7I[PI]: itself;

5 7I[PI]: them—ever

6 7I[PI]: you, O ~ Soul, where

7 7I[PI]: Surrounded, surrounded, in

8 7I[PI]: throwing,—seeking ~ spheres, to  
 ~ them;

9 7I[PI]: need, be form'd—till ~ hold;

10 7I[PI]: fling, catch ~ Soul.

## The Last Invocation.

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted. ◦

5 Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,  
Set ope the doors O soul. ◦

Tenderly—be not impatient,  
(Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,  
10 Strong is your hold O love.) ◦

*Title:* 71[PI]: THE LAST INVOCATION.

71[PI]: [Stanza numbers, centered]

2 71[PI]: powerful, fortress'd

3 71[PI]: locks—from Copy-text: well-/  
closed

7 71[PI]: doors, O Soul!

8 71[PI]: Tenderly! be ~ impatient!

9 71[PI]: hold, O ~ flesh!

10 71[PI]: hold, O

## As I Watch'd the Ploughman Ploughing.

As I watch'd the ploughman ploughing,  
 Or the sower sowing in the fields, or the harvester harvesting,  
 I saw there too, O life and death, your analogies;  
 (Life, life is the tillage, and Death is the harvest according.) ◦

## Pensive and Faltering.

Pensive and faltering,  
 The words *the Dead* I write,  
 For living are the Dead,  
 (Haply the only living, only real,  
 And I the apparition, I the spectre.) ◦

5

*Title:* 71[PI]: AS I WATCH'D THE PLOUGHMAN  
 PLOUGHING.

2 71[PI]: fields—or  
 3 71[PI]: analogies:

*Title:* 71[PI]: PENSIVE AND FALTERING.  
 2 71[PI]: words, *the dead*, I write;

3 71[PI]: Dead;  
 5 71[PI]: apparition—I

## On the Beach at Night.

On the beach at night,  
 Stands a child with her father,  
 Watching the east, the autumn sky. ◦

Up through the darkness,  
 5 While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses spreading,  
 Lower sullen and fast athwart and down the sky,  
 Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the east,  
 Ascends large and calm the lord-star Jupiter,  
 And nigh at hand, only a very little above,  
 10 Swim the delicate sisters the Pleiades. ◦

From the beach the child holding the hand of her father,  
 Those burial-clouds that lower victorious soon to devour all,  
 Watching, silently weeps. ◦

Weep not, child,  
 15 Weep not, my darling,  
 With these kisses let me remove your tears,  
 The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,  
 They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars only in apparition,

*Title:* 71[PI]: ON THE BEACH, AT NIGHT.

71[PI]: [Stanza and section numbers]

1 71[PI]: beach, at [Section 1 begins with 1]

2 71[PI]: child, with

6 71[PI]: Lower, sullen ~ fast, athwart

8 71[PI]: Ascends, large ~ calm, the ~

Jupiter;

10 71[PI]: brothers, the

11 71[PI]: beach, the child, holding [Section 2 begins with 11]

12 71[PI]: lower, victorious, soon

16 71[PI]: tears;

18 71[PI]: sky—shall devour ~ apparition:



Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night, the Pleiades shall  
 emerge,  
 They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden shall shine out again, 20  
 The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again, they endure,  
 The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring pensive moons shall again  
 shine. ○

Then dearest child mournest thou only for Jupiter?  
 Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars? ○

Something there is, 25  
 (With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper,  
 I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and indirection,  
 Something there is more immortal even than the stars,  
 (Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing away,  
 Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous Jupiter, 30  
 Longer than sun or any revolving satellite,  
 Or the radiant sisters the Pleiades. ○

19 71[PI]: emerge—be patient—watch ~  
 night—the

20 71[PI]: immortal—all ~ stars, both ~  
 golden, shall

21 71[PI]: again—they endure;

22 71[PI]: suns, and ~ moons, shall

23 71[PI]: Then, dearest child, mournest  
 [Section 3 begins with 23]

26 71[PI]: adding, I

31 71[PI]: sun, or

32 71[PI]: radiant brothers, the

## The Return of the Heroes.

### I

For the lands and for these passionate days and for myself,  
 Now I awhile retire to thee O soil of autumn fields,  
 Reclining on thy breast, giving myself to thee,  
 Answering the pulses of thy sane and equable heart,  
 5 Tuning a verse for thee. ◦

O earth that hast no voice, confide to me a voice,  
 O harvest of my lands—O boundless summer growths,  
 O lavish brown parturient earth—O infinite teeming womb,  
 A song to narrate thee. ◦

*Title:* 71[PI]–76[PI], *Two Rivulets*, 'Centennial Ed'n --- 1876': A CAROL OF HARVEST, FOR 1867. [In 76[PI], *Two Rivulets*, *Author's Edition*, 1876, *only*, the following bracketed note appears below the title: [In all History, antique or modern, the grandest achievement yet for political Humanity—grander even than the triumph of THIS UNION over Secession—was the return, disbanding, and peaceful disintegration from compact military organization, back into agricultural and civil employments, of the vast Armies, the two millions of embattled men of America—a problem reserved for Democracy, our day and land, to promptly solve.]] 71 [PI]: [Stanza and section numbers]

1 71[PI]: lands, and ~ days, and [Section 2 begins with 1]  
 71[PI]: [The following lines appear before 1:]

[1] A song of the good green grass! [Section 1 begins with [1]]

[2] A song no more of the city streets;

[3] A song of farms—a song of the soil of fields. [Space between [3] and [4]]

[4] A song with the smell of sun-dried hay, where the nimble pitchers handle the pitchfork;

[5] A song tasting of new wheat, and of fresh-husk'd maize.

2 71[PI]: awhile return ~ thee, O ~ Autumn

6 71[PI]: O Earth, that ~ voice!

7 71[PI]: lands! O ~ growths!

8 71[PI]: lavish, brown, parturient earth! O infinite, teeming womb!

9 71[PI]: A verse to seek, to see, to narrate

10 71[PI]: [Section 3 begins with 10]

11 71[PI]: calm, annual

## 2

Ever upon this stage, 10  
 Is acted God's calm annual drama,  
 Gorgeous processions, songs of birds,  
 Sunrise that fullest feeds and freshens most the soul,  
 The heaving sea, the waves upon the shore, the musical, strong waves,  
 The woods, the stalwart trees, the slender, tapering trees, 15  
 The liliput countless armies of the grass,  
 The heat, the showers, the measureless pasturages,  
 The scenery of the snows, the winds' free orchestra,  
 The stretching light-hung roof of clouds, the clear cerulean and the silvery  
     fringes,  
 The high dilating stars, the placid beckoning stars, 20  
 The moving flocks and herds, the plains and emerald meadows,  
 The shows of all the varied lands and all the growths and products. ◦

## 3

Fecund America—to-day,  
 Thou art all over set in births and joys!  
 Thou groan'st with riches, thy wealth clothes thee as a swathing-garment, 25  
 Thou laughest loud with ache of great possessions,  
 A myriad-twining life like interlacing vines binds all thy vast demesne,  
 As some huge ship freighted to water's edge thou ridest into port,  
 As rain falls from the heaven and vapors rise from earth, so have the precious  
     values fallen upon thee and risen out of thee;  
 Thou envy of the globe! thou miracle! 30  
 Thou, bathed, choked, swimming in plenty,  
 Thou lucky Mistress of the tranquil barns,  
 Thou Prairie Dame that sittest in the middle and lookest out upon thy world,  
     and lookest East and lookest West,

13 71[PI]: Sunrise, that

16 71[PI]: The flowers, the grass, the lilliput, countless

19 71[PI]: stretching, light-hung ~ clouds—the ~ cerulean, and the bulging, silvery

20 71[PI]: placid, beckoning

22 71[PI]: lands, and

23 71[PI]: Fecund America! To day, [Section 4 begins with 23]

25 71[PI]: riches! thy ~ swathing garment! Copy-text: swathing-/garment,

26 71[PI]: possessions!

27 71[PI]: life, like ~ vines, binds ~ demesne!

28 71[PI]: ship, freighted ~ edge, thou ~ port!

29 71[PI]: heaven, and ~ thee, and ~ thee!

31 71[PI]: plenty!

32 71[PI]: barns!

33 71[PI]: middle, and ~ East, and ~ West!

Dispensatress, that by a word givest a thousand miles, a million farms, and  
missest nothing,

35 Thou all-acceptress—thou hospitable, (thou only art hospitable as God is  
hospitable.) ◦

## 4

When late I sang sad was my voice,  
Sad were the shows around me with deafening noises of hatred and smoke  
of war;

In the midst of the conflict, the heroes, I stood,  
Or pass'd with slow step through the wounded and dying. ◦

40 But now I sing not war,  
Nor the measur'd march of soldiers, nor the tents of camps,  
Nor the regiments hastily coming up deploying in line of battle;  
No more the sad, unnatural shows of war. ◦

Ask'd room those flush'd immortal ranks, the first forth-stepping armies?  
45 Ask room alas the ghastly ranks, the armies dread that follow'd. ◦

(Pass, pass, ye proud brigades, with your tramping sinewy legs,  
With your shoulders young and strong, with your knapsacks and your muskets;  
How elate I stood and watch'd you, where starting off you march'd. ◦

Pass—then rattle drums again,

34 71[PI]: miles—that giv'st a million ~  
nothing!

35 71[PI]: Thou All-Acceptress—thou Hos-  
pitable—(thou ~ hospitable, as

36 71[PI]: sang, sad ~ voice; [Section 5  
begins with 36]

37 71[PI]: me, with ~ hatred, and ~ of  
conflict;

38 71[PI]: of the armies, the Heroes,

40 71[PI]: War,

42 71[PI]: up, deploying ~ battle.

71[PI]: [The following line appears to  
open a two-line stanza after 42:]

[1] No more the dead and wounded;

43 71[PI]: War.

44 71[PI]: ranks? the

45 71[PI]: room, alas, the ~ ranks—the

46 71[PI]: (Pass—pass, ~ brigades!/So  
handsome, dress'd in blue—with ~ tramping,  
sinewy legs; [Section 6 begins with 46]

47 71[PI]: strong—with

48 71[PI]: —How ~ where, starting off,  
you march'd!

49 71[PI]: Pass;—then rattle, drums, again!

71[PI]: [The following line appears after  
49:]

[1] Scream, you steamers on the river, out  
of whistles loud and shrill, your salutes!

For an army heaves in sight, O another gathering army, 50  
 Swarming, trailing on the rear, O you dread accruing army,  
 O you regiments so piteous, with your mortal diarrhœa, with your fever,  
 O my land's maim'd darlings, with the plenteous bloody bandage and the  
 crutch,  
 Lo, your pallid army follows.) ◦

## 5

But on these days of brightness, 55  
 On the far-stretching beauteous landscape, the roads and lanes, the high-piled  
 farm-wagons, and the fruits and barns,  
 Should the dead intrude? ◦

Ah the dead to me mar not, they fit well in Nature,  
 They fit very well in the landscape under the trees and grass,  
 And along the edge of the sky in the horizon's far margin. ◦ 60

Nor do I forget you Departed,  
 Nor in winter or summer my lost ones,  
 But most in the open air as now when my soul is rapt and at peace, like  
 pleasing phantoms,  
 Your memories rising glide silently by me. ◦

## 6

I saw the day the return of the heroes, 65  
 (Yet the heroes never surpass'd shall never return,  
 Them that day I saw not.) ◦

50 71[PI]: sight—O ~ army!

51 71[PI]: rear—O you dread, accruing army!

52 71[PI]: diarrhœa! with ~ fever!

53 71[PI]: maimed darlings! with ~ crutch!

54 71[PI]: Lo! your ~ follow'd!)

55 71[PI]: [Section 7 begins with 55]

56 lanes, [In 81–82, comma clear; in 88[SS], 88[CPP], 89, 91–2, the comma battered and pressed into the bottom curve of the 's' of 'lanes']

57 71[PI]: Shall the

58 71[PI]: Ah, the ~ not—they ~ Nature;

59 71[PI]: landscape, under

60 71[PI]: sky, in

61 71[PI]: you, departed;

62 71[PI]: summer, my ~ ones;

63 71[PI]: most, in ~ air, as now, when ~ peace—like

64 71[PI]: Your dear memories, rising, glide

65 71[PI]: day, the ~ Heroes; [Section 8 begins with 65]

66 71[PI]: the Heroes ~ surpass'd, shall ~ return;

67 71[PI]: Them, that day, I

I saw the interminable corps, I saw the processions of armies,  
 I saw them approaching, defiling by with divisions,  
 Streaming northward, their work done, camping awhile in clusters of mighty  
 70 camps. ○

No holiday soldiers—youthful, yet veterans,  
 Worn, swart, handsome, strong, of the stock of homestead and workshop,  
 Harden'd of many a long campaign and sweaty march,  
 Inured on many a hard-fought bloody field. ○

75 A pause—the armies wait,  
 A million flush'd embattled conquerors wait,  
 The world too waits, then soft as breaking night and sure as dawn,  
 They melt, they disappear. ○

Exult O lands! victorious lands!  
 80 Not there your victory on those red shuddering fields,  
 But here and hence your victory. ○

Melt, melt away ye armies—disperse ye blue-clad soldiers,  
 Resolve ye back again, give up for good your deadly arms,  
 Other the arms the fields henceforth for you, or South or North,  
 85 With saner wars, sweet wars, life-giving wars. ○

## 7

Loud O my throat, and clear O soul!  
 The season of thanks and the voice of full-yielding,

68 71[PI]: Corps—I

69 71[PI]: by, with

71 71[PI]: soldiers!—youthful, ~ veterans;

72 71[PI]: home-/stead

74 71[PI]: hard-fought, bloody

75 71[PI]: wait; [Section 9 begins with 75]

76 71[PI]: flush'd, embattled ~ wait;

77 71[PI]: world, too, waits—then, soft ~  
 night, and

78 71[PI]: melt—they

79 71[PI]: Exult, indeed, O

80 71[PI]: victory, on ~ red, shuddering

fields;

82 71[PI]: away, ye armies! disperse, ye ~  
 soldiers!

83 71[PI]: again—give up, for good, your ~  
 arms;

84 71[PI]: arms, the ~ North, or East or  
 West,

85 71[PI]: wars—sweet wars—life-giving

86 71[PI]: Loud, O ~ clear, O [Section 10  
 begins with 86]

87 71[PI]: thanks, and ~ full-yielding;

The chant of joy and power for boundless fertility. ○

All till'd and untill'd fields expand before me,  
I see the true arenas of my race, or first or last, 90  
Man's innocent and strong arenas. ○

I see the heroes at other toils,  
I see well-wielded in their hands the better weapons. ○

I see where the Mother of All,  
With full-spanning eye gazes forth, dwells long, 95  
And counts the varied gathering of the products. ○

Busy the far, the sunlit panorama,  
Prairie, orchard, and yellow grain of the North,  
Cotton and rice of the South and Louisianian cane,  
Open unseeded fallows, rich fields of clover and timothy, 100  
Kine and horses feeding, and droves of sheep and swine,  
And many a stately river flowing and many a jocund brook,  
And healthy uplands with herby-perfumed breezes,  
And the good green grass, that delicate miracle the ever-recurring grass. ○

## 8

Toil on heroes! harvest the products! 105  
Not alone on those warlike fields the Mother of All,  
With dilated form and lambent eyes watch'd you. ○

Toil on heroes! toil well! handle the weapons well!  
The Mother of All, yet here as ever she watches you. ○

89 71[PI]: me;

90 71[PI]: race—or first, or

92 71[PI]: the Heroes ~ toils;

93 71[PI]: see, well-wielded ~ hands, the

94 71[PI]: where America, Mother [Section  
11 begins with 94]

95 71[PI]: Well-pleased, with ~ eye, gazes

97 71[PI]: panorama;

99 71[PI]: South, and ~ cane;

100 71[PI]: Open, unseeded

102 71[PI]: flowing, and

103 71[PI]: with their

104 71[PI]: grass—that ~ miracle, the

105 71[PI]: on, Heroes! [Section 12 begins  
with 105]

106 71[PI]: fields, the

107 71[PI]: eyes, watch'd

108 71[PI]: on, Heroes! ~ well! Handle

109 71[PI]: All—yet here, as ever, she

- 110 Well-pleased America thou beholdest,  
 Over the fields of the West those crawling monsters,  
 The human-divine inventions, the labor-saving implements;  
 Beholdest moving in every direction imbued as with life the revolving  
     hay-rakes,  
 The steam-power reaping-machines and the horse-power machines,  
 The engines, thrashers of grain and cleaners of grain, well separating the  
 115      straw, the nimble work of the patent pitchfork,  
 Beholdest the newer saw-mill, the southern cotton-gin, and the rice-cleanser. ◦
- Beneath thy look O Maternal,  
 With these and else and with their own strong hands the heroes harvest. ◦
- All gather and all harvest,  
 120 Yet but for thee O Powerful, not a scythe might swing as now in security,  
 Not a maize-stalk dangle as now its silken tassels in peace. ◦
- Under thee only they harvest, even but a wisp of hay under thy great face only,  
 Harvest the wheat of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, every barbed spear under thee,  
 Harvest the maize of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, each ear in its light-green  
     sheath,  
 125 Gather the hay to its myriad mows in the odorous tranquil barns,  
 Oats to their bins, the white potato, the buckwheat of Michigan, to theirs;  
 Gather the cotton in Mississippi or Alabama, dig and hoard the golden the  
     sweet potato of Georgia and the Carolinas,  
 Clip the wool of California or Pennsylvania,  
 Cut the flax in the Middle States, or hemp or tobacco in the Borders,

110 71[PI]: Well-pleased, America, thou

111 71[PI]: West, those

112 71[PI]: implements:

113 71[PI]: Beholdest, moving ~ direction,  
imbued ~ life, the

114 71[PI]: reaping-machines, and

115 71[PI]: grain, and ~ straw—the ~  
pitch-fork;

117 71[PI]: look, O

118 71[PI]: these, and else, and ~ hands,  
the Heroes

119 71[PI]: gather, and ~ harvest;

120 71[PI]: (Yet ~ thee, O Powerful! not  
~ swing, as now, in security;

121 71[PI]: dangle, as now, its ~ peace.)

122 71[PI]: Thee ~ harvest—even ~ hay,  
under ~ face, only; [Section 13 begins with  
122]123 71[PI]: Wisconsin—every ~ spear, un-  
der thee;

124 71[PI]: Tennessee—each

125 71[PI]: mows, in ~ odorous, tranquil

126 71[PI]: bins—the

127 71[PI]: Alabama—dig ~ golden, the

129 71[PI]: hemp, or



Pick the pea and the bean, or pull apples from the trees or bunches of grapes  
 from the vines, 130  
 Or aught that ripens in all these States or North or South,  
 Under the beaming sun and under thee. ◦

## The Singer in the Prison.

1

*O sight of pity, shame and dole!*  
*O fearful thought—a convict soul. ◦*

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,  
 Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,  
 Pouring in floods of melody in tones so pensive sweet and strong the like  
 whereof was never heard, 5  
 Reaching the far-off sentry and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,  
 Making the hearer's pulses stop for ecstasy and awe. ◦

2

The sun was low in the west one winter day,

130 71[PI]: trees, or

131 71[PI]: These States, or

132 71[PI]: sun, and ~ Thee.

*Title:* 71[PI]: THE SINGER IN THE PRISON.

71[PI]: [Section numbers]

1 71[PI]: *of shame, and pain, and*

2 71[PI]: *Soull*

5 71[PI]: melody, in ~ pensive, sweet ~  
 strong, the

6 71[PI]: sentry, and

7 71[PI]: *extasy*

71[PI]: [The following centered lines appear after 7:]

[1] *O sight of pity, gloom, and dole!* [Section 2 begins with [1] ]

[2] *O pardon me, a hapless Soull* [Space between [2] and 8]

When down a narrow aisle amid the thieves and outlaws of the land,  
 10 (There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,  
 Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls, the keepers round,  
 Plenteous, well-armed, watching with vigilant eyes,  
 Calmly a lady walk'd holding a little innocent child by either hand,  
 Whom seating on their stools beside her on the platform,  
 15 She, first precluding with the instrument a low and musical prelude,  
 In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn. ◦

A soul confined by bars and bands,  
 Cries, help! O help! and wrings her hands,  
 Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,  
 20 Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest. ◦

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,  
 O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!  
 Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,  
 Nor favor comes, nor word of grace. ◦

25 It was not I that sinn'd the sin,  
 The ruthless body dragg'd me in;  
 Though long I strove courageously,  
 The body was too much for me. ◦

Dear prison'd soul bear up a space,

- |    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| 9  | 71[PI]: aisle, amid   | [1] <i>O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!</i> |
| 11 | 71[PI]: walls—the   | [2] <i>O fearful thought—a convict Soul!</i>     |
| 12 | 71[PI]: watching, with  | 21 71[PI]: Ceaseless, she ~ fro;                 |
|    | 71[PI]: [The following line appears after   | 22 71[PI]: wo!                                   |
|    | 12:]  | 23 71[PI]: face;                                 |
|    | [1] All that dark, cankerous blotch, a nation's criminal mass,                                  | 24 71[PI]: grace,                                |
| 13 | 71[PI]: Lady walk'd, holding  | 71[PI]: [The following centered lines—           |
| 14 | 71[PI]: Whom, seating   | between spaces—appear after 24:]                 |
| 15 | 71[PI]: instrument, a   | [1] <i>O sight of pity, gloom, and dole!</i>     |
| 17 | 71[PI]: [The sub-title THE HYMN. centered above 17] A Soul, confined [Section 3 begins with 17] | [2] <i>O pardon me, a hapless Soul!</i>          |
| 18 | 71[PI]: Cries, Help! ~ hands;   | 26 71[PI]: Body                                  |
| 19 | 71[PI]: eyes—bleeding   | 28 71[PI]: Body                                  |
| 20 | 71[PI]: [The following centered lines—between spaces—appear after 20:]                          | 71[PI]: [The following centered lines—           |
|    |   | between spaces—appear after 28:]                 |
|    |   | [1] <i>O Lifel no life, but bitter dole!</i>     |
|    |   | [2] <i>O burning, beaten, baffled Soul!</i>      |
|    |   | 29 71[PI]: (Dear ~ Soul, bear                    |

For soon or late the certain grace; 30  
 To set thee free and bear thee home,  
 The heavenly pardoner death shall come. ◦

*Convict no more, nor shame, nor dole!*  
*Depart—a God-enfranchis'd soul! ◦*

## 3

The singer ceas'd, 35  
 One glance swept from her clear calm eyes o'er all those upturn'd faces,  
 Strange sea of prison faces, a thousand varied, crafty, brutal, seam'd and  
 beauteous faces,  
 Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them,  
 While her gown touch'd them rustling in the silence,  
 She vanish'd with her children in the dusk. ◦ 40

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers ere they stirr'd,  
 (Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol,)  
 A hush and pause fell down a wondrous minute,  
 With deep, half-stifled sobs and sound of bad men bow'd and moved to  
 weeping,  
 And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home, 45  
 The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy childhood,  
 The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence;  
 A wondrous minute then—but after in the solitary night, to many, many there,  
 Years after, even in the hour of death, the sad refrain, the tune, the voice, the  
 words,  
 Resumed, the large calm lady walks the narrow aisle, 50  
 The wailing melody again, the singer in the prison sings,

31 71[PI]: free, and

32 71[PI]: Heavenly Pardoner, Death

33 71[PI]: *more—nor*34 71[PI]: *Depart! a ~ Soul!*)

35 71[PI]: ceas'd; [Section 4 begins with 35]

36 71[PI]: clear, calm eyes, o'er ~ up-turn'd  
faces;

37 71[PI]: faces—a ~ faces;

39 71[PI]: them, rustling

41 71[PI]: keepers, ere [Section 5 begins

with 41]

43 71[PI]: down, a

44 71[PI]: deep, half-stifled sobs, and ~  
bow'd, and

48 71[PI]: —A ~ then—But after, in

49 71[PI]: after—even ~ death—the ~  
refrain—the

50 71[PI]: Resumed—the large, calm Lady

51 71[PI]: again—the ~ sings:

*O sight of pity, shame and dole!*  
*O fearful thought—a convict soul. °*

### Warble for Lilac-Time.

Warble me now for joy of lilac-time, (returning in reminiscence,  
 Sort me O tongue and lips for Nature's sake, souvenirs of earliest summer,  
 Gather the welcome signs, (as children with pebbles or stringing shells,  
 Put in April and May, the hylas croaking in the ponds, the elastic air,  
 5 Bees, butterflies, the sparrow with its simple notes,  
 Blue-bird and darting swallow, nor forget the high-hole flashing his golden  
     wings,  
 The tranquil sunny haze, the clinging smoke, the vapor,  
 Shimmer of waters with fish in them, the cerulean above,  
 All that is jocund and sparkling, the brooks running,  
 10 The maple woods, the crisp February days and the sugar-making,  
 The robin where he hops, bright-eyed, brown-breasted,  
 With musical clear call at sunrise, and again at sunset,  
 Or fitting among the trees of the apple-orchard, building the nest of his mate,

52 71[PI]: *of shame, and pain, and*

53 71[PI]: *Soul!*

*Title:* 71[PI]: WARBLE FOR LILAC TIME. [The unhyphenated 71[PI] title was probably a printer's error—Contents lists Lilac-Time. See also line 1]

1 71[PI]: now, for ~ Lilac-time,/

2 71[PI]: me, O ~ lips, for ~ sake, and sweet life's sake—and death's the same as life's,/Souvenirs ~ summer—bird's eggs, and the first berries;

3 71[PI]: children, with pebbles, or ~ shells;)

4 71[PI]: May—the ~ ponds—the

6 71[PI]: Blue-bird, and ~ swallow—nor ~ high-/hole

7 71[PI]: [The following line appears after 7:]

[1] Spiritual, airy insects, humming on gossamer wings,

8 71[PI]: waters, with ~ them—the ~ above;

9 71[PI]: sparkling—the

10 71[PI]: days, and ~ sugar-making;

11 71[PI]: robin, where

13 71[PI]: mate;

The melted snow of March, the willow sending forth its yellow-green sprouts,  
 For spring-time is here! the summer is here! and what is this in it and from it? 15  
 Thou, soul, unloosen'd—the restlessness after I know not what;  
 Come, let us lag here no longer, let us be up and away!  
 O if one could but fly like a bird!  
 O to escape, to sail forth as in a ship!  
 To glide with thee O soul, o'er all, in all, as a ship o'er the waters; 20  
 Gathering these hints, the preludes, the blue sky, the grass, the morning drops  
 of dew,  
 The lilac-scent, the bushes with dark green heart-shaped leaves,  
 Wood-violets, the little delicate pale blossoms called innocence,  
 Samples and sorts not for themselves alone, but for their atmosphere,  
 To grace the bush I love—to sing with the birds, 25  
 A warble for joy of lilac-time, returning in reminiscence. o

14 71[PI]: March—the ~ sprouts; Copy-text: yellow-/green

15 71[PI]: —For

16 71[PI]: Thou, Soul,

17 71[PI]: Come! let ~ longer—let

18 71[PI]: O for another world! O if

19 71[PI]: escape—to ~ forth, as

20 71[PI]: thee, O Soul, ~ waters!

21 71[PI]: —Gathering ~ preludes—the ~ dew;

71[PI]: [The following lines appear after 21:]

[1] (With additional songs—every spring will I now strike up additional songs,

[2] Nor ever again forget, these tender days, the chants of Death as well as Life;)

22 71[PI]: bushes, and the dark green,

heart-/shaped

23 71[PI]: Wood violets,

24 71[PI]: [The following lines appear after 24:]

[1] To tally, drench'd with them, tested by them,

[2] Cities and artificial life, and all their sights and scenes,

[3] My mind henceforth, and all its meditations—my recitatives,

[4] My land, my age, my race, for once to serve in songs,

[5] (Sprouts, tokens ever of death indeed the same as life,)

26 71[PI]: Lilac-time./

## Sparkles from the Wheel.

Where the city's ceaseless crowd moves on the livelong day,  
Withdrawn I join a group of children watching, I pause aside with them. ◦

By the curb toward the edge of the flagging,  
A knife-grinder works at his wheel sharpening a great knife,  
5 Bending over he carefully holds it to the stone, by foot and knee,  
With measur'd tread he turns rapidly, as he presses with light but firm hand,  
Forth issue then in copious golden jets,  
Sparkles from the wheel. ◦

The scene and all its belongings, how they seize and affect me,  
The sad sharp-chinn'd old man with worn clothes and broad shoulder-band of  
10 leather,  
Myself effusing and fluid, a phantom curiously floating, now here absorb'd  
and arrested,  
The group, (an unminded point set in a vast surrounding,)  
The attentive, quiet children, the loud, proud, restive base of the streets,  
The low hoarse purr of the whirling stone, the light-press'd blade,  
15 Diffusing, dropping, sideways-darting, in tiny showers of gold,  
Sparkles from the wheel. ◦

*Title:* 71[PI]: SPARKLES FROM THE WHEEL.

71[PI]: [Section numbers]

1 71[PI]: on, the live-/long [Section 1 begins with 1]

2 71[PI]: Withdrawn, I ~ watching—I

3 71[PI]: curb, toward

4 71[PI]: wheel, sharpening ~ knife;

5 71[PI]: over, he ~ stone—by

6 71[PI]: tread, he ~ rapidly—As

7 71[PI]: issue, then, in

9 71[PI]: scene, and ~ belonging—how ~ me! [Section 2 begins with 9]

10 71[PI]: sad, sharp-chinn'd ~ man, with ~ clothes, and ~ leather;

11 71[PI]: Myself, effusing ~ fluid—a ~ floating—now ~ arrested;

12 71[PI]: point, set ~ surrounding;)

13 71[PI]: children—the ~ streets;

14 71[PI]: low, hoarse ~ stone—the light-/press'd

## Outlines for a Tomb.

(G. P. Buried 1870.)

I


What may we chant, O thou within this tomb?  
 What tablets, outlines, hang for thee, O millionaire?  
 The life thou lived'st we know not,  
 But that thou walk'dst thy years in barter, 'mid the haunts of brokers,  
 Nor heroism thine, nor war, nor glory. o

5

2

Silent, my soul,

*Title:* 71[PI]: BROTHER OF ALL, WITH GENEROUS HAND./(G. P., Buried February, 1870.)

76[PI]: *Two Rivulets, Author's Edition, only,* this line appears above title:  *To any Hospital or School-Founder, or Public Beneficiary, anywhere.*

71[PI]: [Stanza and section numbers]

1 71[PI]: [The following lines appear before 1:]

[1] Brother of all, with generous hand,  
 [2] Of thee, pondering on thee, as o'er thy tomb, I and my Soul,  
 [3] A thought to launch in memory of thee,

[4] A burial verse for thee. [Space between [4] and 1]

2 71[PI]: tablets, pictures, hang

3 71[PI]: —The

4 71[PI]: brokers;

5 71[PI]: [The following lines appear—after a space—after 5:]

[1] Yet lingering, yearning, joining soul with thine,

[2] If not thy past we chant, we chant the future,

[3] Select, adorn the future.

[4] Lo, Soul, the graves of heroes! [Section 2 begins with [4] ]

[5] The pride of lands—the gritudes of men,

[6] The statues of the manifold famous dead, Old World and New,

[7] The kings, inventors, generals, poets, (stretch wide thy vision, Soul,)

[8] The excellent rulers of the races, great discoverers, sailors,

[9] Marble and brass select from them, with pictures, scenes,

[10] (The histories of the lands, the races, bodied there,

[11] In what they've built for, graced and graved,

[12] Monuments to their heroes.)

6 71[PI]: Soul, [Section 3 begins with 6]

With drooping lids, as waiting, ponder'd,  
Turning from all the samples, monuments of heroes. ◦

While through the interior vistas,  
10 Noiseless uprose, phantasmic, (as by night Auroras of the north,)  
Lambent tableaux, prophetic, bodiless scenes,  
Spiritual projections. ◦

In one, among the city streets a laborer's home appear'd,  
After his day's work done, cleanly, sweet-air'd, the gaslight burning,  
15 The carpet swept and a fire in the cheerful stove. ◦

In one, the sacred parturition scene,  
A happy painless mother birth'd a perfect child. ◦

In one, at a bounteous morning meal,  
Sat peaceful parents with contented sons. ◦

20 In one, by twos and threes, young people,  
Hundreds concentring, walk'd the paths and streets and roads,  
Toward a tall-domed school. ◦

In one a trio beautiful,  
Grandmother, loving daughter, loving daughter's daughter, sat,  
25 Chatting and sewing. ◦

In one, along a suite of noble rooms,  
'Mid plenteous books and journals, paintings on the walls, fine statuettes,  
Were groups of friendly journeymen, mechanics young and old,  
Reading, conversing. ◦

30 All, all the shows of laboring life,  
City and country, women's, men's and children's,

6 71[PI]: Soul,

8 71[PI]: samples, all the monuments

10 71[PI]: (as, by night, Auroras ~ North,)

11 71[PI]: tableaux,

13 71[PI]: streets, a

14 71[PI]: gas-/light

15 71[PI]: swept, and

17 71[PI]: happy, painless

19 71[PI]: parents, with

21 71[PI]: concentring,

23 71[PI]: trio, beautiful,

28 71[PI]: mechanics, young



Their wants provided for, hued in the sun and tinged for once with joy,  
 Marriage, the street, the factory, farm, the house-room, lodging-room,  
 Labor and toil, the bath, gymnasium, playground, library, college,  
 The student, boy or girl, led forward to be taught, 35  
 The sick cared for, the shoeless shod, the orphan father'd and mother'd,  
 The hungry fed, the houseless housed;  
 (The intentions perfect and divine,  
 The workings, details, haply human.) ◦

3

O thou within this tomb, 40  
 From thee such scenes, thou stintless, lavish giver,  
 Tallying the gifts of earth, large as the earth,  
 Thy name an earth, with mountains, fields and tides. ◦

Nor by your streams alone, you rivers,  
 By you, your banks Connecticut, 45  
 By you and all your teeming life old Thames,  
 By you Potomac laving the ground Washington trod, by you Patapsco,  
 You Hudson, you endless Mississippi—nor you alone,  
 But to the high seas launch, my thought, his memory. ◦

32 71[PI]: sun, and  
 33 71[PI]: lodging-/room,  
 34 71[PI]: play-ground,  
 35 71[PI]: taught;  
 36 71[PI]: shod—the  
 40 71[PI]: [Section 4 begins with 40]  
 41 71[PI]: thee, such scenes—thou ~ Giver,  
 42 71[PI]: Earth—large ~ Earth,  
 43 71[PI]: an Earth, ~ fields and rivers.  
 45 71[PI]: banks, Connecticut,  
 46 71[PI]: you, and ~ life, Old  
 47 71[PI]: you, Potomac, laving ~ trod—by  
 48 71[PI]: You, Hudson—you, endless  
 Mississippi—not by you  
 49 71[PI]: [The following lines appear after  
 49:]  
 [1] Lo, Soul, by this tomb's lambency,  
 [Section 5 begins with [1]]  
 [2] The darkness of the arrogant stand-  
 ards of the world,  
 [3] With all its flaunting aims, ambitions,  
 pleasures. [Space between [3] and [4]]

[4] (Old, commonplace, and rusty saws,  
 [5] The rich, the gay, the supercilious,  
 smiled at long,  
 [6] Now, piercing to the marrow in my  
 bones,  
 [7] Fused with each drop my heart's blood  
 jets,  
 [8] Swim in ineffable meaning.) [Space  
 between [8] and [9]]  
 [9] Lo, Soul, the sphere requireth, por-  
 tioneth,  
 [10] To each his share, his measure,  
 [11] The moderate to the moderate, the  
 ample to the ample. [Space between [11]  
 and [12]]  
 [12] Lo, Soul, see'st thou not, plain as the  
 sun,  
 [13] The only real wealth of wealth in  
 generosity,  
 [14] The only life of life in goodness?

## Gods.

Lover divine and perfect Comrade,  
 Waiting content, invisible yet, but certain,  
 Be thou my God. o

Thou, thou, the Ideal Man,  
 5 Fair, able, beautiful, content, and loving,  
 Complete in body and dilate in spirit,  
 Be thou my God. o

O Death, (for Life has served its turn,)  
 Opener and usher to the heavenly mansion,  
 10 Be thou my God. o

Aught, aught of mightiest, best I see, conceive, or know,  
 (To break the stagnant tie—thee, thee to free, O soul,)  
 Be thou my God. o

All great ideas, the races' aspirations,

*Title:* 71[PI]: GODS.

71[PI]: [Stanza numbers, centered]

1 71[PI]: Divine, and Perfect Comrade!

71[PI]: [The following lines appear before  
 1 as a separate stanza:]

[1] Thought of the Infinite—the All!

[2] Be thou my God.

2 71[PI]: Waiting, content,

4 71[PI]: Thou—thou, ~ Man!

6 71[PI]: Body, and ~ Spirit,

8 71[PI]: O Death—(for ~ turn;)

9 71[PI]: mansion!

11 71[PI]: aught, of ~ best, I

12 71[PI]: Soul.)

13 71[PI]: [The following line appears after  
 13:]

[1] Or thee, Old Cause, when'er advanc-  
 ing;

14 71[PI]: Ideas, the

71[PI]: [The following line appears after  
 14:]

[1] All that exalts, releases thee, my Soul!

---

All heroisms, deeds of rapt enthusiasts, 15  
Be ye my Gods. ◦

Or Time and Space,  
Or shape of Earth divine and wondrous,  
Or some fair shape I viewing, worship,  
Or lustrous orb of sun or star by night, 20  
Be ye my Gods. ◦

## LESSONS.

There are who teach only the sweet lessons of peace and safety;  
But I teach lessons of war and death to those I love,  
That they readily meet invasions, when they come. ◦

16 71[PI]: Gods!  
17 71[PI]: Space!  
18 71[PI]: Earth, divine ~ wondrous!

19 71[PI]: Or shape in I myself— or some ~  
shape, I, viewing,  
20 71[PI]: Sun, or ~ night: 72[PI]: sun, or

*Title:* 71[PI]: LESSONS. [Text in this edition  
only; excluded from 72[PI] annex, and there-  
after]

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---

Now Finalè to the Shore.

- Now finalè to the shore,  
 Now land and life finalè and farewell,  
 Now Voyager depart, (much, much for thee is yet in store,)  
 Often enough hast thou adventur'd o'er the seas,  
 5 Cautiously cruising, studying the charts,  
 Duly again to port and hawser's tie returning;  
 But now obey thy cherish'd secret wish,  
 Embrace thy friends, leave all in order,  
 To port and hawser's tie no more returning,  
 10 Depart upon thy endless cruise old Sailor. ◦

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><i>Title:</i> 71[PI]: NOW FINALE TO THE SHORE.<br/>         1 71[PI]: finale ~ shore!<br/>         2 71[PI]: Now, land ~ life, finale,<br/>         and farewell! 81-88[SS]: Now, land 88<br/>         [CPP] [Final reading]</p> | <p>3 71[PI]: depart! (much, ~ store;)<br/>         6 71[PI]: port, and ~ tie, returning:<br/>         7 71[PI]: —But ~ cherish'd, secret<br/>         8 71[PI]: friends—leave ~ order;<br/>         9 71[PI]: port, and ~ tie, no<br/>         10 71[PI]: cruise, old Sailor!</p> |
|---|---|

## As They Draw to a Close.

As they draw to a close,  
 Of what underlies the precedent songs—of my aims in them,  
 Of the seed I have sought to plant in them,  
 Of joy, sweet joy, through many a year, in them,  
 (For them, for them have I lived, in them my work is done,) 5  
 Of many an aspiration fond, of many a dream and plan;  
 Through Space and Time fused in a chant, and the flowing eternal identity,  
 To Nature encompassing these, encompassing God—to the joyous, electric all,  
 To the sense of Death, and accepting exulting in Death in its turn the same  
     as life,  
 The entrance of man to sing; 10  
 To compact you, ye parted, diverse lives,  
 To put rapport the mountains and rocks and streams,  
 And the winds of the north, and the forests of oak and pine,  
 With you O soul. ◦

*Title:* 7I[PI]: THOUGHT.

- |   |   |    |                                   |
|---|---|----|-----------------------------------|
| 2 | 7I[PI]: them;                             | 7  | record faith in you, O death!     |
| 3 | 7I[PI]: them;                             | 7  | 7I[PI]: [Not present]             |
| 4 | 7I[PI]: them;                             | 8  | 7I[PI]: [Not present]             |
| 5 | 7I[PI]: them—for ~ lived—In ~ done;)      | 9  | 7I[PI]: [Not present]             |
| 6 | 7I[PI]: fond—of ~ plan,                   | 10 | 7I[PI]: [Not present]             |
|   | 7I[PI]: [The following line appears after | 11 | 7I[PI]: —To ~ lives!              |
|   | 6:]                                       | 12 | 7I[PI]: mountains, and rocks, and |
|   | [1] Of you, O mystery great!—to place on  | 14 | 7I[PI]: you, O soul of man.       |

## The Untold Want.

The untold want by life and land ne'er granted,  
Now voyager sail thou forth to seek and find. ◦

## Portals.

What are those of the known but to ascend and enter the Unknown?  
And what are those of life but for Death? ◦

*Title:* 71[PI]: THE UNTOLD WANT.

1 71[PI]: want, by

2 71[PI]: Now, Voyager, sail ~ forth, t

*Title:* 71[PI]: PORTALS.

1 71[PI]: known, but

2 71[PI]: life, but

## These Carols.

These carols sung to cheer my passage through the world I see,  
For completion I dedicate to the Invisible World. ◦

## Joy, Shipmate, Joy!

Joy, shipmate, joy!  
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,  
Our life is closed, our life begins,  
The long, long anchorage we leave,  
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!  
She swiftly courses from the shore,  
Joy, shipmate, joy. ◦

5

*Title:* 7I[PI]: THESE CAROLS.

1 7I[PI]: Carols, sung

2 7I[PI]: completion, I

*Title:* 7I[PI]: JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

1 7I[PI]: Joy! shipmate—joy!

2 7I[PI]: Soul ~ cry;

3 7I[PI]: closed—our ~ begins;

5 7I[PI]: last—she

6 7I[PI]: shore;

7 7I[PI]: Joy! shipmate—joy!

## Song of the Exposition.

## I

(Ah little recks the laborer,  
How near his work is holding him to God,  
The loving Laborer through space and time.) o

- After all not to create only, or found only,  
5 But to bring perhaps from afar what is already founded,  
To give it our own identity, average, limitless, free,  
To fill the gross the torpid bulk with vital religious fire,  
Not to repel or destroy so much as accept, fuse, rehabilitate,

*Title:* 71[AA]: AFTER ALL, NOT TO CREATE ONLY./Recited by WALT WHITMAN on Invitation of Managers American Institute, on Opening their 40th Annual Exhibition, New York, noon, September 7, 1871. [Added as an annex in 72 and reset for inclusion in *Centennial Songs* - - - 1876. [CS], an annex in *Two Rivulets*, 76. Where the 71[AA] and 76[CS] readings are the same, only the 71[AA] is given, with these exceptions: in lines 123, 162 the 71[AA] readings were retained in 81 and in lines 52, 65, 212 the 76[CS] readings were retained, as noted] 76[CS]: (*The MUSE invited to PHILADELPHIA.*)/*Song of the Exposition.*/Applied to THE CENTENNIAL, Phila., 1876—(Originally recited for Opening the 40th Annual Exhibition AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York, noon, September 7th, 1871.)/Struggling steadily to the front, not only in the spirit of Opinion, Government, and the like, but, in due time, in the Artistic also, we see actual operative LABOR and LABORERS, with Machinery, Inventions, Farms, Products, &c., pressing to place our time, over the whole civilized world. Holding these by the hand, we see, or hope we see, THE MUSE, (radiating, representing, under its various expressions, as in every age and land, the healthiest, most heroic Humanity, common to all, fusing all,) entering the demesnes of the New World, as twin and sister of our Democ-

racy—at any rate we will so invite Her, here and now—to permanently infuse in daily toils, and be infused by them./Perhaps no clearer or more illustrative sign exists of the current adjustment and tendency than those superb International Expositions of the World's Products, Inventions and Industries, that, commencing in London under Prince Albert, have since signalized all the principal Nations of our age, and have been rife in the United States—culminating in this great Exposition at Philadelphia, around which the American Centennial, and its thoughts and associations, cluster—with vaster ones still in the future./Ostensibly to inaugurate an Exposition of this kind—still more to outline the establishment of a grand permanent Cluster-Palace of Industry from an imaginative and Democratic point of view—was the design of the following poem; from such impulses it was first orally deliver'd. [In 71[AA]–76[CS] Section numbers] [See *Title-note*, III 674] 81: Song of the Exposition.

- 1 71[AA]: [Not present]  
2 71[AA]: [Not present]  
3 71[AA]: [Not present]  
4 71[AA]: After all, not  
5 71[AA]: bring, perhaps ~ afar, what  
6 71[AA]: free;  
7 71[AA]: gross, the ~ fire; 76[CS]: (To ~ gross, the ~bulk, with ~ fire;)  
8 71[AA]: destroy, so ~ rehabilitate;



AFTER ALL, NOT TO  
CREATE ONLY.

*Recited by WALT WHITMAN on Invitation of  
Managers American Institute, on Opening  
their 40th Annual Exhibition, New York,  
noon, September 7, 1871.*



BOSTON:  
ROBERTS BROTHERS.  
1871.



To obey as well as command, to follow more than to lead,  
 These also are the lessons of our New World; 10  
 While how little the New after all, how much the Old, Old World! o

Long and long has the grass been growing,  
 Long and long has the rain been falling,  
 Long has the globe been rolling round. o

## 2

Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia, 15  
 Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,  
 That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Æneas', Odysseus' wanderings,  
 Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus,  
 Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa's gate and on Mount  
 Moriah,  
 The same on the walls of your German, French and Spanish castles, and  
 Italian collections, 20  
 For know a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide, untried domain awaits,  
 demands you. o

## 3

Responsive to our summons,  
 Or rather to her long-nurs'd inclination,  
 Join'd with an irresistible, natural gravitation,

9 71[AA]: obey, as ~ command—to follow,  
 more ~ lead;  
 11 71[AA]: —While ~ New, after all—how  
 12 71[AA]: Long, long, long, has  
 15 71[AA]: Come, Muse, migrate ~ Ionia;  
 16 71[AA]: out, please, those  
 17 71[AA]: Troy, and ~ Eneas', ~ wander-  
 ings;  
 18 71[AA]: "Removed" ~ "To Let" ~  
 Parnassus; 76[CS]: 'Removed' ~ 'To Let'  
 ~ Parnassus;  
 19 71[AA]: Jerusalem—place ~ gate, and  
 ~ Moriah;  
 20 71[AA]: your Gothic European Cathed-  
 rals, and German, ~ Castles;/ 76[CS]:  
 walls of the great Italian Cathedrals, and Ger-

man, ~ Castles;/

21 71[AA]: sphere—a

24 71[AA]: [The following lines appear after  
 24:]

[1] She comes! this famous Female—as  
 was indeed to be expected;

[2] (For who, so ever-youthful, 'cute and  
 handsome, would wish to stay in mansions  
 such as those,

[3] When offer'd quarters with all the  
 modern improvements,

[4] With all the fun that's going—and all  
 the best society?) [Space between [4] and  
 25]

76[CS]: [1] Female—(as [2] For

25 She comes! I hear the rustling of her gown,  
I scent the odor of her breath's delicious fragrance,  
I mark her step divine, her curious eyes a-turning, rolling,  
Upon this very scene. o

The dame of dames! can I believe then,  
30 Those ancient temples, sculptures classic, could none of them retain her?  
Nor shades of Virgil and Dante, nor myriad memories, poems, old associations,  
magnetize and hold on to her?  
But that she's left them all—and here? o

Yes, if you will allow me to say so,  
I, my friends, if you do not, can plainly see her,  
35 The same undying soul of earth's, activity's, beauty's, heroism's expression,  
Out from her evolutions hither come, ended the strata of her former themes,  
Hidden and cover'd by to-day's, foundation of to-day's,  
Ended, deceas'd through time, her voice by Castaly's fountain,  
Silent the broken-lipp'd Sphynx in Egypt, silent all those century-baffling  
tombs,  
Ended for aye the epics of Asia's, Europe's helmeted warriors, ended the  
40 primitive call of the muses,  
Calliope's call forever closed, Clio, Melpomene, Thalia dead,  
Ended the stately rhythmus of Una and Oriana, ended the quest of the holy  
Gaal,  
Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind, extinct,  
The Crusaders' streams of shadowy midnight troops sped with the sunrise,

25 71[AA]: gown;

26 71[AA]: fragrance;

27 71[AA]: divine—her ~ a-/turning,

29 71[AA]: The Dame of Dames! can I believe, then, 76[CS]: The Dame of Dames! can

30 71[AA]: temples classic, and castles strong and feudalistic, could ~ restrain her?

31 71[AA]: Dante—nor 76[CS]: Dante—nor ~ Her?

32 71[AA]: and *here*?

34 71[AA]: Her,

35 71[AA]: Undying Soul ~ Earth's, ~ Expression,

36 71[AA]: come—submerged the strata

37 71[AA]: to-day's—foundation of to-day's;

38 71[AA]: deceas'd, through ~ fountain; 76[CS]: deceas'd, through

39 71[AA]: Silent through time the broken-lipp'd ~ Egypt—silent those ~ tombs; Copy-text: century-/baffling

40 71[AA]: Closed for ~ warriors;/ 76 [CS]: warriors—ended ~ Muses;

41 71[AA]: for ever closed—Clio, ~ Thalia closed and dead; 76[CS]: closed—Clio ~ dead;

42 71[AA]: Seal'd the stately ~ Oriana—ended ~ Holy Graal; 76[CS]: Oriana—ended ~ Holy Graal;

43 71[AA]: wind—extinct;

44 71[AA]: shadowy, midnight troops, sped ~ sunrise;

Amadis, Tancred, utterly gone, Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver gone, 45  
 Palmerin, ogre, departed, vanish'd the turrets that Usk from its' waters reflected,  
 Arthur vanish'd with all his knights, Merlin and Lancelot and Galahad, all  
 gone, dissolv'd utterly like an exhalation;  
 Pass'd! pass'd! for us, forever pass'd, that once so mighty world, now void,  
 inanimate, phantom world,  
 Embroider'd, dazzling, foreign world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths,  
 Its kings and castles proud, its priests and warlike lords and courtly dames, 50  
 Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with crown and armor on,  
 Blazon'd with Shakspeare's purple page,  
 And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme. ◦

I say I see, my friends, if you do not, the illustrious emigré, (having it is true  
 in her day, although the same, changed, journey'd considerable,)  
 Making directly for this rendezvous, vigorously clearing a path for herself,  
 striding through the confusion, 55  
 By thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismay'd,  
 Bluff'd not a bit by drain-pipe, gasometers, artificial fertilizers,  
 Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay,  
 She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware! ◦

45 71[AA]: gone—Charlemagne,  
 46 71[AA]: departed—vanish'd ~ Usk re-  
 flected,  
 47 71[AA]: knights—Merlin ~ Galahad—  
 all gone—dissolv'd utterly, like  
 48 71[AA]: for ever pass'd! that ~ World—  
 now ~ World! 76[CS]: pass'd! that ~  
 World—now ~ World!  
 49 71[AA]: dazzling World! with 76[CS]:  
 World! with  
 50 71[AA]: kings and barons proud—its  
 priests, and ~ lords, and ~ dames;  
 51 71[AA]: vault—laid on the shelf—coffin'd,  
 with Crown ~ Armor  
 52 71[AA]: Shakspeare's 76[CS] reading  
 retained in 81  
 53 71[AA]: [The following lines appear—  
 after a space—after 53:]  
 [1] I say I see, my friends, if you do not,  
 the Animus of all that World,  
 [2] Escaped, bequeath'd, vital, fugacious  
 as ever, leaving those dead remains, and  
 now this spot approaching, filling;

[3] —And I can hear what maybe you  
 do not—a terrible æsthetical commotion,  
 [4] With howling desperate gulp of  
 “flower” and “bower,”  
 [5] With “Sonnet to Matilda's Eyebrow”  
 quite, quite frantic;  
 [6] With gushing, sentimental reading  
 circles turn'd to ice or stone;  
 [7] With many a squeak, (in metre  
 choice,) from Boston, New York, Phila-  
 delphia, London;  
 76[CS]: [2] bequeath'd, (and yet, fuga-  
 cious ~ ever,) leaving [3] may-be ~  
 esthetical [4] (With [7] squeak, in ~  
 choice, from ~ New York, Paris, Lon-  
 don;)  
 54 71[AA]: As she, the illustrious Emigré,  
 (having, it is true, in  
 55 71[AA]: rendezvous—vigorously ~ her-  
 self—striding 76[CS]: Rendezvous—vigor-  
 ously ~ herself—striding  
 58 71[AA]: pleased, with 76[CS]: pleas'd,  
 with

## 4

- 60 But hold—don't I forget my manners?  
 To introduce the stranger, (what else indeed do I live to chant for?) to thee  
 Columbia;  
 In liberty's name welcome immortal! clasp hands,  
 And ever henceforth sisters dear be both. o

- Fear not O Muse! truly new ways and days receive, surround you,  
 65 I candidly confess a queer, queer race, of novel fashion,  
 And yet the same old human race, the same within, without,  
 Faces and hearts the same, feelings the same, yearnings the same,  
 The same old love, beauty and use the same. o

## 5

- We do not blame thee elder World, nor really separate ourselves from thee,  
 70 (Would the son separate himself from the father?)  
 Looking back on thee, seeing thee to thy duties, grandeurs, through past ages  
 bending, building,  
 We build to ours to-day. o

- Mightier than Egypt's tombs,  
 Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,  
 75 Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,  
 More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,  
 We plan even now to raise, beyond them all,  
 Thy great cathedral sacred industry, no tomb,  
 A keep for life for practical invention. o

- 80 As in a waking vision,

- 61 71[AA]: the Stranger (what ~ indeed have I come for?) to thee, Columbia: 76 [CS]: the Stranger—(what ~ indeed have I come for?) to thee, Columbia;  
 62 71[AA]: In Liberty's name, welcome, Immortal! clasp  
 63 71[AA]: Sisters  
 64 71[AA]: not, O  
 65 71[AA]: (I ~ confess, a ~ fashion,) [76[CS] reading retained in 81]  
 66 71[AA]: race—the 76[CS]: Human Race—the  
 67 71[AA]: same—feelings ~ same—yearnings  
 68 71[AA]: love—beauty  
 69 71[AA]: thee, Elder World—nor separate ~ thee:  
 70 71[AA]: Son ~ Father?)  
 71 71[AA]: thee—seeing  
 75 71[AA]: Cathedral,  
 77 71[AA]: plan, even now, to  
 78 71[AA]: Cathedral, sacred Industry—no  
 79 71[AA]: A Keep ~ Invention.

E'en while I chant I see it rise, I scan and prophesy outside and in,  
Its manifold ensemble. ○

Around a palace, loftier, fairer, ampler than any yet,  
Earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping, 85  
High rising tier on tier with glass and iron façades,  
Gladdening the sun and sky, enhued in cheerfulest hues,  
Bronze, lilac, robin's-egg, marine and crimson,  
Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy banner Freedom,  
The banners of the States and flags of every land,  
A brood of lofty, fair, but lesser palaces shall cluster. ○ 90

Somewhere within their walls shall all that forwards perfect human life be  
started,  
Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited. ○

Not only all the world of works, trade, products,  
But all the workmen of the world here to be represented. ○

Here shall you trace in flowing operation, 95  
In every state of practical, busy movement, the rills of civilization,  
Materials here under your eye shall change their shape as if by magic,  
The cotton shall be pick'd almost in the very field,  
Shall be dried, clean'd, ginn'd, baled, spun into thread and cloth before you,  
You shall see hands at work at all the old processes and all the new ones, 100  
You shall see the various grains and how flour is made and then bread baked  
by the bakers,  
You shall see the crude ores of California and Nevada passing on and on till  
they become bullion,

- |    |   |   |                                 |  |   |
|----|---|---|---------------------------------|--|---|
| 81 | 71[AA]: chant, I ~ rise—I                           | 76[CS]: chant, I ~ rise—I ~ prophecy, out-/side | 91                              | 71[AA]: within the walls of all,/Shall all |   |
| 83 | 71[AA]: Palace,/Loftier, [Section 6 begins with 83] | 84  | 71[AA]: Wonder, History's Seven | 93   | 71[AA]: [Not present]                                 |
| 84 | 71[AA]: Wonder, History's Seven                     | 85  | 71[AA]: tier, with              | 94   | 71[AA]: [Not present]                                 |
| 85 | 71[AA]: tier, with                                  | 86  | 71[AA]: sky—enhued              | 96   | 71[AA]: movement,/The ~ Civilization.                 |
| 86 | 71[AA]: sky—enhued                                  | 88  | 71[AA]: banner, Freedom,        | 97   | 71[AA]: here, under ~ eye, shall ~ shape, as ~ magic; |
| 88 | 71[AA]: banner, Freedom,                            | 89  | 71[AA]: The States, the flags   | 99   | 71[AA]: cloth, before you:                            |
| 89 | 71[AA]: The States, the flags                       | 90  | 71[AA]: Palaces                 | 100  | 71[AA]: processes, and ~ ones;                        |
| 90 | 71[AA]: Palaces                                     |   |                                 | 101  | 71[AA]: grains, and ~ made, and ~ bakers;             |
|    |   |   |                                 | 102  | 71[AA]: bullion;                                      |

You shall watch how the printer sets type, and learn what a composing-stick is,  
 You shall mark in amazement the Hoe press whirling its cylinders, shedding  
 the printed leaves steady and fast,  
 105 The photograph, model, watch, pin, nail, shall be created before you. ◦

In large calm halls, a stately museum shall teach you the infinite lessons of  
 minerals,  
 In another, woods, plants, vegetation shall be illustrated—in another animals,  
 animal life and development. ◦

One stately house shall be the music house,  
 Others for other arts—learning, the sciences, shall all be here,  
 110 None shall be slighted, none but shall here be honor'd, help'd, exempl'd. ◦

## 6

(This, this and these, America, shall be *your* pyramids and obelisks,  
 Your Alexandrian Pharos, gardens of Babylon,  
 Your temple at Olympia.) ◦

The male and female many laboring not,  
 115 Shall ever here confront the laboring many,  
 With precious benefits to both, glory to all,  
 To thee America, and thee eternal Muse. ◦

And here shall ye inhabit powerful Matrons!  
 In your vast state vaster than all the old,  
 120 Echoed through long, long centuries to come,  
 To sound of different, prouder songs, with stronger themes,  
 Practical, peaceful life, the people's life, the People themselves,

103 71[AA]: is;

104 71[AA]: mark, in amazement, the ~  
 fast: 76[CS]: mark, in amazement, the ~  
 fast;

106 71[AA]: Museum ~ infinite, solemn  
 lessons ~ Minerals;

107 71[AA]: Vegetation ~ Animals, 76  
 [CS]: Woods, Plants, Vegetation ~ Animals,

108 71[AA]: Music House;

109 71[AA]: Arts—Learning, the Sciences,  
 ~ here;

110 71[AA]: slighted—none

111 71[AA]: This, ~ Pyramids ~ Obelisks,  
 [No parenthesis] [Section 7 begins with 111]

113 71[AA]: [No parenthesis]

116 71[AA]: both—glory

117 71[AA]: thee, America—and thee,  
 Eternal

118 71[AA]: inhabit, Powerful

119 71[AA]: state, vaster ~ old;

122 71[AA]: life—the ~ life—the 76[CS]:  
 them-/selves,



Lifted, illumin'd, bathed in peace—elate, secure in peace. ◦

## 7

Away with themes of war! away with war itself!  
 Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return that show of blacken'd,  
     mutilated corpses! 125  
 That hell unpent and raid of blood, fit for wild tigers or for lop-tongued  
     wolves, not reasoning men,  
 And in its stead speed industry's campaigns,  
 With thy undaunted armies, engineering,  
 Thy pennants labor, loosen'd to the breeze,  
 Thy bugles sounding loud and clear. ◦ 130

Away with old romance!  
 Away with novels, plots and plays of foreign courts,  
 Away with love-verses sugar'd in rhyme, the intrigues, amours of idlers,  
 Fitted for only banquets of the night where dancers to late music slide,  
 The unhealthy pleasures, extravagant dissipations of the few, 135  
 With perfumes, heat and wine, beneath the dazzling chandeliers. ◦

To you ye reverent sane sisters,  
 I raise a voice for far superber themes for poets and for art,  
 To exalt the present and the real,  
 To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade, 140  
 To sing in songs how exercise and chemical life are never to be baffled,

123 76[CS]: Peace—elate, [71[AA] reading retained in 81]

124 71[AA]: War itself! [Section 8 begins with 124]

125 71[AA]: sight, to ~ return, that

126 71[AA]: unpent, and ~ blood—fit ~ tigers, or ~ wolves—not ~ men! Copy-text: lop-/tongued

127 71[AA]: Industry's campaigns!

128 71[AA]: Engineering!

129 71[AA]: pennants, Labor, ~ breeze!

130 71[AA]: clear!

132 71[AA]: plots, and ~ courts!

133 71[AA]: love-verses, sugar'd ~ rhyme—the

134 71[AA]: night, where ~ slide;

137 71[AA]: you, ye Reverent, sane Sisters, [Section 9 begins with 137]

71[AA] [Only]: [The following lines appear after 137:]

[1] To this resplendent day, the present scene,

[2] These eyes and ears that like some broad par terre bloom up around, before me,

138 71[AA]: Art,

141 71[AA]: sing, in songs, how ~ baffled; 71[AA]: [The following line appears after 141:]

[1] Boldly to thee, America, to-day! and thee, Immortal Muse!

- To manual work for each and all, to plough, hoe, dig,  
 To plant and tend the tree, the berry, vegetables, flowers,  
 For every man to see to it that he really do something, for every woman too;  
 145 To use the hammer and the saw, (rip, or cross-cut,  
 To cultivate a turn for carpentering, plastering, painting,  
 To work as tailor, tailoress, nurse, hostler, porter,  
 To invent a little, something ingenious, to aid the washing, cooking, cleaning,  
 And hold it no disgrace to take a hand at them themselves. o
- 150 I say I bring thee Muse to-day and here,  
 All occupations, duties broad and close,  
 Toil, healthy toil and sweat, endless, without cessation,  
 The old, old practical burdens, interests, joys,  
 The family, parentage, childhood, husband and wife,  
 155 The house-comforts, the house itself and all its belongings,  
 Food and its preservation, chemistry applied to it,  
 Whatever forms the average, strong, complete, sweet-blooded man or woman,  
     the perfect longeve personality,  
 And helps its present life to health and happiness, and shapes its soul,  
 For the eternal real life to come. o
- 160 With latest connections, works, the inter-transportation of the world,  
 Steam-power, the great express lines, gas, petroleum,  
 These triumphs of our time, the Atlantic's delicate cable,  
 The Pacific railroad, the Suez canal, the Mont Cenis and Gothard and Hoosac  
     tunnels, the Brooklyn bridge,

142 71[AA]: To practical, manual work, for  
 ~ all—to  
 144 71[AA]: something—for  
 145 71[AA]: hammer, and ~ (rip or cross-  
 cut,  
 148 71[AA]: little—something ingenious—to  
 150 71[AA]: thee, Muse, to-day  
 153 71[AA]: old general burdens,  
 155 71[AA]: house-comforts—the ~ itself,  
 and  
 156 71[AA]: preservations—chemistry ~ it;  
 76[CS]: preservation—chemistry ~ it;  
 157 71[AA]: Man ~ Woman—the perfect,  
 longeve Personality, 76[CS]: sweet-/blooded  
 Man ~ Woman—the ~ Personality,

158 71[AA]: happiness—and ~ Soul,  
 159 71[AA]: Real Life  
 160 71[AA]: latest materials, works,/ 76  
 [CS]: latest materials, works, ~ INTER-TRANS-  
 PORTATION ~ World,  
 161 71[AA]: Express  
 162 76[CS]: Cable, [71[AA] reading re-  
 tained in 81]  
 163 71[AA]: Railroad, the ~ Cenis tunnel;/  
 76[CS]: Railroad, ~ Canal, ~ Cenis and  
 Hoosac Tunnels, ~ Bridge;  
 71[AA] [Only]: [The following line ap-  
 pears after 163:]  
 [1] Science advanced, in grandeur and  
 reality, analyzing every thing,

This earth all spann'd with iron rails, with lines of steamships threading  
 every sea,  
 Our own rondure, the current globe I bring. ◦ 165

## 8

And thou America,  
 Thy offspring towering e'er so high, yet higher Thee above all towering,  
 With Victory on thy left, and at thy right hand Law;  
 Thou Union holding all, fusing, absorbing, tolerating all,  
 Thee, ever thee, I sing. ◦ 170

Thou, also thou, a World,  
 With all thy wide geographies, manifold, different, distant,  
 Rounded by thee in one—one common orbic language,  
 One common indivisible destiny for All. ◦

And by the spells which ye vouchsafe to those your ministers in earnest, 175  
 I here personify and call my themes, to make them pass before ye. ◦

Behold, America! (and thou, ineffable guest and sister!)  
 For thee come trooping up thy waters and thy lands;  
 Behold! thy fields and farms, thy far-off woods and mountains,  
 As in procession coming. ◦ 180

Behold, the sea itself,  
 And on its limitless, heaving breast, the ships;

164 71[AA]: This world all ~ rails—with  
 76[CS]: Rails—with ~ Steam-/ships  
 165 71[AA]: Rondure,  
 166 71[AA]: thou, high-towering One—  
 America! 76[CS]: thou, America! [Section  
 10 begins with 166]  
 167 71[AA]: Thy swarm of offspring tower-  
 ing high—yet ~ thee, above 76[CS]: Thy  
 swarm of offspring towering high—yet  
 169 71[AA]: Union, holding all—fusing  
 170 71[AA]: thee, I bring.  
 171 71[AA]: Thou—also ~ world! 76

[CS]: Thou—also ~ World!  
 173 71[AA]: Rounding by ~ One—one 76  
 [CS]: one—One  
 174 71[AA]: destiny and Union./ 76[CS]:  
 destiny, for  
 175 71[AA]: vouchsafe,/To those, your [Sec-  
 tion 11 begins with 175]  
 176 71[AA]: themes,/To  
 177 71[AA]: (And ~ Guest ~ Sister!)  
 178 71[AA]: lands:  
 181 71[AA]: Behold! the ~ itself!  
 182 71[AA]: thy ships: 76[CS]: ships:

See, where their white sails, bellying in the wind, speckle the green and blue,  
 See, the steamers coming and going, steaming in or out of port,  
 185 See, dusky and undulating, the long pennants of smoke. ○

Behold, in Oregon, far in the north and west,  
 Or in Maine, far in the north and east, thy cheerful axemen,  
 Wielding all day their axes. ○

Behold, on the lakes, thy pilots at their wheels, thy oarsmen,  
 190 How the ash writhes under those muscular arms! ○

There by the furnace, and there by the anvil,  
 Behold thy sturdy blacksmiths swinging their sledges,  
 Overhand so steady, overhand they turn and fall with joyous clank,  
 Like a tumult of laughter. ○

195 Mark the spirit of invention everywhere, thy rapid patents,  
 Thy continual workshops, foundries, risen or rising,  
 See, from their chimneys how the tall flame-fires stream. ○

Mark, thy interminable farms, North, South,  
 Thy wealthy daughter-states, Eastern and Western,  
 The varied products of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Georgia, Texas, and  
 200 the rest,  
 Thy limitless crops, grass, wheat, sugar, oil, corn, rice, hemp, hops,  
 Thy barns all fill'd, the endless freight-train and the bulging storehouse,

183 71[AA]: See! where ~ blue!

184 71[AA]: See! thy steamers ~ port! 76  
 [CS]: See! the ~ port!

185 71[AA]: See! dusky ~ undulating, their  
 ~ smoke! 76[CS]: See! dusky

188 71[AA]: axes!

189 71[AA]: wheels—thy oarsmen! 76[CS]:  
 oars-/men!

190 71[AA]: Behold how 76[CS]: Behold,  
 how

192 71[AA]: blacksmiths, swinging ~  
 sledges; 76[CS]: blacksmiths, swinging

193 71[AA]: steady—overhand ~ fall, with  
 76[CS]: steady—overhand

194 71[AA]: [The following lines appear—  
 after a space—after 194:]

[1] Behold! (for still the procession  
 moves,)

[2] Behold, Mother of All, thy countless  
 sailors, boatmen, coasters!

[3] The myriads of thy young and old  
 mechanics!

195 71[AA]: Mark—mark the spirit ~  
 everywhere—thy

196 71[AA]: rising;

197 71[AA]: chimneys, how ~ flame-/fires  
 stream!

199 71[AA]: Daughter-States,

200 71[AA]: rest;

201 71[AA]: crops—grass, ~ sugar, corn,

202 71[AA]: fill'd—thy endless freight-trains,  
 and thy ~ store-houses,

The grapes that ripen on thy vines, the apples in thy orchards,  
 Thy incalculable lumber, beef, pork, potatoes, thy coal, thy gold and silver,  
 The inexhaustible iron in thy mines. ○ 205

All thine O sacred Union!  
 Ships, farms, shops, barns, factories, mines,  
 City and State, North, South, item and aggregate,  
 We dedicate, dread Mother, all to thee! ○

Protectress absolute, thou! bulwark of all! 210  
 For well we know that while thou givest each and all, (generous as God,)  
 Without thee neither all nor each, nor land, home,  
 Nor ship, nor mine, nor any here this day secure,  
 Nor aught, nor any day secure. ○

## 9

And thou, the Emblem waving over all! 215  
 Delicate beauty, a word to thee, (it may be salutary,)  
 Remember thou hast not always been as here to-day so comfortably  
 ensovereign'd,  
 In other scenes than these have I observ'd thee flag,  
 Not quite so trim and whole and freshly blooming in folds of stainless silk,  
 But I have seen thee bunting, to tatters torn upon thy splinter'd staff, 220  
 Or clutch'd to some young color-bearer's breast with desperate hands,  
 Savagely struggled for, for life or death, fought over long,  
 'Mid cannons' thunder-crash and many a curse and groan and yell, and  
 rifle-volleys cracking sharp,

203 71[AA]: vines—the

204 71[AA]: potatoes—thy coal—thy

206 71[AA]: thine, O [Section 12 begins with 206]

207 71[AA]: Ship, farm, shop,

208 71[AA]: State—North,

210 71[AA]: Bulwark

212 71[AA]: thee, neither [76[CS] reading retained in 81]

213 71[AA]: † Ship, nor mine—nor ~ here, this day, secure,

214 71[AA]: day, secure.

215 71[AA]: thy Emblem, waving [Section 13 begins with 215]

216 71[AA]: beauty! a ~ salutary;) 76 [CS]: Beauty! a ~ salutary;)

217 71[AA]: Remember, thou ~ been, as ~ to-day, so ~ ensovereign'd; 76[CS]: Remember, thou ~ been, as ~ to-day, so ~ ensovereign'd:

218 71[AA]: thee, flag; 76[CS]: thee, flag,

219 71[AA]: whole, and ~ blooming, in ~ silk; Copy-text: stain-/less

220 71[AA]: thee, bunting, ~ torn, upon

221 71[AA]: breast, with

222 71[AA]: death—fought

223 71[AA]: cannon's thunder-crash, and ~ curse, and ~ yell—and

And moving masses as wild demons surging, and lives as nothing risk'd,  
 225 For thy mere remnant grimed with dirt and smoke and sopp'd in blood,  
 For sake of that, my beauty, and that thou might'st dally as now secure  
 up there,  
 Many a good man have I seen go under. ◦

Now here and these and hence in peace, all thine O Flag!  
 And here and hence for thee, O universal Muse! and thou for them!  
 230 And here and hence O Union, all the work and workmen thine!  
 None separate from thee—henceforth One only, we and thou,  
 (For the blood of the children, what is it, only the blood maternal?  
 And lives and works, what are they all at last, except the roads to faith  
 and death?) ◦

While we rehearse our measureless wealth, it is for thee, dear Mother,  
 235 We own it all and several to-day indissoluble in thee;  
 Think not our chant, our show, merely for products gross or lucre—it is for  
 thee, the soul in thee, electric, spiritual!  
 Our farms, inventions, crops, we own in thee! cities and States in thee!  
 Our freedom all in thee! our very lives in thee! ◦

224 71[AA]: masses, as ~ surging—and

225 71[AA]: remnant, grimed ~ smoke, and ~ blood;

226 71[AA]: beauty—and ~ dally, as now, secure

228 71[AA]: here, and these, and hence, in ~ thine, O [Section 14 begins with 228]

229 71[AA]: here, and hence, for 76[CS]: here, and hence, for ~ Universal

230 71[AA]: hence, O

71[AA][Only]: [The following line appears after 230:]

[1] The poets, women, sailors, soldiers, farmers, miners, students thine!

231 71[AA]: Thee—henceforth one ~ Thou; 76[CS]: Thee—henceforth one ~ We ~

Thou;

232 71[AA]: children—what is it only ~ Maternal? 76[CS]: Children—what ~ Maternal?

233 71[AA]: works—what ~ last except ~ Faith ~ Death?) 76[CS]: works—what ~ Faith ~ Death?)

234 71[AA]: Mother! 76[CS]: Thee, dear Mother!

235 71[AA]: Thee;

236 71[AA]: —Think ~ gross, or ~ Thee, the Soul, electric, 76[CS]: —Think ~ gross, or ~ Thee, the Soul in

237 71[AA]: Thee! Cities ~ Thee!

238 71[AA]: Thee! our ~ Thee!

LEAVES  
*of*  
GRASS.

Washington, D. C.

1871.

 See ADVERTISEMENT at end of this Volume.

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## As I Ponder'd in Silence.

As I ponder'd in silence,  
 Returning upon my poems, considering, lingering long,  
 A Phantom arose before me with distrustful aspect,  
 Terrible in beauty, age, and power,  
 The genius of poets of old lands, 5  
 As to me directing like flame its eyes,  
 With finger pointing to many immortal songs,  
 And menacing voice, *What singest thou?* it said,  
*Know'st thou not there is but one theme for ever-enduring bards?*  
*And that is the theme of War, the fortune of battles,* 10  
*The making of perfect soldiers. o*

*Be it so, then I answer'd,*  
*I too haughty Shade also sing war, and a longer and greater one than any,*  
*Waged in my book with varying fortune, with flight, advance and retreat,*  
*victory deferr'd and wavering,*  
*(Yet methinks certain, or as good as certain, at the last,) the field the world,* 15  
*For life and death, for the Body and for the eternal Soul,*  
*Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,*  
*I above all promote brave soldiers. o*

Title: 71: AS I PONDER'D IN SILENCE.

71: [Section numbers]

1 71: [Section 1 begins with 1]

3 71: me, with

8 71: said;

9 71: *not, there*

11 71: *soldiers?*

12 71: [Section 2 begins with 12]

13 71: *too, haughty Shade, also ~ war—and*

14 71: *fortune—with ~ advance, and retreat*  
 —*Victory*

15 71: (*Yet, methinks, certain, ~ last,*)—*The*  
 ~ *world;*

16 71: *death—for ~ Body, and*

17 71: *Lol I*

18 71: *I, above all, promote*

## In Cabin'd Ships at Sea.

In cabin'd ships at sea,  
 The boundless blue on every side expanding,  
 With whistling winds and music of the waves, the large imperious waves,  
 Or some lone bark buoy'd on the dense marine,  
 5 Where joyous full of faith, spreading white sails,  
 She cleaves the ether mid the sparkle and the foam of day, or under many a  
     star at night,  
 By sailors young and old haply will I, a reminiscence of the land, be read,  
 In full rapport at last. ◦

*Here are our thoughts, voyagers' thoughts,*  
 10 *Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by them be said,*  
*The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath our feet,*  
*We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,*  
*The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world,*  
     *the liquid-flowing syllables,*  
*The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm,*  
 15 *The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,*  
*And this is ocean's poem. ◦*

Then falter not O book, fulfil your destiny,

Title: 71: IN CABIN'D SHIPS AT SEA.

71: [Section numbers]

- 1 71: ships, at [Section 1 begins with 1]  
 3 71: waves—the ~ waves—In such,  
 4 71: bark, buoy'd  
 5 71: Where, joyous, full  
 6 71: ether, mid  
 7 71: old, haply

9 71: *thoughts—voyagers'* [Section 2 begins with 9]

10 71: *said;*

11 71: *here—we*

12 71: *pulsation—ebb ~ motion;*

13 71: *mystery—the ~ world—the*

15 71: *vista, and ~ dim, are*

16 71: *Ocean's*

17 71: *not, O book! fulfil ~ destiny!* [Section 3 begins with 17]

You not a reminiscence of the land alone,  
 You too as a lone bark cleaving the ether, purpos'd I know not whither, yet  
     ever full of faith,  
 Consort to every ship that sails, sail you! 20  
 Bear forth to them folded my love, (dear mariners, for you I fold it here in  
     every leaf;)

Speed on my book! spread your white sails my little bark athwart the  
     imperious waves,  
 Chant on, sail on, bear o'er the boundless blue from me to every sea,  
 This song for mariners and all their ships. o

## For Him I Sing.

For him I sing,  
 I raise the present on the past,  
 (As some perennial tree out of its roots, the present on the past,)

With time and space I him dilate and fuse the immortal laws,  
 To make himself by them the law unto himself. o 5

18 71: You, not  
 19 71: too, as ~ bark, cleaving ~ ether—  
 purpos'd ~ whither—yet  
 20 71: sails—sail

21 71: them, folded, my love—(Dear mar-  
 iners! for ~ here, in  
 22 71: on, my Book! ~ sails, my ~ bark,  
 athwart ~ waves!  
 23 71: on—sail on—bear ~ blue, from me,  
 to every shore,

*Title:* 71: FOR HIM I SING.

2 71: Present ~ Past,  
 3 71: tree, out ~ past:)

4 71: dilate—and  
 5 71: himself, by them, the

## To Thee Old Cause.

To thee old cause!  
 Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,  
 Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,  
 Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands,  
 5 After a strange sad war, great war for thee,  
 (I think all war through time was really fought, and ever will be really fought,  
     for thee,)  
 These chants for thee, the eternal march of thee. ◦

(A war O soldiers not for itself alone,  
 Far, far more stood silently waiting behind, now to advance in this book.) ◦

10 Thou orb of many orbs!  
 Thou seething principle! thou well-kept, latent germ! thou centre!  
 Around the idea of thee the war revolving,  
 With all its angry and vehement play of causes,  
 (With vast results to come for thrice a thousand years,)  
 15 These recitatives for thee,—my book and the war are one,  
 Merged in its spirit I and mine, as the contest hinged on thee,  
 As a wheel on its axis turns, this book unwitting to itself,  
 Around the idea of thee. ◦

*Title:* 71: TO THEE, OLD CAUSE!

1 71: thee, old Cause!  
 2 71: cause!  
 3 71: Idea!  
 4 71: lands!  
 5 71: strange, sad war—great  
 6 71: thee;)  
 7 71: thee—the  
 8 71: [Not present]

9 71: [Not present]  
 11 71: principle! Thou ~ germ! Thou  
 12 71: thee the strange sad  
 14 71: (With yet unknown results ~ come,  
     for  
 15 71: thee—my Book ~ War  
 16 71: mine—as  
 17 71: Book, unwitting  
 18 71: Idea



## The Base of All Metaphysics.

And now gentlemen,  
A word I give to remain in your memories and minds,  
As base and finale too for all metaphysics. ◦

(So to the students the old professor,  
At the close of his crowded course.) ◦ 5

Having studied the new and antique, the Greek and Germanic systems,  
Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,  
Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,  
And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine having studied  
long,

I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems, 10  
See the philosophies all, Christian churches and tenets see,  
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ the divine I see,  
The dear love of man for his comrade, the attraction of friend to friend,  
Of the well-married husband and wife, of children and parents,  
Of city for city and land for land. ◦ 15

*Title:* 7I: The Base of all Metaphysics.

7I: [Stanza numbers]

1 7I: now, gentlemen,

3 7I: base, and finale too, for

4 7I: (So, to ~ students, the

7 7I: stated—Fichte

8 7I: Plato—and Socrates, greater

9 7I: stated—Christ

11 7I: all—Christian

12 7I: see—and

13 7I: comrade—the

14 7I: wife—of

15 7I: city, and

[*Aroused and Angry*].

*Aroused and angry,  
I thought to beat the alarum, and urge relentless war;  
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd, and I resign'd myself,  
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead. °*

## Adieu to a Soldier.

Adieu O soldier,  
You of the rude campaigning, (which we shared,)  
The rapid march, the life of the camp,  
The hot contention of opposing fronts, the long manœuvre,  
5 Red battles with their slaughter, the stimulus, the strong terrific game,  
Spell of all brave and manly hearts, the trains of time through you and like  
of you all fill'd,  
With war and war's expression. °

Adieu dear comrade,  
Your mission is fulfill'd—but I, more warlike,  
10 Myself and this contentious soul of mine,

*Title:* 71: *Untitled*. [Text is 71] [In 81 these lines were incorporated into the Drum-Taps. poem *The Wound-Dresser*, as 4-6. See 11 480 and *Title-* note, 11 453]

*Title:* 71: ADIEU TO A SOLDIER.

1 71: Adieu, O soldier!

4 71: fronts—the ~ manœuvre,

5 71: slaughter,—the stimulus—the strong, terrific

6 71: hearts—the ~ Time ~ you, and ~ you, all

7 71: war, and

8 71: Adieu, dear comrade!

10 71: Myself, and

Still on our own campaigning bound,  
 Through untried roads with ambushes opponents lined,  
 Through many a sharp defeat and many a crisis, often baffled,  
 Here marching, ever marching on, a war fight out—aye here,  
 To fiercer, weightier battles give expression. ○ 15

### Delicate Cluster.

Delicate cluster! flag of teeming life!  
 Covering all my lands—all my seashores lining!  
 Flag of death! (how I watch'd you through the smoke of battle pressing!  
 How I heard you flap and rustle, cloth defiant!)  
 Flag cerulean—sunny flag, with the orbs of night dappled! 5  
 Ah my silvery beauty—ah my woolly white and crimson!  
 Ah to sing the song of you, my matron mighty!  
 My sacred one, my mother. ○

### Ethiopia Saluting the Colors.

Who are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human,  
 With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?  
 Why rising by the roadside here, do you the colors greet? ○

('Tis while our army lines Carolina's sands and pines,  
 Forth from thy hovel door thou Ethiopia com'st to me, 5  
 As under doughty Sherman I march toward the sea.) ○

12 71: roads, with ambushes, opponents

13 71: crisis—often

*Title:* 71: DELICATE CLUSTER.

2 71: lands! all ~ sea-shores

5 71: cerulean! sunny flag! with

6 71: beauty! ah

*Title:* 71: ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS./  
 (*A Reminiscence of 1864.*)

71: [Stanza numbers centered]

1 71: you, dusky ~ ancient, hardly

3 71: Why, rising

4 71: sand

5 71: door, thou, Ethiopia, com'st  
 : As, under ~ Sherman, I

*Me master years a hundred since from my parents sunder'd,  
A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is caught,  
Then hither me across the sea the cruel slaver brought. o*

- 10 No further does she say, but lingering all the day,  
Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,  
And courtesies to the regiments, the guidons moving by. o

- What is it fateful woman, so blear, hardly human?  
Why wag your head with turban bound, yellow, red and green?  
15 Are the things so strange and marvelous you see or have seen? o

### Still Though the One I Sing.

Still though the one I sing,  
(One, yet of contradictions made,) I dedicate to Nationality,  
I leave in him revolt, (O latent right of insurrection! O quenchless,  
indispensable fire!) o

### ONE SONG, AMERICA, BEFORE I GO.

ONE song, America, before I go,  
I'd sing, o'er all the rest, with trumpet sound,

- 7 71: *Me, master, years a hundred, since*  
8 71: *caught;*  
9 71: *me, across ~ sea, the*  
12 71: *curtseys*

- 13 71: *it, fateful woman—so*  
14 71: *head, with ~ bound—yellow,*  
15 71: *marvelous, you*

- Title:* 71: STILL THOUGH THE ONE I SING.  
1 71: Still, though

- 3 71: Revolt,

*Title:* 72[ASB]: *As above.* [Except for the title-poem (III 634), all 72[ASB] poem titles (III 632–649) in small capitals, italic; font not available] [The first of two prefatory poems (for the second, see *My Legacy*, III 633–634) in the 72 volume *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free*. [ASB] (see also III 634, 641, 646, 648, 649). This volume was added as an annex to

76 *Two Rivulets*, 76[TR]. In 81 Whitman replaced the first line of ONE SONG, AMERICA, BEFORE I GO. with two others, and, with revisions, used lines 2–12 of the poem as the new opening stanza of *Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood*. (See III 634–635). Text is 72[ASB]]

*LEAVES OF GRASS.*

*As a Strong Bird on  
Pinions Free.*

*AND OTHER POEMS.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1872.

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ADVERTISEMENT.	

For thee—the Future. ◦

I'd sow a seed for thee of endless Nationality;  
 I'd fashion thy Ensemble, including Body and Soul; 5  
 I'd show, away ahead, thy real Union, and how it may be accomplish'd. ◦

(The paths to the House I seek to make,  
 But leave to those to come, the House itself.) ◦

Belief I sing—and Preparation;  
 As Life and Nature are not great with reference to the Present only, 10  
 But greater still from what is yet to come,  
 Out of that formula for Thee I sing. ◦

### My Legacy.

The business man the acquirer vast,  
 After assiduous years surveying results, preparing for departure,  
 Devises houses and lands to his children, bequeaths stocks, goods, funds for a  
     school or hospital,  
 Leaves money to certain companions to buy tokens, souvenirs of gems and  
     gold. ◦

*Title:* 72[ASB]: SOUVENIRS OF DEMOCRACY.  
 [Appears in 76[TR] without change. See  
*Title-note*, III 632]

1 72[ASB]: man, the

2 72[ASB]: years, surveying

3 72[ASB]: children—bequeaths ~ goods—  
 funds

4 72[ASB]: gold;

72[ASB]: [The following lines appear  
 after 4:]

[1] Parceling out with care—And then, to  
 prevent all cavil,

[2] His name to his testament formally  
 signs. [Space between [2] and 5]

- 5 But I, my life surveying, closing,  
 With nothing to show to devise from its idle years,  
 Nor houses nor lands, nor tokens of gems or gold for my friends,  
 Yet certain remembrances of the war for you, and after you,  
 And little souvenirs of camps and soldiers, with my love,  
 10 I bind together and bequeath in this bundle of songs. ◦

### Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood.

#### I

Thou Mother with thy equal brood,  
 Thou varied chain of different States, yet one identity only,  
 A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all the rest,  
 For thee, the future. ◦

- 5 I'd sow a seed for thee of endless Nationality,

5 72[ASB]: surveying,  
 6 72[ASB]: show, to devise, from  
 7 72[ASB]: houses, nor lands—nor  
 72[ASB]: [The following lines appear  
 after 7:]  
 [1] Only these Souvenirs of Democracy—  
 In them—in all my songs—behind me leav-  
 ing,  
 [2] To You, whoever you are, (bathing,  
 leavening this leaf especially with my breath  
 —pressing on it a moment with my own  
 hands;

[3] —Here! feel how the pulse beats in my  
 wrists!—how my heart's-blood is swelling,  
 contracting!)

[4] I will You, in all, Myself, with promise  
 to never desert you,

[5] To which I sign my name,/Walt  
 Whitman [facsimile signature]

8 72[ASB]: [Not present] 81: you. [Terminal  
 period—probable printer's error] 82: [Final  
 reading]

9 72[ASB]: [Not present]

10 72[ASB]: [Not present]

*Title:* 72[ASB]: *AS A STRONG BIRD ON  
 PINIONS FREE*. [See *Title-note*, III 632;  
 lines 1–13 of this poem are collated with 1–12  
 of *ONE SONG, AMERICA, BEFORE I GO*, III 632–  
 633] [Section numbers] 81: *Thou Mother  
 with Thy Equal Brood*. [In lines 35, 40, 46,  
 76[TR] variants are only in *Two Rivulets*,  
*Author's Edition*; *Two Rivulets*, 'Centennial  
 Ed'n --- 1876', retains 72[ASB] readings]

1 72[ASB]: [Not present]

72[ASB]: [The following line appears in-  
 stead of 1:]

[1] One song, America, before I go,

2 72[ASB]: [Not present]

3 72[ASB]: † I'd sing, o'er ~ rest, with  
 trumpet sound,

4 72[ASB]: thee—the Future.

5 72[ASB]: Nationality;



I'd fashion thy ensemble including body and soul,  
I'd show away ahead thy real Union, and how it may be accomplish'd. ◦

The paths to the house I seek to make,  
But leave to those to come the house itself. ◦

Belief I sing, and preparation; 10  
As Life and Nature are not great with reference to the present only,  
But greater still from what is yet to come,  
Out of that formula for thee I sing. ◦

2

As a strong bird on pinions free,  
Joyous, the amplest spaces heavenward cleaving, 15  
Such be the thought I'd think of thee America,  
Such be the recitative I'd bring for thee. ◦

The conceits of the poets of other lands I'd bring thee not,  
Nor the compliments that have served their turn so long,  
Nor rhyme, nor the classics, nor perfume of foreign court or indoor library; 20  
But an odor I'd bring as from forests of pine in Maine, or breath of an Illinois  
prairie,  
With open airs of Virginia or Georgia or Tennessee, or from Texas uplands, or  
Florida's glades,  
Or the Saguenay's black stream, or the wide blue spread of Huron,  
With presentment of Yellowstone's scenes, or Yosemite,  
And murmuring under, pervading all, I'd bring the rustling sea-sound, 25  
That endlessly sounds from the two Great Seas of the world. ◦

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>6 72[ASB]: Ensemble, including Body ~ Soul;<br/>7 72[ASB]: show, away ahead, thy<br/>8 72[ASB]: (The ~ House<br/>9 72[ASB]: come, the House itself.)<br/>10 72[ASB]: sing—and Preparation;<br/>11 72[ASB]: Present<br/>13 72[ASB]: Thee<br/>14 72[ASB]: [Section 1 begins with 14]<br/>16 72[ASB]: think to-day of thee, America,<br/>17 72[ASB]: bring to-day ~ thee.* [Whitman's footnote added]: *Commencement</p> | <p>Poem, Dartmouth College, N.H., June 26, 1872, on invitation United Literary Societies.<br/>18 72[ASB]: lands I<br/>20 72[ASB]: rhyme—nor ~ classics—nor ~ court, or<br/>21 72[ASB]: bring to-day as ~ in the north, in Maine—or<br/>22 72[ASB]: Virginia, or Georgia, or Tennessee—or<br/>23 72[ASB]: [Not present]<br/>24 72[ASB]: Yosemite;<br/>25 Copy-text: sea-/sound,<br/>26 72[ASB]: great seas</p> |
|--|---|

And for thy subtler sense subtler refrains dread Mother,  
 Preludes of intellect tallying these and thee, mind-formulas fitted for thee, real  
 and sane and large as these and thee,  
 Thou! mounting higher, diving deeper than we knew, thou transcendental  
 Union!

- 30 By thee fact to be justified, blended with thought,  
 Thought of man justified, blended with God,  
 Through thy idea, lo, the immortal reality!  
 Through thy reality, lo, the immortal idea! ◦

## 3

- Brain of the New World, what a task is thine,  
 35 To formulate the Modern—out of the peerless grandeur of the modern,  
 Out of thyself, comprising science, to recast poems, churches, art,  
 (Recast, may-be discard them, end them—may-be their work is done, who  
 knows?)  
 By vision, hand, conception, on the background of the mighty past, the dead,  
 To limn with absolute faith the mighty living present. ◦

- 40 And yet thou living present brain, heir of the dead, the Old World brain,  
 Thou that lay folded like an unborn babe within its folds so long,  
 Thou carefully prepared by it so long—haply thou but unfoldest it, only  
 maturest it,  
 It to eventuate in thee—the essence of the by-gone time contain'd in thee,

27 72[ASB]: sense, subtler refrains, O Union!/  
 28 72[ASB]: thee—mind-/formulas ~ thee—  
 real, and sane, and ~ thee;

29 72[ASB]: Thou, mounting ~ knew—  
 thou

30 72[ASB]: Fact ~ justified—blended ~  
 Thought;

31 72[ASB]: Man justified—blended ~  
 God:

32 72[ASB]: Idea—lo! the ~ Reality!

33 72[ASB]: Reality—lo! the ~ Idea!

34 72[ASB]: World! what ~ thine! [Section  
 2 begins with 34]

35 72[ASB]: Modern . . . . . Out 76[TR]:  
 Modern . . . . . Out

36 72[ASB]: Thyself—comprising Science—  
 to ~ Poems, Churches, Art,

37 72[ASB]: (Recast—may-be ~ them—  
 May-be ~ done—who

39 72[ASB]: limn, with ~ faith, the

40 72[ASB]: yet, thou living, present brain!  
 heir ~ brain! 76[TR]: (And yet, thou living,  
 present brain! heir ~ brain!

41 72[ASB]: folded, like ~ babe, within ~  
 long!

42 72[ASB]: long!—haply ~ it—only ~ it;  
 43 72[ASB]: thee;

Its poems, churches, arts, unwitting to themselves, destined with reference to thee;

Thou but the apples, long, long, long a-growing, 45  
The fruit of all the Old ripening to-day in thee. ◦

4

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,  
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,  
The Past is also stored in thee,  
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western continent  
alone, 50

Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel O ship, is steadied by thy spars,  
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with  
thee,

With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the  
other continents,

Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port triumphant;  
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye O helmsman, thou carriest  
great companions, 55

Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,  
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee. ◦

5

Beautiful world of new superber birth that rises to my eyes,  
Like a limitless golden cloud filling the western sky,  
Emblem of general maternity lifted above all, 60

44 72[ASB]: thee,

45 72[ASB]: [Not present]

46 72[ASB]: Old, ripening 76[TR]: Old, ripening ~ thee.)

47 72[ASB]: Sail—sail ~ Democracy! [Section 3 begins with 47]

48 72[ASB]: freight—'tis

49 72[ASB]: thee!

50 72[ASB]: alone—not of thy western ~ alone;

51 72[ASB]: keel, O ship—is ~ spars;

52 72[ASB]: trust—the ~ thee;

53 72[ASB]: continents;

54 72[ASB]: destination-/port triumphant:

55 72[ASB]: —Steer, steer with ~ eye, O helmsman—thou carryest

56 72[ASB]: Venerable, priestly

57 72[ASB]: royal, feudal

58 72[ASB]: World of new, superber Birth, that [Section 4 begins with 58]

59 72[ASB]: cloud, filling ~ sky;

60 72[ASB]: Maternity, lifted ~ all;

Sacred shape of the bearer of daughters and sons,  
 Out of thy teeming womb thy giant babes in ceaseless procession issuing,  
 Acceding from such gestation, taking and giving continual strength and life,  
 World of the real—world of the twain in one,  
 World of the soul, born by the world of the real alone, led to identity, body,  
 65 by it alone,  
 Yet in beginning only, incalculable masses of composite precious materials,  
 By history's cycles forwarded, by every nation, language, hither sent,  
 Ready, collected here, a freer, vast, electric world, to be constructed here,  
 (The true New World, the world of orbic science, morals, literatures to come,)  
 70 Thou wonder world yet undefined, uniform'd, neither do I define thee,  
 How can I pierce the impenetrable blank of the future?  
 I feel thy ominous greatness evil as well as good,  
 I watch thee advancing, absorbing the present, transcending the past,  
 I see thy light lighting, and thy shadow shadowing, as if the entire globe,  
 75 But I do not undertake to define thee, hardly to comprehend thee,  
 I but thee name, thee prophesy, as now,  
 I merely thee ejaculate! o

Thee in thy future,  
 Thee in thy only permanent life, career, thy own unloosen'd mind, thy soaring  
 spirit,  
 Thee as another equally needed sun, radiant, ablaze, swift-moving, fructifying  
 80 all,  
 Thee risen in potent cheerfulness and joy, in endless great hilarity,  
 Scattering for good the cloud that hung so long, that weigh'd so long upon the  
 mind of man,

- |    |   |   |
|----|---|---|
| 61 | 72[ASB]: sons;  | form'd—neither ~ thee;  |
| 62 | 72[ASB]: womb, thy                                    | 72 72[ASB]: greatness, evil ~ good;   |
| 63 | 72[ASB]: life;  | 73 72[ASB]: thee, advancing, ~ past;  |
| 64 | 72[ASB]: Real! world ~ one!                           | 74 72[ASB]: lighting and ~ globe;   |
| 65 | 72[ASB]: Soul—born ~ alone—led ~<br>alone;            | 75 72[ASB]: thee—hardly ~ thee;   |
| 66 | 72[ASB]: only—incalculable ~ com-<br>posite, precious | 76 72[ASB]: name—thee prophecy—as now!                                      |
| 67 | 72[ASB]: forwarded—by                                 | 78 72[ASB]: future;   |
| 68 | 72[ASB]: here—a ~ World,                              | 79 72[ASB]: career—thy ~ mind—thy ~<br>spirit;                              |
| 69 | 72[ASB]: World—the ~ Science, Morals,<br>Literatures  | 80 72[ASB]: sun, America—radiant, ~ all;                                    |
| 70 | 72[ASB]: Wonder World, yet ~ un-                      | 81 72[ASB]: Thee! risen in thy potent ~<br>joy—thy endless, great hilarity! |
|    |   | 82 72[ASB]: (Scattering ~ long—that   |

The doubt, suspicion, dread, of gradual, certain decadence of man;  
 Thee in thy larger, saner brood of female, male—thee in thy athletes, moral,  
 spiritual, South, North, West, East,  
 (To thy immortal breasts, Mother of All, thy every daughter, son, endear'd  
 alike, forever equal,) 85  
 Thee in thy own musicians, singers, artists, unborn yet, but certain,  
 Thee in thy moral wealth and civilization, (until which thy proudest material  
 civilization must remain in vain,)  
 Thee in thy all-supplying, all-enclosing worship—thee in no single bible,  
 saviour, merely,  
 Thy saviours countless, latent within thyself, thy bibles incessant within  
 thyself, equal to any, divine as any,  
 (Thy soaring course thee formulating, not in thy two great wars, nor in thy  
 century's visible growth, 90  
 But far more in these leaves and chants, thy chants, great Mother!)  
 Thee in an education grown of thee, in teachers, studies, students, born of thee,  
 Thee in thy democratic fêtes en-masse, thy high original festivals, operas,  
 lecturers, preachers,  
 Thee in thy ultimata, (the preparations only now completed, the edifice on  
 sure foundations tied,)  
 Thee in thy pinnacles, intellect, thought, thy topmost rational joys, thy love  
 and godlike aspiration, 95  
 In thy resplendent coming literati, thy full-lung'd orators, thy sacerdotal bards,  
 kosmic savans,  
 These! these in thee, (certain to come,) to-day I prophesy. ◦

6

Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for the good alone, all good for thee,

- |    |  |    |   |
|----|--|----|---|
| 83 | 72[ASB]: man;)   | 92 | 72[ASB]: thee—in ~ thee;  |
| 84 | 72[ASB]: saner breeds ~ Female, Male—<br>thee                  | 93 | 72[ASB]: fêtes, en masse—thy ~ preach-<br>ers;                                    |
| 85 | 72[ASB]: equal;)   | 94 | 72[ASB]: completed—the  |
| 86 | 72[ASB]: certain;  | 95 | 72[ASB]: thought—thy top-/most ~<br>joys—thy love, and                            |
| 87 | 72[ASB]: proudest material wealth and<br>civilization ~ vain;) | 96 | 72[ASB]: literati—thy ~ orators—thy ~<br>bards—kosmic                             |
| 88 | 72[ASB]: Worship—thee  | 97 | 72[ASB]: prophecy.  |
| 89 | 72[ASB]: thyself—thy ~ incessant, with-<br>in ~ any;           | 98 | 72[ASB]: all—accepting all—not ~ alone<br>—all ~ thee; [Section 5 begins with 98] |
| 90 | 72[ASB]: [Not present]   |    |   |
| 91 | 72[ASB]: [Not present]   |    |   |

Land in the realms of God to be a realm unto thyself,  
100 Under the rule of God to be a rule unto thyself. ◦

(Lo, where arise three peerless stars,  
To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble, Evolution, Freedom,  
Set in the sky of Law.) ◦

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,  
105 Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,  
The general inner earth so long so sedulously draped over, now hence for what  
it is boldly laid bare,  
Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit or bale. ◦

Not for success alone,  
Not to fair-sail unintermitted always,  
The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse than war shall  
110 cover thee all over,  
(Wert capable of war, its tug and trials? be capable of peace, its trials,  
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperous peace, not  
war;)  
In many a smiling mask death shall approach beguiling thee, thou in disease  
shalt swelter,  
The livid cancer spread its hideous claws, clinging upon thy breasts, seeking to  
strike thee deep within,  
115 Consumption of the worst, moral consumption, shall rouge thy face with hectic,  
But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy diseases, and surmount them all,  
Whatever they are to-day and whatever through time they may be,  
They each and all shall lift and pass away and cease from thee,

99 72[ASB]: thy-/self;

101 72[ASB]: (Lo! where

102 72[ASB]: stars, my country—Ensemble  
—Evolution—Freedom,

104 72[ASB]: faith—God's faith!

105 72[ASB]: upheav'd;

106 72[ASB]: earth, so long, so ~ now and

107 72[ASB]: light, for

108 72[ASB]: alone;

109 72[ASB]: always;

110 72[ASB]: face—the ~ war, and ~ war,

shall ~ over;

111 72[ASB]: war—its ~ Be ~ trials;

112 72[ASB]: in peace—not

113 72[ASB]: approach, beguiling thee—  
thou ~ swelter;

114 72[ASB]: within;

115 72[ASB]: worst—moral consumption—  
shall ~ hectic:

117 72[ASB]: to-day, and

118 72[ASB]: lift, and ~ away, and ~ thee;

While thou, Time's spirals rounding, out of thyself, thyself still extricating,  
 fusing,  
 Equable, natural, mystical Union thou, (the mortal with immortal blent,) 120  
 Shalt soar toward the fulfilment of the future, the spirit of the body and the  
 mind,  
 The soul, its destinies. ◦

The soul, its destinies, the real real,  
 (Purport of all these apparitions of the real;)  
 In thee America, the soul, its destinies, 125  
 Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!  
 By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd, (by these thyself solidifying,)  
 Thou mental, moral orb—thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!  
 The Present holds thee not—for such vast growth as thine,  
 For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine, 130  
 The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee. ◦

## The Mystic Trumpeter.

### I

Hark, some wild trumpeter, some strange musician,  
 Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to-night. ◦

119 72[ASB]: rounding—out

120 72[ASB]: thou—(the

121 72[ASB]: future—the

122 72[ASB]: Soul—its

123 72[ASB]: Soul, ~ destinies—the

125 72[ASB]: thee, America, ~ Soul, ~  
 destinies;

127 72[ASB]: convuls'd—(by ~ solidify-  
 ing;)

128 72[ASB]: orb! thou

129 72[ASB]: thine—for such unparallel'd  
 flight as thine,

130 72[ASB]: [Not present—part of 129]

131 72[ASB]: Future ~ thee, and

*Title:* 72[ASB]: THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER. [See  
*Title-note*, III 632]

1 72[ASB]: Hark! some ~ trumpeter—some

2 72[ASB]: to-/night.

I hear thee trumpeter, listening alert I catch thy notes,  
 Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,  
 5 Now low, subdued, now in the distance lost. ○

## 2

Come nearer bodiless one, haply in thee resounds  
 Some dead composer, haply thy pensive life  
 Was fill'd with aspirations high, unform'd ideals,  
 Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,  
 10 That now ecstatic ghost, close to me bending, thy cornet echoing, pealing,  
 Gives out to no one's ears but mine, but freely gives to mine,  
 That I may thee translate. ○

## 3

Blow trumpeter free and clear, I follow thee,  
 While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,  
 15 The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day withdraw,  
 A holy calm descends like dew upon me,  
 I walk in cool refreshing night the walks of Paradise,  
 I scent the grass, the moist air and the roses;  
 Thy song expands my numb'd imbonded spirit, thou freest, launchest me,  
 20 Floating and basking upon heaven's lake. ○

## 4

Blow again trumpeter! and for my sensuous eyes,  
 Bring the old pageants, show the feudal world. ○

- |    |  |    |                                       |
|----|--|----|---------------------------------------|
| 3  | 72[ASB]: thee, trumpeter—listening, alert, | —I |                                       |
| 1  |  |    |                                       |
| 5  | 72[ASB]: subdued—now                       | 15 | 72[ASB]: day, withdraw;               |
| 6  | 72[ASB]: nearer, bodiless one—haply, in    | 16 | 72[ASB]: descends, like dew, upon     |
| 7  | 72[ASB]: composer—haply                    | 17 | 72[ASB]: walk, in ~ night, the        |
| 8  | 72[ASB]: high—unform'd                     | 18 | 72[ASB]: air, and                     |
| 10 | 72[ASB]: now, ecstatic                     | 19 | 72[ASB]: numb'd, imbonded spirit—thou |
| 11 | 72[ASB]: mine—but                          | 20 | 72[ASB]: Heaven's                     |
| 13 | 72[ASB]: Blow, trumpeter, free ~ clear     | 21 | 72[ASB]: again, trumpeter!            |
|    |  | 22 | 72[ASB]: pageants—show                |



What charm thy music works! thou makest pass before me,  
 Ladies and cavaliers long dead, barons are in their castle halls, the troubadours  
     are singing,  
 Arm'd knights go forth to redress wrongs, some in quest of the holy Graal;      25  
 I see the tournament, I see the contestants incased in heavy armor seated on  
     stately champing horses,  
 I hear the shouts, the sounds of blows and smiting steel;  
 I see the Crusaders' tumultuous armies—hark, how the cymbals clang,  
 Lo, where the monks walk in advance, bearing the cross on high.   o

## 5

Blow again trumpeter! and for thy theme,      30  
 Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent and the setting,  
 Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the pang,  
 The heart of man and woman all for love,  
 No other theme but love—knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing love.   o

O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!      35  
 I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and know the flames that heat the  
     world,  
 The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,  
 So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark, and nigh to death;  
 Love, that is all the earth to lovers—love, that mocks time and space,  
 Love, that is day and night—love, that is sun and moon and stars,      40  
 Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume,  
 No other words but words of love, no other thought but love.   o

23 72[ASB]: works!—thou

24 72[ASB]: dead—barons ~ halls—the ~ singing;

25 72[ASB]: wrongs—some ~ Holy Graal:

26 72[ASB]: tournament—I ~ contestants, encased ~ armor, seated on stately, champing horses;

27 72[ASB]: shouts—the ~ steel:

28 72[ASB]: Hark! how ~ clang!

29 72[ASB]: Lo! where ~ high!

30 72[ASB]: again, trumpeter!

31 72[ASB]: all—the ~ setting;

32 72[ASB]: *Love*, that ~ all—the ~ pang;

33 72[ASB]: love;

35 72[ASB]: O, how

36 72[ASB]: working—I ~ world;

38 72[ASB]: some—and ~ death:

39 72[ASB]: *Love*, that mocks ~ space;40 72[ASB]: *Love*, that is sun ~ stars;

41 72[ASB]: perfume;

42 72[ASB]: words, but ~ love—no ~ *Love*.

## 6

Blow again trumpeter—conjure war's alarums. ○

Swift to thy spell a shuddering hum like distant thunder rolls,  
 Lo, where the arm'd men hasten—lo, mid the clouds of dust the glint of  
 45 bayonets,  
 I see the grime-faced cannoneers, I mark the rosy flash amid the smoke, I hear  
 the cracking of the guns;  
 Nor the war alone—thy fearful music-song, wild player, brings every sight of  
 fear,  
 The deeds of ruthless brigands, rapine, murder—I hear the cries for help!  
 I see ships foundering at sea, I behold on deck and below deck the terrible  
 tableaux. ○

## 7

50 O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the instrument thou playest,  
 Thou melt'st my heart, my brain—thou movest, drawest, changest them at  
 will;  
 And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me,  
 Thou takest away all cheering light, all hope,  
 I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the opprest of the whole earth,  
 55 I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race, it becomes all mine,  
 Mine too the revenges of humanity, the wrongs of ages, baffled feuds and  
 hatreds,  
 Utter defeat upon me weighs—all lost—the foe victorious,  
 (Yet 'mid the ruins Pride colossal stands unshaken to the last,  
 Endurance, resolution to the last.) ○

43 72[ASB]: again, trumpeter—conjure war's wild alarums.

44 72[ASB]: spell, a ~ rolls;

45 72[ASB]: Lo! where ~ Lo! mid ~ dust, the ~ bayonets;

46 72[ASB]: cannoniers—I ~ smoke—I ~ guns:

47 72[ASB]: —Nor war

48 72[ASB]: brigands—rapine,

49 72[ASB]: sea—I ~ deck, and ~ deck, the ~ tableaux.

50 72[ASB]: trumpeter! methinks ~ playest!

51 72[ASB]: them, at will:

52 72[ASB]: me;

53 72[ASB]: light—all hope:

54 72[ASB]: earth;

55 72[ASB]: race—it ~ mine;

56 72[ASB]: humanity—the ~ ages—baffled ~ hatreds;

57 72[ASB]: lost! the victorious!

58 72[ASB]: stands, unshaken ~ last;

59 72[ASB]: resolution, to

## 8

Now trumpeter for thy close, 60  
 Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,  
 Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,  
 Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,  
 Give me for once its prophecy and joy. ◦

O glad, exulting, culminating song! 65  
 A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,  
 Marches of victory—man disenthral'd—the conqueror at last,  
 Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!  
 A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!  
 Women and men in wisdom innocence and health—all joy! 70  
 Riotous laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!  
 War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing  
 but joy left!  
 The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!  
 Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of life!  
 Enough to merely be! enough to breathe! 75  
 Joy! joy! all over joy! ◦

60 72[ASB]: Now, trumpeter, for  
 61 72[ASB]: yet;  
 62 72[ASB]: soul—renew ~ hope;  
 63 72[ASB]: belief—give ~ future;  
 64 72[ASB]: me, for once, its  
 66 72[ASB]: notes!  
 67 72[ASB]: disenthral'd—the ~ last!  
 68 72[ASB]: God, from ~ Man—all

69 72[ASB]: World,  
 70 72[ASB]: and Men, in wisdom, innocence  
 71 72[ASB]: Riotous, laughing bacchanals,  
 fill'd  
 72 72[ASB]: gone—The  
 74 72[ASB]: Joy! Joy! ~ Joy ~ ecstasy  
 75 72[ASB]: Enough  
 76 72[ASB]: Joy! Joy! ~ Joy!

## O Star of France.

1870-71.

O star of France,  
 The brightness of thy hope and strength and fame,  
 Like some proud ship that led the fleet so long,  
 Beseems to-day a wreck driven by the gale, a mastless hulk,  
 5 And 'mid its teeming madden'd half-drown'd crowds,  
 Nor helm nor helmsman. ◦

Dim smitten star,  
 Orb not of France alone, pale symbol of my soul, its dearest hopes,  
 The struggle and the daring, rage divine for liberty,  
 10 Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthusiast's dreams of brotherhood,  
 Of terror to the tyrant and the priest. ◦

Star crucified—by traitors sold,  
 Star panting o'er a land of death, heroic land,  
 Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land. ◦

15 Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins, I will not now rebuke thee,  
 Thy unexampled woes and pangs have quell'd them all,

*Title:* 72[ASB]: O STAR OF FRANCE!/ 1870-71. [See *Title*-note, III 632]

72[ASB]: [Section numbers]

1 72[ASB]: France! [Section 1 begins with 1]

4 72[ASB]: wreck, driven ~ gale—a mast-/less hulk;

5 72[ASB]: teeming, madden'd, half-drown'd

7 72[ASB]: Dim, smitten star! [Section 2

begins with 7]

8 72[ASB]: alone—pale

9 72[ASB]: daring—rage

10 72[ASB]: ideal—enthusiast's Copy-text: brother-/hood,

12 72[ASB]: crucified! by ~ sold! [Section 3 begins with 12]

13 72[ASB]: death—heroic land!

15 72[ASB]: thee;

And left thee sacred. ○

In that amid thy many faults thou ever aimedst highly,  
 In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself however great the price,  
 In that thou surely wakedst weeping from thy drugg'd sleep, 20  
 In that alone among thy sisters thou, giantess, didst rend the ones that shamed  
 thee,  
 In that thou couldst not, wouldst not, wear the usual chains,  
 This cross, thy livid face, thy pierced hands and feet,  
 The spear thrust in thy side. ○

O star! O ship of France, beat back and baffled long! 25  
 Bear up O smitten orb! O ship continue on! ○

Sure as the ship of all, the Earth itself,  
 Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,  
 Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons,  
 Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty, 30  
 Onward beneath the sun following its course,  
 So thee O ship of France! ○

Finish'd the days, the clouds dispel'd,  
 The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication,  
 When lo! reborn, high o'er the European world, 35  
 (In gladness answering thence, as face afar to face, reflecting ours Columbia,)  
 Again thy star O France, fair lustrous star,  
 In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever,  
 Shall beam immortal. ○

18 72[ASB]: faults, thou

19 72[ASB]: thyself, however

21 72[ASB]: alone, among ~ sisters, thou,  
 Giantess,

25 72[ASB]: [Section 4 begins with 25]

26 72[ASB]: up, O ~ ship, continue

27 72[ASB]: Sure, as

31 72[ASB]: Onward, beneath ~ sun, fol-  
 lowing

32 72[ASB]: thee, O

33 72[ASB]: dispell'd,

36 72[ASB]: gladness, answering ~ ours,  
 Columbia,)

37 72[ASB]: star, O France—fair, lustrous

## Virginia—The West.

The noble sire fallen on evil days,  
 I saw with hand uplifted, menacing, brandishing,  
 (Memories of old in abeyance, love and faith in abeyance,)  
 The insane knife toward the Mother of All. ◦

5 The noble son on sinewy feet advancing,  
 I saw, out of the land of prairies, land of Ohio's waters and of Indiana,  
 To the rescue the stalwart giant hurry his plenteous offspring,  
 Drest in blue, bearing their trusty rifles on their shoulders. ◦

Then the Mother of All with calm voice speaking,  
 As to you Rebellious, (I seemed to hear her say,) why strive against me, and  
 10 why seek my life?  
 When you yourself forever provide to defend me?  
 For you provided me Washington—and now these also. ◦

*Title:* 72[ASB]: VIRGINIA—THE WEST.

[See *Title*-note, III 632]

72[ASB]: [Section numbers]

1 72[ASB]: Sire, fallen

2 72[ASB]: saw, with

3 72[ASB]: abeyance—love

5 72[ASB]: Son, on

6 72[ASB]: saw—out ~ prairies—land ~  
 waters, and

7 72[ASB]: rescue, the ~ giant, hurry

9 72[ASB]: All, with

10 72[ASB]: you, Virginia, (I ~ me—and

By Broad Potomac's Shore.

By broad Potomac's shore, again old tongue,  
 (Still uttering, still ejaculating, canst never cease this babble?)  
 Again old heart so gay, again to you, your sense, the full flush spring returning,  
 Again the freshness and the odors, again Virginia's summer sky, pellucid blue  
     and silver,  
 Again the forenoon purple of the hills, 5  
 Again the deathless grass, so noiseless soft and green,  
 Again the blood-red roses blooming. ◦

Perfume this book of mine O blood-red roses!  
 Lave subtly with your waters every line Potomac!  
 Give me of you O spring, before I close, to put between its pages! 10  
 O forenoon purple of the hills, before I close, of you!  
 O deathless grass, of you! ◦

*Title:* 72[ASB]: BY BROAD POTOMAC'S SHORE.

72[ASB]: [Section numbers] [See *Title*-note, III 632]

1 72[ASB]: shore—again, old tongue!

2 72[ASB]: uttering—still ejaculating—canst

3 72[ASB]: Again, old ~ gay—again ~ returning;

4 72[ASB]: odors—again

6 72[ASB]: noiseless, soft

8 72[ASB]: mine, O

9 72[ASB]: line, Potomac!

10 72[ASB]: you, O

11 72[ASB]: [The following line appears after 11:]

[1] O smiling earth—O summer sun, give me of you!

## [Come, said my Soul].

Come, said my Soul,  
 Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)  
 That should I after death invisibly return,  
 Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,  
 5 There to some group of mates the chants resuming,  
 (Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,)  
 Ever with pleas'd smile I may keep on,  
 Ever and ever yet the verses owning—as, first, I here and now,  
 Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my name, o  
 [Walt Whitman—facsimile signature]

## As in a Swoon.

As in a swoon, one instant,  
 Another sun, ineffable, full-dazzles me,  
 And all the orbs I knew—and brighter, unknown orbs;  
 One instant of the future land, Heaven's land. o

*Title:* 76: [Come, said my Soul]. [The title-page epigraph for *Leaves of Grass* in 76 LG, 'Centennial Ed'n - - - 1876', 'Author's Edition, With Portraits and Intercalations' and reset with title in LG 76, 'Author's Edition, With Portraits from life'. Excluded in 81, whose sheets were used for *Leaves of Grass*, Camden, New Jersey, 1882, with new title-page, containing the poem. Poem appears on title-pages

of these impressions of 81, only: 88[CPP], 91-2]

*Title:* 76: As in a Swoon. [One of six poems intercalated in the 76 impression of 71 *Leaves of Grass*. It was set in galley proof and pasted on the blank end of p. 207, in LG, 'Centennial Ed'n - - - 1876', 'Author's Edition, With Portraits and Intercalations'. It was printed in the same position in LG 76, 'Author's Edition, With Portraits from life'. (See 'Fifth edition: 1876 impression', 'Summary of Editions, Annexes, and Impressions of *Leaves of Grass*', i liv-lv.) It

7 76, 82 [Camden only], 88[CPP]: pleased [In 76, 82, 88[CPP] autograph signed in black ink; in 91-2, facsimile autograph] [The Sadakichi Hartmann copy, LG 76, Lion Collection, NYPL, unsigned. See *Walt Whitman: The Oscar Lion Collection* (New York: The New York Public Library, 1953), p. 29]

was excluded in 81 and in all subsequent impressions of 81, but appeared again in the separately published *Good-Bye my Fancy* (91). It was again excluded when this collection was annexed to 1891-2. [Text is 91 GBF.] (See *Title-note*, III 750.) However, it was again retained, but this time in *Complete Prose Works*, (92). For other 76 intercalations, see III 651 (two poems), 652 (two poems), 653]



*Leaves*  
OF  
GRASS.

COME, said my Soul,  
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)  
That should I after death invisibly return,  
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,  
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,  
(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,)  
Ever with pleased smile I may keep on,  
Ever and ever yet the verses owning—as, first, I here and  
now,  
Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my name,

*Walt Whitman*

*AUTHOR'S EDITION,*

*With Portraits and Intercalations.*

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

1876.

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Facing page 285, Photo'd from life, Washington, 1871, by Geo. C. Potter, and drawn on wood by W. J. Linton.

*Leaves*  
OF  
G R A S S .

COME, said my Soul,  
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)  
That should I after death invisibly return,  
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,  
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,  
(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves.)  
Ever with pleased smile I may keep on,  
Ever and ever yet the verses owning—as, first, I here and now,  
Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my name,

*Walt Whitman*

*AUTHOR'S EDITION,*

*With Portraits from life.*

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

1876.

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 Facing page 235, Photograph'd from life, Washington, 1871, by G. C. Potter, and drawn on wood by W. J. Linton.

## THE BEAUTY OF THE SHIP.

When, staunchly entering port,  
 After long ventures, hauling up, worn and old,  
 Batter'd by sea and wind, torn by many a fight,  
 With the original sails all gone, replaced, or mended,  
 I only saw, at last, the beauty of the Ship. ◦

5

## When the Full-grown Poet Came.

When the full-grown poet came,  
 Out spake pleased Nature (the round impassive globe, with all its shows of  
     day and night,) saying, *He is mine;*  
 But out spake too the Soul of man, proud, jealous and unreconciled, *Nay, he is*  
     *mine alone;*  
 —Then the full-grown poet stood between the two, and took each by the hand;  
 And to-day and ever so stands, as blender, uniter, tightly holding hands,  
 Which he will never release until he reconciles the two,  
 And wholly and joyously blends them. ◦

5

*Title:* 76: THE BEAUTY OF THE SHIP. [Text in 76 only] [An intercalation in 76; pasted on the blank end of p. 247 and printed in the same position in LG 76, 'Author's Edition,

*With Portraits from life*'. It was excluded after 76. See *Title*-note, As in a Swoon., III 650.] [There is one variant from the printed slip to the printed text, 76: in 3 read: Battered]

*Title:* 76: When the Full-Grown Poet Came. 91-2: (In annex, Good-Bye my Fancy.) [An intercalation in 76; pasted on the blank end of p. 359 and printed in the same position in LG 76, 'Author's Edition, *With Portraits from life*'. It was excluded from 81 and all subsequent impressions of 81, but appeared again in *Good-Bye my Fancy* (91) and was retained when GBF was annexed to 1891-2 *Leaves of*

*Grass*. See *Title*-note, As in a Swoon., III 650. Text is 91-2 GBF]

1 76: Poet  
 2 76: pleas'd NATURE, (the ~ Globe, ~ Day ~ Night,)  
 3 76: SOUL ~ Man,  
 4 76: Poet ~ Two,  
 5 76: Blender, Uniter,  
 6 76: Two,

## After an Interval.

(Nov. 22, 1875, midnight—Saturn and Mars in conjunction.)

After an interval, reading, here in the midnight,  
With the great stars looking on—all the stars of Orion looking,  
And the silent Pleiades—and the duo looking of Saturn and ruddy Mars;  
Pondering, reading my own songs, after a long interval,  
    (sorrow and death familiar now,)  
5 Ere closing the book, what pride! what joy! to find them,  
Standing so well the test of death and night!  
And the duo of Saturn and Mars!   o

## To the Man-of-War-Bird.

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,  
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions,  
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,  
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee,)

*Title:* 76: *As above.* [Text in 76 only] [An intercalation in 76; pasted on the blank end of p. 369 and printed in the same position in *LG*

76, 'Author's Edition, With Portraits from life'.  
See *Title-note*, As in a Swoon, III 650]

*Title:* 76: *Final title.* [An intercalation in some copies of 76. Retained in 81. Also see

*Title-note*, As in a Swoon, III 650]

Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating, 5  
 As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee,  
 (Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast.) ◦

Far, far at sea,  
 After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,  
 With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene, 10  
 The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,  
 The limpid spread of air cerulean,  
 Thou also re-appearest. ◦

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,) 15  
 To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,  
 Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,  
 Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,  
 At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,  
 That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,  
 In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul, 20  
 What joys! what joys were thine! ◦

### From Far Dakota's Cañons.

*June 25, 1876.*

From far Dakota's cañons,  
 Lands of the wild ravine, the dusky Sioux, the lonesome stretch, the silence,  
 Haply to-day a mournful wail, haply a trumpet-note for heroes. ◦

The battle-bulletin,

*Title:* 76: A Death Sonnet for Custer.  
 [An intercalation in some copies of 76; see  
 Carolyn Wells and Alfred F. Goldsmith, *A  
 Concise Bibliography of the Works of Walt*

*Whitman.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Co.,  
 1922, p. 20-21). Retained in 81. Also see *Title-*  
*note, As in a Swoon, III 650]*

5 The Indian ambushade, the craft, the fatal environment,  
The cavalry companies fighting to the last in sternest heroism,  
In the midst of their little circle, with their slaughter'd horses for breastworks,  
The fall of Custer and all his officers and men. o

Continues yet the old, old legend of our race,  
10 The loftiest of life upheld by death,  
The ancient banner perfectly maintain'd,  
O lesson opportune, O how I welcome thee! o

As sitting in dark days,  
Lone, sulky, through the time's thick murk looking in vain for light, for hope,  
15 From unsuspected parts a fierce and momentary proof,  
(The sun there at the centre though conceal'd,  
Electric life forever at the centre,)  
Breaks forth a lightning flash. o

Thou of the tawny flowing hair in battle,  
I erewhile saw, with erect head, pressing ever in front, bearing a bright sword  
20 in thy hand,  
Now ending well in death the splendid fever of thy deeds,  
(I bring no dirge for it or thee, I bring a glad triumphal sonnet,)  
Desperate and glorious, aye in defeat most desperate, most glorious,  
After thy many battles in which never yielding up a gun or a color,  
25 Leaving behind thee a memory sweet to soldiers,  
Thou yieldest up thyself. o

~~~~~  
*For the Eternal Ocean bound,  
These ripples, passing surges, streams of Death and Life.*  
~~~~~

TWO  
RIVULETS

*Including* DEMOCRATIC VISTAS, CENTENNIAL  
SONGS, *and* PASSAGE TO INDIA.

*AUTHOR'S EDITION.*  
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.  
1876.





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*Two Rivulets.*

Two Rivulets side by side,  
 Two blended, parallel, strolling tides,  
 Companions, travelers, gossiping as they journey. ◦

For the Eternal Ocean bound,  
 These ripples, passing surges, streams of Death and Life, 5  
 Object and Subject hurrying, whirling by,  
 The Real and Ideal, ◦

Alternate ebb and flow the Days and Nights,  
 (Strands of a Trio twining, Present, Future, Past.) ◦

In You, whoe'er you are, my book perusing, 10  
 In I myself—in all the World—these ripples flow,  
 All, all, toward the mystic Ocean tending. ◦

(O yearnful waves! the kisses of your lips!  
 Your breast so broad, with open arms, O firm, expanded shore!) ◦

*Title:* 76[TR]: *As above.* [Text in 76[TR] only] [The title-poem for a cluster of fourteen poems in the 76 volume *Two Rivulets*. First book publication. See III 656–673]

4–5: [In italics (with terminal period), appear as an epigraph on the title-page]

7: Ideal, [Terminal comma for stanza—probable printer's error]

10–12: [See 13–15, III 687]

## OR FROM THAT SEA OF TIME.

## I

Or, from that Sea of Time,  
 Spray, blown by the wind—a double winrow-drift of weeds and shells;  
 (O little shells, so curious-convolute! so limpid-cold and voiceless!  
 Yet will you not, to the tympan of temples held,  
 5 Murmurs and echoes still bring up—Eternity's music, faint and far,  
 Wafted inland, sent from Atlantica's rim—strains for the Soul of the Prairies,  
 Whisper'd reverberations—chords for the ear of the West, joyously sounding  
 Your tidings old, yet ever new and untranslatable;)
 Infinitessimals out of my life, and many a life,  
 10 (For not my life and years alone I give—all, all I give;)
 These thoughts and Songs—waifs from the deep—here, cast high and dry,  
 Wash'd on America's shores. ◦

## 2

Currents of starting a Continent new,  
 Overtures sent to the solid out of the liquid,  
 15 Fusion of ocean and land—tender and pensive waves,  
 (Not safe and peaceful only—waves rous'd and ominous too,  
 Out of the depths, the storm's abyssms—Who knows whence? Death's waves,  
 Raging over the vast, with many a broken spar and tatter'd sail.) ◦

*Title:* 76[TR]: *As above.* [Text in this form,  
 in 76[TR] only] [See *Title-note*, III 655]

7: sounding [No terminal punctuation—see  
 28, III 687]

1–12: [See 22–23, III 687]

13–18: [See 16–21, III 687]

## Eidólons.

I met a seer,  
 Passing the hues and objects of the world,  
 The fields of art and learning, pleasure, sense,  
 To glean eidólons. ◦

Put in thy chants said he, 5  
 No more the puzzling hour nor day, nor segments, parts, put in,  
 Put first before the rest as light for all and entrance-song of all,  
 That of eidólons. ◦

Ever the dim beginning, 10  
 Ever the growth, the rounding of the circle,  
 Ever the summit and the merge at last, (to surely start again,)  
 Eidólons! eidólons! ◦

Ever the mutable, 15  
 Ever materials, changing, crumbling, re-cohering,  
 Ever the ateliers, the factories divine,  
 Issuing eidólons. ◦

Lo, I or you,  
 Or woman, man, or state, known or unknown,

*Title:* 76[TR]: EIDÓLONS. [See *Title*-note, III  
 655]

1 76[TR]: Seer,  
 4 76[TR]: Eidólons.  
 5 76[TR]: chants, said  
 6 76[TR]: hour, nor day—nor  
 7 76[TR]: rest, as ~ all, and  
 8 76[TR]: Eidólons.  
 9 76[TR]: beginning;

10 76[TR]: circle;  
 11 76[TR]: summit, and  
 12 76[TR]: Eidólons! Eidólons!  
 13 76[TR]: mutable!  
 14 76[TR]: re-cohering;  
 16 76[TR]: Eidólons!  
 17 76[TR]: Lo! I or you!  
 18 76[TR]: State, ~ unknown;

We seeming solid wealth, strength, beauty build,  
20 But really build eidólons. ○

The ostent evanescent,  
The substance of an artist's mood or savan's studies long,  
Or warrior's, martyr's, hero's toils,  
To fashion his eidólon. ○

25 Of every human life,  
(The units gather'd, posted, not a thought, emotion, deed, left out,)  
The whole or large or small summ'd, added up,  
In its eidólon. ○

The old, old urge,  
30 Based on the ancient pinnacles, lo, newer, higher pinnacles,  
From science and the modern still impell'd,  
The old, old urge, eidólons. ○

The present now and here,  
America's busy, teeming, intricate whirl,  
35 Of aggregate and segregate for only thence releasing,  
To-day's eidólons. ○

These with the past,  
Of vanish'd lands, of all the reigns of kings across the sea,  
Old conquerors, old campaigns, old sailors' voyages,  
40 Joining eidólons. ○

Densities, growth, façades,  
Strata of mountains, soils, rocks, giant trees,  
Far-born, far-dying, living long, to leave,  
Eidólons everlasting. ○

20 76[TR]: Eidólons.

21 76[TR]: evanescent;

22 76[TR]: mood, or

24 76[TR]: Eidólon.

26 76[TR]: posted—not ~ out;)

27 76[TR]: whole, or ~ small, summ'd,

28 76[TR]: Eidólon.

29 76[TR]: urge;

30 76[TR]: lo! newer, ~ pinnacles;

31 76[TR]: From Science ~ Modern

32 76[TR]: Eidólons.

33 76[TR]: present, now

35 76[TR]: segregate, for

36 76[TR]: Eidólons.

37 76[TR]: These, with

38 76[TR]: lands—of

40 76[TR]: Eidólons.

Exaltè, rapt, ecstatic, 45  
 The visible but their womb of birth,  
 Of orbic tendencies to shape and shape and shape,  
 The mighty earth-eidólon. ◦

All space, all time,  
 (The stars, the terrible perturbations of the suns, 50  
 Swelling, collapsing, ending, serving their longer, shorter use,)  
 Fill'd with eidólons only. ◦

The noiseless myriads,  
 The infinite oceans where the rivers empty,  
 The separate countless free identities, like eyesight, 55  
 The true realities, eidólons. ◦

Not this the world,  
 Nor these the universes, they the universes,  
 Purport and end, ever the permanent life of life,  
 Eidólons, eidólons. ◦ 60

Beyond thy lectures learn'd professor,  
 Beyond thy telescope or spectroscope observer keen, beyond all mathematics,  
 Beyond the doctor's surgery, anatomy, beyond the chemist with his chemistry,  
 The entities of entities, eidólons. ◦

Unfix'd yet fix'd, 65  
 Ever shall be, ever have been and are,  
 Sweeping the present to the infinite future,  
 Eidólons, eidólons, eidólons. ◦

The prophet and the bard,

45 76[TR]: extatic,  
 47 76[TR]: shape, and shape, and  
 48 76[TR]: Earth-Eidólon.  
 51 76[TR]: ending—serving  
 52 76[TR]: Eidólons  
 53 76[TR]: myriads!  
 54 76[TR]: empty!  
 55 76[TR]: separate, countless ~ eyesight;  
 56 76[TR]: Eidólons.  
 57 76[TR]: World,  
 58 76[TR]: Universes—they ~ Universes,

59 76[TR]: end—ever  
 60 76[TR]: Eidólons, Eidólons.  
 61 76[TR]: lectures, learn'd  
 62 76[TR]: spectroscope, observer keen—be-  
 yond  
 63 76[TR]: anatomy—beyond  
 64 76[TR]: Eidólons.  
 65 76[TR]: Unfix'd, yet fix'd;  
 66 76[TR]: be—ever ~ been, and  
 68 76[TR]: Eidólons, Eidólons, Eidólons.

70 Shall yet maintain themselves, in higher stages yet,  
 Shall mediate to the Modern, to Democracy, interpret yet to them,  
 God and eidólons. o

And thee my soul,  
 Joys, ceaseless exercises, exaltations,  
 Thy yearning amply fed at last, prepared to meet,  
 75 Thy mates, eidólons. o

Thy body permanent,  
 The body lurking there within thy body,  
 The only purport of the form thou art, the real I myself,  
 An image, an eidólon. o

80 Thy very songs not in thy songs,  
 No special strains to sing, none for itself,  
 But from the whole resulting, rising at last and floating,  
 A round full-orb'd eidólon. o

### Spain, 1873-74.

Out of the murk of heaviest clouds,  
 Out of the feudal wrecks and heap'd-up skeletons of kings,

70 76[TR]: themselves—in

71 76[TR]: Democracy—interpret

72 76[TR]: God, and Eidólons.

73 76[TR]: thee, My Soul!

74 76[TR]: exaltations!

76 76[TR]: Eidólons.

77 76[TR]: Thy Body

78 76[TR]: The Body ~ Body,

79 76[TR]: Form ~ art—the

80 76[TR]: Eidólon.

81 76[TR]: songs, not ~ songs;

82 76[TR]: sing—none ~ itself;

84 76[TR]: round, full-orb'd Eidólon.

*Title:* 76[TR]: SPAIN, 1873-'74. [See *Title-*  
 note, III 655]

2 76[TR]: wrecks, and



Out of that old entire European debris, the shatter'd mummeries,  
 Ruin'd cathedrals, crumble of palaces, tombs of priests,  
 Lo, Freedom's features fresh undimm'd look forth—the same immortal face  
     looks forth; 5  
 (A glimpse as of thy Mother's face Columbia,  
 A flash significant as of a sword,  
 Beaming towards thee.) o

Nor think we forget thee maternal;  
 Lag'd'st thou so long? shall the clouds close again upon thee? 10  
 Ah, but thou hast thyself now appear'd to us—we know thee,  
 Thou hast given us a sure proof, the glimpse of thyself,  
 Thou waitest there as everywhere thy time. o

### Prayer of Columbus.

A batter'd, wreck'd old man,  
 Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,

- |   |   |    |                                   |
|---|---|----|-----------------------------------|
| 3 | 76[TR]: debris—the                                    | 10 | 76[TR]: Shall                     |
| 5 | 76[TR]: Lo! Freedom's features, fresh, undimm'd, look | 11 | 76[TR]: Thyself ~ thee;           |
| 6 | 76[TR]: face, Columbia,                               | 12 | 76[TR]: Thyself;                  |
| 9 | 76[TR]: thee, Maternal;                               | 13 | 76[TR]: there, as everywhere, thy |

*Title:* 76[TR]: PRAYER OF COLUMBUS./It was near the close of his indomitable and pious life—on his last voyage when nearly 70 years of age—that Columbus, to save his two remaining ships from foundering in the Caribbean Sea in a terrible storm, had to run them ashore on the Island of Jamaica—where, laid up for a long and miserable year—1503—he was taken very sick, had several relapses, his men revolted, and death seem'd daily imminent; though he was eventually rescued, and sent home to Spain to die, unrecognized, neglected and in want . . . . . It is only ask'd, as preparation and atmosphere for the following lines, that the bare authentic facts be recall'd and realized, and nothing contributed by the fancy. See, the Antillean Island, with its florid skies and rich foliage and scenery, the waves beating the solitary sands, and the hulls of the ships in the distance. See, the figure of the great Admiral,

Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,  
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,  
5 I take my way along the island's edge,  
Venting a heavy heart. ○

I am too full of woe!  
Haply I may not live another day;  
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,  
10 Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,  
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,  
Report myself once more to Thee. ○

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,  
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration merely;  
15 Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,  
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations,  
Thou knowest how before I commenced I devoted all to come to Thee,  
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and strictly kept them,  
Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee,  
20 In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,  
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee. ○

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,  
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee,  
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;  
25 Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results to Thee. ○

O I am sure they really came from Thee,  
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,

walking the beach, as a stage, in this sublimest  
tragedy—for what tragedy, what poem, so  
piteous and majestic as the real scene?—and  
hear him uttering—as his mystical and re-  
ligious soul surely utter'd, the ideas following  
—perhaps, in their equivalents, the very words.

[See *Title*-note, III 655]

3 76[TR]: sea, and

4 76[TR]: sicken'd, and

8 76[TR]: Haply, I

9 76[TR]: can not rest, O God—I can not

10 76[TR]: put forth forth myself,

11 76[TR]: Thee—commune

14 76[TR]: (My ~ work—not ~ merely;)

15 76[TR]: youth;

16 76[TR]: meditations;

17 76[TR]: how, before ~ commenced, I ~  
Thee;

18 76[TR]: vows, and ~ them;

19 76[TR]: Thee;

20 76[TR]: (In

21 76[TR]: Thee—as ~ Thee.)

24 76[TR]: deep, or

25 76[TR]: mine—leaving

26 76[TR]: Thee!

The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,  
 A message from the Heavens whispering to me even in sleep,  
 These sped me on. ○ 30

By me and these the work so far accomplish'd,  
 By me earth's elder cloy'd and stifled lands uncloy'd, unloos'd,  
 By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown to the known. ○

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,  
 Or small or great I know not—haply what broad fields, what lands, 35  
 Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I know,  
 Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee,  
 Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping-tools,  
 Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may bud and blossom  
 there. ○

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand; 40  
 That Thou O God my life hast lighted,  
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,  
 Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,  
 Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;  
 For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees, 45  
 Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee. ○

My terminus near,  
 The clouds already closing in upon me,  
 The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,  
 I yield my ships to Thee. ○ 50

29 76[TR]: Heavens, whispering

31 76[TR]: me, and these, the ~ accomplish'd, (for what has been, has been;)

32 76[TR]: me Earth's elder, cloy'd ~ lands, uncloy'd, un-/loos'd;

33 76[TR]: tied—the

34 76[TR]: not—it ~ Thee;

35 76[TR]: small, or great, I ~ haply, what ~ lands;

36 76[TR]: Haply, the brutish, measureless

37 76[TR]: there, may ~ Thee;

38 76[TR]: reaping-tools; Copy-text: reaping-/tools,

39 76[TR]: know—Europe's ~ cross—may

40 76[TR]: more—my ~ sand:

41 76[TR]: That Thou, O God, my

43 76[TR]: (Light rare, untellable—lighting ~ light!

44 76[TR]: languages!)

45 76[TR]: that, O God—be ~ word—here

46 76[TR]: paralyzed—I

49 76[TR]: balk'd—the

50 76[TR]: [The following lines appear after 50 as a separate stanza:]

[1] Steersman unseen! henceforth the helms are Thine;

[2] Take Thou command—(what to my petty skill Thy navigation?)

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,  
 My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,  
 Let the old timbers part, I will not part,  
 I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,  
 55 Thee, Thee at least I know. ○

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?  
 What do I know of life? what of myself?  
 I know not even my own work past or present,  
 Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,  
 60 Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,  
 Mocking, perplexing me. ○

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?  
 As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,  
 Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,  
 65 And on the distant waves sail countless ships,  
 And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me. ○

51 76[TR]: nerveless;  
 52 76[TR]: bewilder'd;  
 53 76[TR]: part—I ~ part!  
 54 76[TR]: me;  
 55 76[TR]: Thee, Thee, at least, I

58 76[TR]: work, past or present;  
 59 76[TR]: Dim, ever-shifting  
 60 76[TR]: newer, better  
 62 76[TR]: suddenly—what  
 64 76[TR]: Shadowy, vast shapes, smile

Out from Behind This Mask.

(To Confront a Portrait.)

I

Out from behind this bending rough-cut mask,  
 These lights and shades, this drama of the whole,  
 This common curtain of the face contain'd in me for me, in you for you, in  
     each for each,  
 (Tragedies, sorrows, laughter, tears—O heaven!  
 The passionate teeming plays this curtain hid!) 5  
 This glaze of God's serenest purest sky,  
 This film of Satan's seething pit,  
 This heart's geography's map, this limitless small continent, this soundless sea;  
 Out from the convolutions of this globe,  
 This subtler astronomic orb than sun or moon, than Jupiter, Venus, Mars, 10  
 This condensation of the universe, (nay here the only universe,  
 Here the idea, all in this mystic handful wrapt;)  
 These burin'd eyes, flashing to you to pass to future time,  
 To launch and spin through space revolving sideling, from these to emanate,  
 To you whoe'er you are—a look. o 15

*Title:* 76[TR]: OUT FROM BEHIND THIS MASK./  
 To confront My Portrait, illustrating 'the  
*Wound-Dresser,*' in LEAVES OF GRASS. [See  
*Title*-note III 655] [Whitman's reference is to  
 a tipped-in portrait of himself, facing the poem  
 The Wound-Dresser, in *Leaves of Grass* 76.  
 See II 479]

1 76[TR]: bending, rough-cut Mask,  
 2 76[TR]: [Not present]  
 76[TR]: [The following line appears in-  
 stead of 2:]  
 [1] (All straighter, liker Masks rejected—

this preferr'd,)  
 3 76[TR]: face, contain'd  
 5 76[TR]: passionate, teeming  
 6 76[TR]: serenest, purest  
 8 76[TR]: map—this ~ continent—this  
 10 76[TR]: moon—than ~ Mars;  
 11 76[TR]: Universe—(nay, here ~ Uni-  
 verse,  
 12 76[TR]: IDEA—all  
 13 76[TR]: you, to  
 14 76[TR]: revolving, sideling—from  
 15 76[TR]: To You, whoe'er ~ Look.

## 2

A traveler of thoughts and years, of peace and war,  
 Of youth long sped and middle age declining,  
 (As the first volume of a tale perused and laid away, and this the second,  
 Songs, ventures, speculations, presently to close,)  
 20 Lingering a moment here and now, to you I opposite turn,  
 As on the road or at some crevice door by chance, or open'd window,  
 Pausing, inclining, baring my head, you specially I greet,  
 To draw and clinch your soul for once inseparably with mine,  
 Then travel travel on. o

## To a Locomotive in Winter.

Thee for my recitative,  
 Thee in the driving storm even as now, the snow, the winter-day declining,  
 Thee in thy panoply, thy measur'd dual throbbing and thy beat convulsive,  
 Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel,  
 Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods, gyrating, shuttling at  
 5 thy sides,  
 Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar, now tapering in the distance,  
 Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front,  
 Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple,

16 76[TR]: Traveler ~ years—of  
 17 76[TR]: sped, and  
 20 76[TR]: moment, here ~ You  
 21 76[TR]: road, or ~ door, by

22 76[TR]: You  
 23 76[TR]: clench ~ Soul, for once, inseparably  
 24 76[TR]: travel, travel

*Title:* 76[TR]: TO A LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER.  
 [See *Title*-note, III 655]

1 76[TR]: recitative!  
 2 76[TR]: storm, even ~ now—the snow—the ~ declining;  
 3 76[TR]: measured ~ throbbing, and ~

convulsive;  
 4 76[TR]: brass, and ~ steel;  
 5 76[TR]: sides;  
 6 76[TR]: roar—now ~ distance;  
 7 76[TR]: head-light, fix'd ~ front;  
 8 76[TR]: purple;

The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack,  
 Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves, the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels, 10  
 Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,  
 Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering;  
 Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power—pulse of the continent,  
 For once come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,  
 With storm and buffeting gusts of wind and falling snow, 15  
 By day thy warning ringing bell to sound its notes,  
 By night thy silent signal lamps to swing. ◦

Fierce-throated beauty!  
 Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,  
 Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake,  
     rousing all, 20  
 Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding,  
 (No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine,)  
 Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,  
 Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,  
 To the free skies unpent and glad and strong. ◦ 25

9 76[TR]: smoke-/stack;

10 76[TR]: frame—thy ~ valves—the ~ wheels;

11 76[TR]: merrily-following,

12 76[TR]: careering:

13 76[TR]: modern! emblem ~ power! pulse ~ continent!

14 76[TR]: once, come ~ Muse, and

15 76[TR]: storm, and ~ wind, and ~ snow;

16 76[TR]: day, thy warning, ringing

17 76[TR]: night, thy

19 76[TR]: chant, with ~ music! thy ~ night;

20 76[TR]: Thy piercing, madly-whistled laughter! thy echoes, rumbling ~ all! Copy-text: earth-/quake,

21 76[TR]: holding;

24 76[TR]: wide—across

25 76[TR]: skies, unpent, and glad, and

## The Ox-Tamer.

- In a far-away northern county in the placid pastoral region,  
 Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative, a famous tamer of oxen,  
 There they bring him the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds to break them,  
 He will take the wildest steer in the world and break him and tame him,  
 He will go fearless without any whip where the young bullock chafes up and  
 5 down the yard,  
 The bullock's head tosses restless high in the air with raging eyes,  
 Yet see you! how soon his rage subsides—how soon this tamer tames him;  
 See you! on the farms hereabout a hundred oxen young and old, and he is the  
 man who has tamed them,  
 They all know him, all are affectionate to him;  
 10 See you! some are such beautiful animals, so lofty looking;  
 Some are buff-color'd, some mottled, one has a white line running along his  
 back, some are brindled,  
 Some have wide flaring horns (a good sign)—see you! the bright hides,  
 See, the two with stars on their foreheads—see, the round bodies and broad  
 backs,  
 How straight and square they stand on their legs—what fine sagacious eyes!  
 How they watch their tamer—they wish him near them—how they turn to  
 15 look after him!

*Title:* 76[TR]: THE OX TAMER. [See *Title-note*, III 655] [An early composition, apparently around 1860; it was listed by Thayer and Eldridge, publishers of the 1860 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, in an advertisement for the never-published volume 'Banner at Daybreak'. See Gay Wilson Allen, *The Solitary Singer* (New York: New York University Press, rev. ed., 1967), p. 267]

- 1 76[TR]: faraway ~ county, in ~ placid, pastoral  
 2 76[TR]: Tamer ~ Oxen:  
 3 76[TR]: four-year-/olds, to ~ them;  
 4 76[TR]: world, and ~ him;  
 5 76[TR]: go, fearless, without ~ whip,

where ~ yard;

6 76[TR]: air, with ~ eyes;

7 76[TR]: Yet, see ~ Tamer ~ him:

8 76[TR]: hereabout, a ~ oxen, young ~ old—and ~ them;

9 76[TR]: him—all

10 76[TR]: animals—so ~ looking!

11 76[TR]: buff color'd—some mottled—one ~ back—some

12 76[TR]: sign)—See ~ hides;

13 76[TR]: foreheads—See, ~ backs;

14 76[TR]: See, how ~ legs—See, what fine, sagacious eyes;

15 76[TR]: See, how ~ Tamer—they



What yearning expression! how uneasy they are when he moves away from  
 them;  
 Now I marvel what it can be he appears to them, (books, politics, poems,  
 depart—all else departs,)  
 I confess I envy only his fascination—my silent, illiterate friend,  
 Whom a hundred oxen love there in his life on farms,  
 In the northern county far, in the placid pastoral region.   ○

20

### Wandering at Morn.

Wandering at morn,  
 Emerging from the night from gloomy thoughts, thee in my thoughts,  
 Yearning for thee harmonious Union! thee, singing bird divine!  
 Thee coil'd in evil times my country, with craft and black dismay, with every  
 meanness, treason thrust upon thee,  
 This common marvel I beheld—the parent thrush I watch'd feeding its young,   5  
 The singing thrush whose tones of joy and faith ecstatic,  
 Fail not to certify and cheer my soul.   ○

There ponder'd, felt I,  
 If worms, snakes, loathsome grubs, may to sweet spiritual songs be turn'd,  
 If vermin so transposed, so used and bless'd may be,   10  
 Then may I trust in you, your fortunes, days, my country;

16 76[TR]: them:

17 76[TR]: —Now ~ departs;)

19 76[TR]: love, there

20 76[TR]: placid, pastoral

*Title:* 76[TR]: WANDERING AT MORN. [See  
*Title-note*, III 655]

2 76[TR]: night, from ~ thoughts—thee

3 76[TR]: thee, harmonious ~ Singing Bird

4 76[TR]: Thee, seated coil'd ~ times, my

Country, with ~ dismay—with ~ thee;

5 76[TR]: —Wandering—this ~ watch'd,  
 feeding

6 76[TR]: (The ~ thrush, whose

7 76[TR]: soul.)

10 76[TR]: used, so

Who knows but these may be the lessons fit for you?  
 From these your future song may rise with joyous trills,  
 Destin'd to fill the world. ◦

## An Old Man's Thought of School.

*For the Inauguration of a Public School, Camden, New Jersey, 1874.*

An old man's thought of school,  
 An old man gathering youthful memories and blooms that youth itself  
 cannot. ◦

Now only do I know you,  
 O fair auroral skies—O morning dew upon the grass! ◦

5 And these I see, these sparkling eyes,  
 These stores of mystic meaning, these young lives,  
 Building, equipping like a fleet of ships, immortal ships,  
 Soon to sail out over the measureless seas,  
 On the soul's voyage. ◦

10 Only a lot of boys and girls?

12 76[TR]: —Who

13 76[TR]: Song ~ rise, with

*Title:* 76[TR]: AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHT OF  
 SCHOOL./[Recited for the inauguration of a  
 New Public School, Camden, New Jersey, Oct.  
 31, 1874.] [See *Title*-note, III 655]

1 76[TR]: School;

2 76[TR]: man, gathering ~ blooms, that

3 76[TR]: you!

4 76[TR]: skies! O

5 76[TR]: see—these

6 76[TR]: meaning—these

7 76[TR]: equipping, like ~ ships—immor-  
 tal ships!

9 76[TR]: Soul's

Only the tiresome spelling, writing, ciphering classes?  
Only a public school? ○

Ah more, infinitely more;  
(As George Fox rais'd his warning cry, "Is it this pile of brick and mortar,  
these dead floors, windows, rails, you call the church?  
Why this is not the church at all—the church is living, ever living souls.") ○ 15

And you America,  
Cast you the real reckoning for your present?  
The lights and shadows of your future, good or evil?  
To girlhood, boyhood look, the teacher and the school. ○

## With All Thy Gifts.

With all thy gifts America,  
Standing secure, rapidly tending, overlooking the world,  
Power, wealth, extent, vouchsafed to thee—with these and like of these  
vouchsafed to thee,  
What if one gift thou lackest? (the ultimate human problem never solving,)  
The gift of perfect women fit for thee—what if that gift of gifts thou lackest? 5  
The towering feminine of thee? the beauty, health, completion, fit for thee?  
The mothers fit for thee? ○

- |    |                                  |    |                                    |
|----|----------------------------------|----|------------------------------------|
| 12 | 76[TR]: Public School?           | 16 | 76[TR]: you, America,              |
| 13 | 76[TR]: more—infinately          | 18 | 76[TR]: future—good                |
| 14 | 76[TR]: mortar—these ~ rails—you | 19 | 76[TR]: look—the Teacher ~ School. |
| 15 | 76[TR]: Church is ~ Souls.")     |    |                                    |

- |                    |                                       |            |                                      |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|------------|--------------------------------------|
| <i>Title:</i>      | 76[TR]: WITH ALL THY GIFTS. [See      | vouchsafed |                                      |
| <i>Title-note,</i> | III 655]                              | 4          | 76[TR]: solving;)                    |
| 1                  | 76[TR]: gifts, America,               | 5          | 76[TR]: Perfect Women ~ thee—What of |
| 2                  | 76[TR]: (Standing ~ world,)           | 6          | 76[TR]: Feminine                     |
| 3                  | 76[TR]: thee—With these, and ~ these, | 7          | 76[TR]: Mothers                      |

## FROM MY LAST YEARS.

From my last years, last thoughts I here bequeath,  
Scatter'd and dropt, in seeds, and wafted to the West,  
Through moisture of Ohio, prairie soil of Illinois—through Colorado, Cali-  
fornia air,  
For Time to germinate fully. ◦

## IN FORMER SONGS.

[1]

In former songs Pride have I sung, and Love, and passionate, joyful Life,  
But here I twine the strands of Patriotism and Death. ◦

And now, Life, Pride, Love, Patriotism and Death,  
To you, O FREEDOM, purport of all!  
5 (You that elude me most—refusing to be caught in songs of mine,)  
I offer all to you. ◦

*Title:* 76[TR]: *As above.* [See *Title*-note,  
III 655] [Text in 76[TR] only]

*Title:* 76[TR]: *As above.* [See *Title*-note, III 655] [Text in 76[TR] only] [Section num-  
bers, with number for Section 1 missing]

2

'Tis not for nothing, Death,  
 I sound out you, and words of you, with daring tone—embodying you,  
 In my new Democratic chants—keeping you for a close,  
 For last impregnable retreat—a citadel and tower, 10  
 For my last stand—my pealing final cry. ◦

### After the Sea-Ship.

After the sea-ship, after the whistling winds,  
 After the white-gray sails taut to their spars and ropes,  
 Below, a myriad myriad waves hastening, lifting up their necks,  
 Tending in ceaseless flow toward the track of the ship,  
 Waves of the ocean bubbling and gurgling, blithely prying, 5  
 Waves, undulating waves, liquid, uneven, emulous waves,  
 Toward that whirling current, laughing and buoyant, with curves,  
 Where the great vessel sailing and tacking displaced the surface,  
 Larger and smaller waves in the spread of the ocean yearnfully flowing,  
 The wake of the sea-ship after she passes, flashing and frolicsome under the sun, 10  
 A motley procession with many a fleck of foam and many fragments,  
 Following the stately and rapid ship, in the wake following. ◦

- Title:* 76[TR]: AFTER THE SEA-SHIP. [See *Title-note*, III 655]
- |   |  |    |   |
|---|--|----|---|
| 1 | 76[TR]: Sea-Ship—after ~ winds;          | 8  | 76[TR]: Vessel, sailing ~ tacking, displaced ~ surface;       |
| 2 | 76[TR]: sails, taut                      | 9  | 76[TR]: waves, in ~ ocean, yearnfully flowing;                |
| 3 | 76[TR]: myriad, myriad waves, hastening, | 10 | 76[TR]: Sea-Ship, after ~ passes—flashing ~ frolicsome, under |
| 4 | 76[TR]: ship:                            | 11 | 76[TR]: procession, with ~ foam, and                          |
| 5 | 76[TR]: ocean, bubbling                  | 12 | 76[TR]: Ship—in   |
| 6 | 76[TR]: waves—liquid,                    |    |   |

## Song of the Redwood-Tree.

### I

A California song,  
 A prophecy and indirection, a thought impalpable to breathe as air,  
 A chorus of dryads, fading, departing, or hamadryads departing,  
 A murmuring, fateful, giant voice, out of the earth and sky,  
 5 Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense. ◦

*Farewell my brethren,  
 Farewell O earth and sky, farewell ye neighboring waters,  
 My time has ended, my term has come. ◦*

Along the northern coast,  
 10 Just back from the rock-bound shore and the caves,  
 In the saline air from the sea in the Mendocino country,  
 With the surge for base and accompaniment low and hoarse,  
 With crackling blows of axes sounding musically driven by strong arms,  
 Riven deep by the sharp tongues of the axes, there in the redwood forest dense,  
 15 I heard the mighty tree its death-chant chanting. ◦

The choppers heard not, the camp shanties echoed not,

*Title:* 76[CS]: SONG OF THE REDWOOD-TREE.  
 [Section numbers] [One of four poems in the  
 separately printed *Centennial Songs* [CS] - - -  
 1876, and annexed to the 76 volume *Two*  
*Rivulets*. See also III 612, 679, 682]

1 76[CS]: song!  
 2 76[CS]: indirection—a ~ impalpable, to  
 breathe, as air;  
 3 76[CS]: departing—or ~ departing;  
 5 76[CS]: Redwood

6 76[CS]: *Farewell, my*  
 7 76[CS]: *Farewell, O ~ sky—farewell, ye*  
 ~ *waters*;  
 9 76[CS]: [Section 2 begins with 9]  
 10 76[CS]: shore, and  
 11 76[CS]: sea, in  
 12 76[CS]: for bass and  
 13 76[CS]: axes, sounding musically, driven  
 14 76[CS]: axes—there ~ Redwood  
 16 76[CS]: not—the ~ not;

# *CENTENNIAL*

*SONGS---1876.*

Song of the Exposition.

Song of the Redwood-Tree.

Song of the Universal.

Song for All Seas.





The quick-ear'd teamsters and chain and jack-screw men heard not,  
As the wood-spirits came from their haunts of a thousand years to join the  
refrain,

But in my soul I plainly heard. ◦

Murmuring out of its myriad leaves, 20  
Down from its lofty top rising two hundred feet high,  
Out of its stalwart trunk and limbs, out of its foot-thick bark,  
That chant of the seasons and time, chant not of the past only but the future. ◦

*You untold life of me,  
And all you venerable and innocent joys, 25  
Perennial hardy life of me with joys 'mid rain and many a summer sun,  
And the white snows and night and the wild winds;  
O the great patient rugged joys, my soul's strong joys unreck'd by man,  
(For know I bear the soul befitting me, I too have consciousness, identity,  
And all the rocks and mountains have, and all the earth,) 30  
Joys of the life befitting me and brothers mine,  
Our time, our term has come. ◦*

*Nor yield we mournfully majestic brothers,  
We who have grandly fill'd our time;  
With Nature's calm content, with tacit huge delight, 35  
We welcome what we wrought for through the past,  
And leave the field for them. ◦*

*For them predicted long,  
For a superber race, they too to grandly fill their time,  
For them we abdicate, in them ourselves ye forest kings! 40  
In them these skies and airs, these mountain peaks, Shasta, Nevadas,*

17 76[CS]: teamsters, and ~ men, heard

18 76[CS]: years, to ~ refrain;

21 76[CS]: top, rising

22 76[CS]: limbs—out

23 76[CS]: time—chant, not ~ only, but

24 76[CS]: [Section 3 begins with 24]

26 76[CS]: *Perennial, hardy ~ me, with  
joys, 'mid rain, and*

27 76[CS]: *snows, and night, and*

28 76[CS]: *patient, rugged joys! my ~ joys,*

*unreck'd ~ man;*

29 76[CS]: *me—I*

30 76[CS]: *have—and ~ earth;)*

33 76[CS]: *mournfully, majestic*

35 76[CS]: *content, and tacit, huge*

39 76[CS]: *Race—they*

40 76[CS]: *abdicate—in ~ ourselves, ye*

41 76[CS]: *airs—these ~ peaks—Shasta—  
Nevadas,*

*These huge precipitous cliffs, this amplitude, these valleys, far Yosemite,  
To be in them absorb'd, assimilated. ○*

Then to a loftier strain,  
45 Still prouder, more ecstatic rose the chant,  
As if the heirs, the deities of the West,  
Joining with master-tongue bore part. ○

*Not wan from Asia's fetiches,  
Nor red from Europe's old dynastic slaughter-house,  
(Area of murder-plots of thrones, with scent left yet of wars and scaffolds  
50 everywhere,)  
But come from Nature's long and harmless throes, peacefully builded thence,  
These virgin lands, lands of the Western shore,  
To the new culminating man, to you, the empire new,  
You promis'd long, we pledge, we dedicate. ○*

55 *You occult deep volitions,  
You average spiritual manhood, purpose of all, pois'd on yourself, giving not  
taking law,  
You womanhood divine, mistress and source of all, whence life and love and  
aught that comes from life and love,  
You unseen moral essence of all the vast materials of America, (age upon age  
working in death the same as life,)  
You that, sometimes known, oftener unknown, really shape and mould the  
New World, adjusting it to Time and Space,  
60 You hidden national will lying in your abysses, conceal'd but ever alert,  
You past and present purposes tenaciously pursued, may-be unconscious of  
yourselves,  
Unserv'd by all the passing errors, perturbations of the surface;*

- |    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| 42 | 76[CS]: huge, precipitous cliffs—this amplitude—these valleys grand—Yosemite, | Empire New,  |
| 44 | 76[CS]: [Section 4 begins with 44]  | 54 76[CS]: You, promis'd                                       |
| 45 | 76[CS]: ecstatic, rose  | 55 76[CS]: occult, deep  |
| 46 | 76[CS]: Deities   | 56 76[CS]: average Spiritual Manhood, ~ your-/self—giving, not |
| 47 | 76[CS]: Joining, with master-tongue, bore                                     | 57 76[CS]: You Womanhood ~ love, and                           |
| 48 | 76[CS]: fetishes,   | 58 76[CS]: Moral Essence ~ age, working in Death ~ Life,)      |
| 50 | 76[CS]: everywhere,)  | 60 76[CS]: National Will, lying ~ conceal'd, but               |
| 51 | 76[CS]: throes—peacefully   | 61 76[CS]: purposes, tenaciously                               |
| 52 | 76[CS]: lands—Lands ~ Shore,  |  |
| 53 | 76[CS]: new Culminating Man—to ~  |  |

*You vital, universal, deathless germs, beneath all creeds, arts, statutes,  
literatures,  
Here build your homes for good, establish here, these areas entire, lands of the  
Western shore,  
We pledge, we dedicate to you. ◦* 65

*For man of you, your characteristic race,  
Here may he hardy, sweet, gigantic grow, here tower proportionate to Nature,  
Here climb the vast pure spaces unconfined, uncheck'd by wall or roof,  
Here laugh with storm or sun, here joy, here patiently inure,  
Here heed himself, unfold himself, (not others' formulas heed,) here fill his  
time, 70  
To duly fall, to aid, unreck'd at last,  
To disappear, to serve. ◦*

Thus on the northern coast,  
In the echo of teamsters' calls and the clinking chains, and the music of chop-  
pers' axes,  
The falling trunk and limbs, the crash, the muffled shriek, the groan, 75  
Such words combined from the redwood-tree, as of voices ecstatic, ancient and  
rustling,  
The century-lasting, unseen dryads, singing, withdrawing,  
All their recesses of forests and mountains leaving,  
From the Cascade range to the Wahsatch, or Idaho far, or Utah,  
To the deities of the modern henceforth yielding, 80  
The chorus and indications, the vistas of coming humanity, the settlements,  
features all,  
In the Mendocino woods I caught. ◦

## 2

The flashing and golden pageant of California,

64 76[CS]: good—establish here—These ~  
Lands ~ Shore,  
66 76[CS]: you—your ~ Race,  
67 76[CS]: grow—here tower, proportionate  
68 76[CS]: vast, pure spaces, unconfined,  
69 76[CS]: sun—here joy—here  
70 76[CS]: himself (not ~ heed)—here  
73 76[CS]: Thus, on

74 76[CS]: calls, and  
76 76[CS]: Redwood-tree—as of wood-/spir-  
its' voices  
79 76[CS]: Wasatch—or  
80 76[CS]: Modern  
81 76[CS]: humanity—the  
83 76[CS]: California! [Section 5 begins  
with 83]

The sudden and gorgeous drama, the sunny and ample lands,  
 85 The long and varied stretch from Puget sound to Colorado south,  
 Lands bathed in sweeter, rarer, healthier air, valleys and mountain cliffs,  
 The fields of Nature long prepared and fallow, the silent, cyclic chemistry,  
 The slow and steady ages plodding, the unoccupied surface ripening, the rich  
     ores forming beneath;  
 At last the New arriving, assuming, taking possession,  
 90 A swarming and busy race settling and organizing everywhere,  
 Ships coming in from the whole round world, and going out to the whole  
     world,  
 To India and China and Australia and the thousand island paradises of the  
     Pacific,  
 Populous cities, the latest inventions, the steamers on the rivers, the railroads,  
     with many a thrifty farm, with machinery,  
 And wool and wheat and the grape, and diggings of yellow gold. ◦

## 3

95 But more in you than these, lands of the Western shore,  
 (These but the means, the implements, the standing-ground,)  
 I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of years, till now  
     deferr'd,  
 Promis'd to be fulfill'd, our common kind, the race. ◦

The new society at last, proportionate to Nature,  
 100 In man of you, more than your mountain peaks or stalwart trees imperial,  
 In woman more, far more, than all your gold or vines, or even vital air. ◦

Fresh come, to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,  
 I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and ideal,

- |    |                                       |     |                                       |
|----|---------------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------------|
| 84 | 76[CS]: drama—the ~ lands;            | and |                                       |
| 85 | 76[CS]: Sound ~ south;                | 95  | 76[CS]: Lands ~ Shore! [Section 6 be- |
| 86 | 76[CS]: air—valleys ~ cliffs;         |     | gins with 95]                         |
| 87 | 76[CS]: fallow—the ~ chemistry;       | 98  | 76[CS]: Promis'd, to ~ Race.          |
| 88 | 76[CS]: plodding—the ~ ripening—the   | 99  | 76[CS]: New Society                   |
| 90 | 76[CS]: every where;                  | 100 | 76[CS]: Man ~ peaks, or               |
| 92 | 76[CS]: Australia, and ~ Pacific;     | 101 | 76[CS]: Woman ~ gold, or              |
| 93 | 76[CS]: cities—the ~ inventions—the ~ | 102 | 76[CS]: New World                     |
|    | rivers—the railroads—with             | 103 | 76[CS]: Genius ~ Modern, ~ Real ~     |
| 94 | 76[CS]: wool, and wheat, and ~ grape— |     | Ideal,                                |

Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past  
 so grand,  
 To build a grander future. ○

105

## Song of the Universal.

### I

Come said the Muse,  
 Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,  
 Sing me the universal. ○

In this broad earth of ours,  
 Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,  
 Enclosed and safe within its central heart,  
 Nestles the seed perfection. ○

5

By every life a share or more or less,  
 None born but it is born, conceal'd or unconceal'd the seed is waiting. ○

### 2

Lo! keen-eyed towering science,  
 As from tall peaks the modern overlooking,

10

104 76[CS]: Humanity,

*Title:* 76[CS]: SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL./  
 [Commencement Poem, Tuft's College, Mass.,  
 June 17, 1874.] [Section numbers]  
 [See *Title*-note, III 674]

1 76[CS]: Come, said  
 3 76[CS]: Universal.  
 4 76[CS]: Earth

7 76[CS]: Perfection.  
 8 76[CS]: share, or  
 9 76[CS]: born—conceal'd ~ unconceal'd,  
 the  
 10 76[CS]: keen-eyed, towering Science!  
 11 76[CS]: Modern

Successive absolute fiats issuing. ◦

Yet again, lo! the soul, above all science,  
For it has history gather'd like husks around the globe,  
15 For it the entire star-myriads roll through the sky. ◦

In spiral routes by long detours,  
(As a much-tacking ship upon the sea,)  
For it the partial to the permanent flowing,  
For it the real to the ideal tends. ◦

20 For it the mystic evolution,  
Not the right only justified, what we call evil also justified. ◦

Forth from their masks, no matter what,  
From the huge festering trunk, from craft and guile and tears,  
Health to emerge and joy, joy universal. ◦

25 Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,  
Out of the bad majority, the varied countless frauds of men and states,  
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving, suffusing all,  
Only the good is universal. ◦

## 3

Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow,  
30 An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,  
High in the purer, happier air. ◦

From imperfection's murkiest cloud,  
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,  
One flash of heaven's glory. ◦

12 76[CS]: Successive, absolute

13 76[CS]: Soul—above ~ science;

14 76[CS]: it, has History ~ like a husk ~ globe;

15 76[CS]: it, the

16 76[CS]: spiral roads, by

18 76[CS]: it, the

19 76[CS]: it, the Real ~ Ideal

20 76[CS]: it, the ~ evolution;

21 76[CS]: justified—what

23 76[CS]: huge, festering trunk—from

24 76[CS]: emerge, and joy—joy

26 76[CS]: majority—the varied, countless ~ States,

27 76[CS]: yet—cleaving,

28 76[CS]: Good

29 76[CS]: mountain growths, disease

34 76[CS]: Heaven's

To fashion's, custom's discord, 35  
 To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,  
 Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,  
 From some far shore the final chorus sounding. ◦

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,  
 That see, that know the guiding thread so fine, 40  
 Along the mighty labyrinth. ◦

## 4

And thou America,  
 For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality,  
 For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived. ◦

Thou too surroundest all, 45  
 Embracing carrying welcoming all, thou too by pathways broad and new,  
 To the ideal tendest. ◦

The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,  
 Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,  
 Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all, 50  
 All eligible to all. ◦

All, all for immortality,  
 Love like the light silently wrapping all,  
 Nature's amelioration blessing all,  
 The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain, 55  
 Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening. ◦

37 76[CS]: lull, a

38 76[CS]: shore, the

39 76[CS]: eyes! the ~ hearts! [Section 4 begins with 39]

40 76[CS]: see—that

41 76[CS]: labyrinth!

42 76[CS]: thou, America! [Section 5 begins with 42]

43 76[CS]: Scheme's culmination—its Thought, and ~ Reality,

44 76[CS]: these, (not ~ thyself,) Thou

45 76[CS]: all;

46 76[CS]: Embracing, carrying, welcoming ~ Thou too, by

47 76[CS]: Ideal

48 76[CS]: lands—the

49 76[CS]: Thee—but ~ Thine own;

52 76[CS]: Immortality!

53 76[CS]: Love, like ~ light, silently ~ all!

54 76[CS]: all!

55 76[CS]: ages—orchards ~ certain;

56 76[CS]: Spiritual Images

Give me O God to sing that thought,  
 Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,  
 In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,  
 60 Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,  
 Health, peace, salvation universal. ◦

Is it a dream?  
 Nay but the lack of it the dream,  
 And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,  
 65 And all the world a dream. ◦

### Song for All Seas, All Ships.

#### I

To-day a rude brief recitative,  
 Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag or ship-signal,  
 Of unnamed heroes in the ships—of waves spreading and spreading far as the  
     eye can reach,  
 Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,  
 5 And out of these a chant for the sailors of all nations,  
 Fitful, like a surge. ◦

Of sea-captains young or old, and the mates, and of all intrepid sailors,

57 76[CS]: me, O God, to ~ thought! [Section 6 begins with 57]

58 76[CS]: me—give ~ love, this ~ faith  
 [No terminal punctuation]

59 76[CS]: ensemble. Whatever ~ withheld,

withhold

60 76[CS]: Space;

63 76[CS]: Nay, but

64 76[CS]: And, failing it, life's

*Title:* 76[CS]: SONG FOR ALL SEAS, ALL SHIPS.  
 [See *Title-note*, III 674]

2 76[CS]: Seas, ~ ship-/signal;

3 76[CS]: ships—Of ~ spreading, far ~

reach;

4 76[CS]: blowing;

5 76[CS]: chant, for

7 76[CS]: Of Sea-Captains ~ Mates—and  
 ~ Sailors;



Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never surprise nor death  
 dismay,  
 Pick'd sparingly without noise by thee old ocean, chosen by thee,  
 Thou sea that pickest and cullest the race in time, and unitest nations, 10  
 Suckled by thee, old husky nurse, embodying thee,  
 Indomitable, untamed as thee. ◦

(Ever the heroes on water or on land, by ones or twos appearing,  
 Ever the stock preserv'd and never lost, though rare, enough for seed  
 preserv'd.) ◦

## 2

Flaunt out O sea your separate flags of nations! 15  
 Flaunt out visible as ever the various ship-signals!  
 But do you reserve especially for yourself and for the soul of man one flag  
 above all the rest,  
 A spiritual woven signal for all nations, emblem of man elate above death,  
 Token of all brave captains and all intrepid sailors and mates,  
 And all that went down doing their duty, 20  
 Reminiscent of them, twined from all intrepid captains young or old,  
 A pennant universal, subtly waving all time, o'er all brave sailors,  
 All seas, all ships. ◦

8 76[CS]: surprise, nor

9 76[CS]: sparingly, without noise, by thee,  
old Ocean—chosen10 76[CS]: Thou Sea, that ~ race, in Time,  
~ Nations!

11 76[CS]: Nurse—embodying thee!

13 76[CS]: heroes, on

14 76[CS]: preserv'd, and ~ rare—enough

15 76[CS]: Sea, your

16 76[CS]: out, visible ~ ever, the

17 76[CS]: yourself, and ~ man, one

18 76[CS]: Signal, for

19 76[CS]: captains, and

20 76[CS]: duty;

21 76[CS]: them—twined ~ captains, young  
or old;

22 76[CS]: waving, all

## Thou Reader.

Thou reader throbbest life and pride and love the same as I,  
Therefore for thee the following chants. ○

## Patrolling Barnegat.

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,  
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering,  
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing,  
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,  
5 Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering,  
On beachy slush and sand spirts of snow fierce slanting,  
Where through the murk the easterly death-wind breasting,  
Through cutting swirl and spray watchful and firm advancing,  
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?)  
10 Slush and sand of the beach tireless till daylight wending,  
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,  
Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs careering,  
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,  
That savage trinity warily watching. ○

*LEAVES*

*of*

*GRASS*



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1881-82



# Percy Ives.

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# LEAVES

*of*

# GRASS

COME, said my Soul,  
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)  
That should I after death invisibly return,  
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,  
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,  
(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves.)  
Ever with pleased smile I may keep on,  
Ever and ever yet the verses owning — as, first, I here and now,  
Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my name,

*Walt Whitman*

AUTHOR'S EDITION

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

1882

*LEAVES*  
*of*  
*GRASS*

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*Walt Whitman*

# Leaves of Grass

Including

SANDS AT SEVENTY... *1st Annex*,  
GOOD-BYE MY FANCY... *2d Annex*,  
A BACKWARD GLANCE O'ER TRAVEL'D ROADS,  
*and Portrait from Life.*

COME, said my Soul,  
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)  
That should I after death invisibly return,  
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,  
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,  
(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,)  
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Walt Whitman

PHILADELPHIA  
DAVID McKAY, PUBLISHER  
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1891-'2



## The Dalliance of the Eagles.

Skirting the river road, (my forenoon walk, my rest,)  
 Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound, the dalliance of the eagles,  
 The rushing amorous contact high in space together,  
 The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce, gyrating wheel,  
 Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass tight grappling, 5  
 In tumbling turning clustering loops, straight downward falling,  
 Till o'er the river pois'd, the twain yet one, a moment's lull,  
 A motionless still balance in the air, then parting, talons loosing,  
 Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting, their separate diverse flight,  
 She hers, he his, pursuing. o 10

## Roaming in Thought.

*(After reading HEGEL.)*

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is Good steadily  
 hastening towards immortality,  
 And the vast all that is call'd Evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become  
 lost and dead. o

## Hast Never Come to Thee an Hour.

Hast never come to thee an hour,  
A sudden gleam divine, precipitating, bursting all these bubbles, fashions,  
wealth?  
These eager business aims—books, politics, art, amours,  
To utter nothingness? ○

## As Consequent, *Etc.*

As consequent from store of summer rains,  
Or wayward rivulets in autumn flowing,  
Or many a herb-lined brook's reticulations,  
Or subterranean sea-rills making for the sea,  
5 Songs of continued years I sing. ○

Life's ever-modern rapids first, (soon, soon to blend,  
With the old streams of death.) ○

Some threading Ohio's farm-fields or the woods,  
Some down Colorado's cañons from sources of perpetual snow,  
10 Some half-hid in Oregon, or away southward in Texas,  
Some in the north finding their way to Erie, Niagara, Ottawa,  
Some to Atlantica's bays, and so to the great salt brine. ○

*Title:* 81: As Consequent, *Etc.*





Electric, pensive, turbulent, artificial,  
 5 (Yet strangely fitting even here, meanings unknown before,  
 Subtler than ever, more harmony, as if born here, related here,  
 Not to the city's fresco'd rooms, not to the audience of the opera house,  
 Sounds, echoes, wandering strains, as really here at home,  
*Sonnambula's* innocent love, trios with *Norma's* anguish,  
 10 And thy ecstatic chorus *Poliuto*;)
   
Ray'd in the limpid yellow slanting sundown,  
 Music, Italian music in Dakota. ◦

While Nature, sovereign of this gnarl'd realm,  
 Lurking in hidden barbaric grim recesses,  
 15 Acknowledging rapport however far remov'd,  
 (As some old root or soil of earth its last-born flower or fruit,)
   
Listens well pleas'd. ◦

### My Picture-Gallery.

In a little house keep I pictures suspended, it is not a fix'd house,  
 It is round, it is only a few inches from one side to the other;  
 Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of the world, all memories!  
 Here the tableaux of life, and here the groupings of death;  
 5 Here, do you know this? this is cicerone himself,  
 With finger rais'd he points to the prodigal pictures. ◦

*Title: As above.* [The poem originates in a pre-1855 notebook entitled 'Pictures'. See Emory Holloway, ed., *Pictures: An Unpublished poem of Walt Whitman* (New York: The June House; London: Faber & Gwyer, Ltd., 1927), p. [7]-8, [13]]

## The Prairie States.

A newer garden of creation, no primal solitude,  
 Dense, joyous, modern, populous millions, cities and farms,  
 With iron interlaced, composite, tied, many in one,  
 By all the world contributed—freedom's and law's and thrift's society,  
 The crown and teeming paradise, so far, of time's accumulations, 5  
 To justify the past. ◦

## A Paumanok Picture.

Two boats with nets lying off the sea-beach, quite still,  
 Ten fishermen waiting—they discover a thick school of mossbonkers—they  
     drop the join'd seine-ends in the water,  
 The boats separate and row off, each on its rounding course to the beach,  
     enclosing the mossbonkers,  
 The net is drawn in by a windlass by those who stop ashore,  
 Some of the fishermen lounge in their boats, others stand ankle-deep in the  
     water, pois'd on strong legs, 5  
 The boats partly drawn up, the water slapping against them,  
 Strew'd on the sand in heaps and windrows, well out from the water, the  
     green-back'd spotted mossbonkers. ◦

*Title:* 81: A Paumanok Picture. [All but one line of this 81 poem was taken from Section 8 of the 71 *Salut au Monde!* See I 169-170, 123. Also, cf. II 273 and III 695]

## Thou Orb Aloft Full-Dazzling.

Thou orb aloft full-dazzling! thou hot October noon!  
Flooding with sheeny light the gray beach sand,  
The sibilant near sea with vistas far and foam,  
And tawny streaks and shades and spreading blue;  
5 O sun of noon refulgent! my special word to thee. ◦

Hear me illustrious!  
Thy lover me, for always I have loved thee,  
Even as basking babe, then happy boy alone by some wood edge, thy  
touching-distant beams enough,  
Or, man matured, or young or old, as now to thee I launch my invocation. ◦

10 (Thou canst not with thy dumbness me deceive,  
I know before the fitting man all Nature yields,  
Though answering not in words, the skies, trees, hear his voice—and thou  
O sun,  
As for thy throes, thy perturbations, sudden breaks and shafts of flame  
gigantic,  
I understand them, I know those flames, those perturbations well.) ◦

15 Thou that with fructifying heat and light,  
O'er myriad farms, o'er lands and waters North and South,  
O'er Mississippi's endless course, o'er Texas' grassy plains, Kanada's woods,  
O'er all the globe that turns its face to thee shining in space,  
Thou that impartially infoldest all, not only continents, seas,  
20 Thou that to grapes and weeds and little wild flowers givest so liberally,  
Shed, shed thyself on mine and me, with but a fleeting ray out of thy million  
millions,  
Strike through these chants. ◦

Nor only launch thy subtle dazzle and thy strength for these,  
 Prepare the later afternoon of me myself—prepare my lengthening shadows,  
 Prepare my starry nights. ◦

25

### A Riddle Song.

That which eludes this verse and any verse,  
 Unheard by sharpest ear, unform'd in clearest eye or cunningest mind,  
 Nor lore nor fame, nor happiness nor wealth,  
 And yet the pulse of every heart and life throughout the world incessantly,  
 Which you and I and all pursuing ever ever miss, 5  
 Open but still a secret, the real of the real, an illusion,  
 Costless, vouchsafed to each, yet never man the owner,  
 Which poets vainly seek to put in rhyme, historians in prose,  
 Which sculptor never chisel'd yet, nor painter painted,  
 Which vocalist never sung, nor orator nor actor ever utter'd, 10  
 Invoking here and now I challenge for my song. ◦

Indifferently, 'mid public, private haunts, in solitude,  
 Behind the mountain and the wood,  
 Companion of the city's busiest streets, through the assemblage,  
 It and its radiations constantly glide. ◦ 15

In looks of fair unconscious babes,  
 Or strangely in the coffin'd dead,  
 Or show of breaking dawn or stars by night,  
 As some dissolving delicate film of dreams,  
 Hiding yet lingering. ◦ 20

Two little breaths of words comprising it,  
 Two words, yet all from first to last comprised in it. ◦

- How ardently for it!  
 How many ships have sail'd and sunk for it!  
 25 How many travelers started from their homes and ne'er return'd!  
 How much of genius boldly staked and lost for it!  
 What countless stores of beauty, love, ventur'd for it!  
 How all superbest deeds since Time began are traceable to it—and shall be  
 to the end!  
 How all heroic martyrdoms to it!  
 30 How, justified by it, the horrors, evils, battles of the earth!  
 How the bright fascinating lambent flames of it, in every age and land, have  
 drawn men's eyes,  
 Rich as a sunset on the Norway coast, the sky, the islands, and the cliffs,  
 Or midnight's silent glowing northern lights unreachable. ◦
- Haply God's riddle it, so vague and yet so certain,  
 35 The soul for it, and all the visible universe for it,  
 And heaven at last for it. ◦

### What Best I See in Thee.

*To U. S. G. return'd from his World's Tour.*

- What best I see in thee,  
 Is not that where thou mov'st down history's great highways,  
 Ever undimm'd by time shoots warlike victory's dazzle,  
 Or that thou sat'st where Washington sat, ruling the land in peace,  
 5 Or thou the man whom feudal Europe feted, venerable Asia swarm'd upon,  
 Who walk'd with kings with even pace the round world's promenade;  
 But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks with kings,  
 Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois,  
 Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farmers, soldiers, all to the front,  
 Invisibly with thee walking with kings with even pace the round world's  
 10 promenade,  
 Were all so justified. ◦

*Title:* 81: *As above.* [After completing his eight years as president, Ulysses S. Grant undertook a world tour in 1877; the poem celebrates his return in 1879]

## Spirit That Form'd This Scene.

*Written in Platte Cañon, Colorado.*

Spirit that form'd this scene,  
 These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,  
 These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks,  
 These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness,  
 These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own, 5  
 I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together,  
 Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of their own;  
 Was't charged against my chants they had forgotten art?  
 To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicatessen?  
 The lyrist's measur'd beat, the wrought-out temple's grace—column and  
     polish'd arch forgot? 10  
 But thou that revelest here—spirit that form'd this scene,  
 They have remember'd thee.   o

## A Clear Midnight.

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,  
 Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,  
 Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou  
     lovest best,  
 Night, sleep, death and the stars.   o

*Title:* 81: A Clear Midnight.

2 81: [See 4, Supplement Hours., III 761]

## As at Thy Portals Also Death.

As at thy portals also death,  
Entering thy sovereign, dim, illimitable grounds,  
To memories of my mother, to the divine blending, maternity,  
To her, buried and gone, yet buried not, gone not from me,  
5 (I see again the calm benignant face fresh and beautiful still,  
I sit by the form in the coffin,  
I kiss and kiss convulsively again the sweet old lips, the cheeks, the closed  
eyes in the coffin;)  
To her, the ideal woman, practical, spiritual, of all of earth, life, love, to me  
the best,  
I grave a monumental line, before I go, amid these songs,  
10 And set a tombstone here. o

## The Sobbing of the Bells.

(*Midnight, Sept. 19-20, 1881.*)

The sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news everywhere,  
The slumberers rouse, the rapt of the People,  
(Full well they know that message in the darkness,  
Full well return, respond within their breasts, their brains, the sad  
reverberations,)  
The passionate toll and clang—city to city, joining, sounding, passing,  
Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night. o

*Title:* 81: The Sobbing of the Bells. [President James A. Garfield was shot by an assassin and died near midnight, 19 September 1881]



# ANNEX

TO PRECEDING PAGES.

SANDS AT SEVENTY.

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(See "NOVEMBER BOUGHS.")

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|---|--|

## Mannahatta.

My city's fit and noble name resumed,  
Choice aboriginal name, with marvellous beauty, meaning,  
*A rocky founded island—shores where ever gayly dash the coming, going,  
hurrying sea waves. o*

## Paumanok.

Sea-beauty! stretch'd and basking!  
One side thy inland ocean laving, broad, with copious commerce, steamers,  
sails,  
And one the Atlantic's wind caressing, fierce or gentle—mighty hulls  
dark-gliding in the distance.  
Isle of sweet brooks of drinking-water—healthy air and soil!  
Isle of the salty shore and breeze and brine! o

5

*Title:* 88[SS]: Mannahatta. [Cf. II 419]

*Title:* 88[SS]: Paumanok. [Cf. II 273 and III 689]      3 88[SS]: distance. [Terminal period within five-line poem]

### From Montauk Point.

I stand as on some mighty eagle's beak,  
Eastward the sea absorbing, viewing, (nothing but sea and sky,)  
The tossing waves, the foam, the ships in the distance,  
The wild unrest, the snowy, curling caps—that inbound urge and urge of  
    waves,  
5 Seeking the shores forever.   ◦

### To Those Who've Fail'd.

To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast,  
To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead,  
To calm, devoted engineers—to over-ardent travelers—to pilots on their ships,  
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition—I'd rear a  
    laurel-cover'd monument,  
5 High, high above the rest—To all cut off before their time,  
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,  
Quench'd by an early death.   ◦

## A Carol Closing Sixty-Nine.

A carol closing sixty-nine—a *résumé*—a repetition,  
My lines in joy and hope continuing on the same,  
Of ye, O God, Life, Nature, Freedom, Poetry;  
Of you, my Land—your rivers, prairies, States—you, mottled Flag I love,  
Your aggregate retain'd entire—Of north, south, east and west, your items all; 5  
Of me myself—the jocund heart yet beating in my breast,  
The body wreck'd, old, poor and paralyzed—the strange inertia falling  
    pall-like round me,  
The burning fires down in my sluggish blood not yet extinct,  
The undiminish'd faith—the groups of loving friends.  ◦

## The Bravest Soldiers.

Brave, brave were the soldiers (high named to-day) who lived through  
    the fight;  
But the bravest press'd to the front and fell, unnamed, unknown.  ◦

## A Font of Type.

This latent mine—these unlaunch'd voices—passionate powers,  
Wrath, argument, or praise, or comic leer, or prayer devout,  
(Not nonpareil, brevier, bourgeois, long primer merely,)  
These ocean waves arousable to fury and to death,  
5 Or sooth'd to ease and sheeny sun and sleep,  
Within the pallid slivers slumbering. ◦

## As I Sit Writing Here.

As I sit writing here, sick and grown old,  
Not my least burden is that dulness of the years, querilities,  
Ungracious glooms, aches, lethargy, constipation, whimpering *ennui*,  
May filter in my daily songs. ◦

*Title:* 88[SS]: A Font of Type.

3 88[SS]: [Names of types in sizes from  
six to ten points, then most in use]

### My Canary Bird.

Did we count great, O soul, to penetrate the themes of mighty books,  
 Absorbing deep and full from thoughts, plays, speculations?  
 But now from thee to me, caged bird, to feel thy joyous warble,  
 Filling the air, the lonesome room, the long forenoon,  
 Is it not just as great, O soul?   o

5

### Queries to My Seventieth Year.

Approaching, nearing, curious,  
 Thou dim, uncertain spectre—bringest thou life or death?  
 Strength, weakness, blindness, more paralysis and heavier?  
 Or placid skies and sun? Wilt stir the waters yet?  
 Or haply cut me short for good? Or leave me here as now,  
 Dull, parrot-like and old, with crack'd voice harping, screeching?   o

5

## The Wallabout Martyrs.

[In Brooklyn, in an old vault, mark'd by no special recognition, lie huddled at this moment the undoubtedly authentic remains of the stanchest and earliest revolutionary patriots from the British prison ships and prisons of the times of 1776-83, in and around New York, and from all over Long Island; originally buried—many thousands of them—in trenches in the Wallabout sands.]

Greater than memory of Achilles or Ulysses,  
More, more by far to thee than tomb of Alexander,  
Those cart loads of old charnel ashes, scales and splints of mouldy bones,  
Once living men—once resolute courage, aspiration, strength,  
5 The stepping stones to thee to-day and here, America.   ◦

## The First Dandelion.

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,  
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics, had ever been,  
Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass—innocent, golden, calm as  
the dawn,  
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.   ◦

*Title:* 88[SS] The First Dandelion. [First appeared in the New York *Herald*, March 12, 1888, ironically a day after the beginning of the great blizzard of 1888]



## America.

Centre of equal daughters, equal sons,  
All, all alike endear'd, grown, ungrown, young or old,  
Strong, ample, fair, enduring, capable, rich,  
Perennial with the Earth, with Freedom, Law and Love,  
A grand, sane, towering, seated Mother,  
Chair'd in the adamant of Time. ◦

## Memories.

How sweet the silent backward tracings!  
The wanderings as in dreams—the meditation of old times resumed—their  
loves, joys, persons, voyages. ◦

## To-day and Thee.

The appointed winners in a long-stretch'd game;  
The course of Time and nations—Egypt, India, Greece and Rome;  
The past entire, with all its heroes, histories, arts, experiments,  
Its store of songs, inventions, voyages, teachers, books,  
5 Garner'd for now and thee—To think of it!  
The heirdom all converged in thee! o

## After the Dazzle of Day.

After the dazzle of day is gone,  
Only the dark, dark night shows to my eyes the stars;  
After the clangor of organ majestic, or chorus, or perfect band,  
Silent, athwart my soul, moves the symphony true. o

## Abraham Lincoln, born Feb. 12, 1809.

To-day, from each and all, a breath of prayer—a pulse of thought,  
To memory of Him—to birth of Him. ◦

Publish'd Feb. 12, 1888.

## Out of May's Shows Selected.

Apple orchards, the trees all cover'd with blossoms;  
Wheat fields carpeted far and near in vital emerald green;  
The eternal, exhaustless freshness of each early morning;  
The yellow, golden, transparent haze of the warm afternoon sun;  
The aspiring lilac bushes with profuse purple or white flowers. ◦

5

*Title:* 88[SS]: Abraham Lincoln, born Feb. 12, 1809. [Published in the New York *Herald*, on the date given by Whitman]

## Halcyon Days.

Not from successful love alone,  
 Nor wealth, nor honor'd middle age, nor victories of politics or war;  
 But as life wanes, and all the turbulent passions calm,  
 As gorgeous, vapory, silent hues cover the evening sky,  
 5 As softness, fulness, rest, suffuse the frame, like freshier, balmier air,  
 As the days take on a mellower light, and the apple at last hangs really  
     finish'd and indolent-ripe on the tree,  
 Then for the teeming quietest, happiest days of all!  
 The brooding and blissful halcyon days!   o

## FANCIES AT NAVESINK.

### *The Pilot in the Mist.*

Steaming the northern rapids—(an old St. Lawrence reminiscence,  
 A sudden memory-flash comes back, I know not why,  
 Here waiting for the sunrise, gazing from this hill;) \*  
 Again 'tis just at morning—a heavy haze contends with day-break,  
 Again the trembling, laboring vessel veers me—I press through foam-dash'd  
 5       rocks that almost touch me,  
 Again I mark where aft the small thin Indian helmsman  
 Looms in the mist, with brow elate and governing hand.   o

\* Navesink—a sea-side mountain, lower entrance of New York Bay.

*Title:* 88[SS]: FANCIES AT NAVESINK.  
 [A cluster of eight poems, titles italicized, III  
 704-708]

*Title:* 88[SS]: *The Pilot in the Mist.* [See  
 While Behind All Firm and Erect., III 759]  
 4 88[SS]: day-/break,

*Had I the Choice.*

Had I the choice to tally greatest bards,  
To limn their portraits, stately, beautiful, and emulate at will,  
Homer with all his wars and warriors—Hector, Achilles, Ajax,  
Or Shakespere's woe-entangled Hamlet, Lear, Othello—Tennyson's fair  
    ladies,  
Metre or wit the best, or choice conceit to wield in perfect rhyme, delight  
    of singers; 5  
These, these, O sea, all these I'd gladly barter,  
Would you the undulation of one wave, its trick to me transfer,  
Or breathe one breath of yours upon my verse,  
And leave its odor there. o

*You Tides with Ceaseless Swell.*

You tides with ceaseless swell! you power that does this work!  
You unseen force, centripetal, centrifugal, through space's spread,  
Rapport of sun, moon, earth, and all the constellations,  
What are the messages by you from distant stars to us? what Sirius'? what  
    Capella's?  
What central heart—and you the pulse—vivifies all? what boundless  
    aggregate of all? 5

What subtle indirection and significance in you? what clue to all in you?  
what fluid, vast identity,  
Holding the universe with all its parts as one—as sailing in a ship? ◦

*Last of Ebb, and Daylight Waning.*

Last of ebb, and daylight waning,  
Scented sea-cool landward making, smells of sedge and salt incoming,  
With many a half-caught voice sent up from the eddies,  
Many a muffled confession—many a sob and whisper'd word,  
5 As of speakers far or hid. ◦

How they sweep down and out! how they mutter!  
Poets unnamed—artists greatest of any, with cherish'd lost designs,  
Love's unresponse—a chorus of age's complaints—hope's last words,  
Some suicide's despairing cry, *Away to the boundless waste, and never again  
return.* ◦

10 On to oblivion then!  
On, on, and do your part, ye burying, ebbing tide!  
On for your time, ye furious debouché! ◦

For *Last of Ebb, and Daylight Waning.*: [See  
Title-note, III 704]

*And Yet Not You Alone.*

And yet not you alone, twilight and burying ebb,  
Nor you, ye lost designs alone—nor failures, aspirations;  
I know, divine deceitful ones, your glamour's seeming;  
Duly by you, from you, the tide and light again—duly the hinges turning,  
Duly the needed discord-parts offsetting, blending, 5  
Weaving from you, from Sleep, Night, Death itself,  
The rhythmus of Birth eternal. o

*Proudly the Flood Comes In.*

Proudly the flood comes in, shouting, foaming, advancing,  
Long it holds at the high, with bosom broad outswelling,  
All throbs, dilates—the farms, woods, streets of cities—workmen at work,  
Mainsails, topsails, jibs, appear in the offing—steamers' pennants of smoke—  
and under the forenoon sun,  
Freighted with human lives, gaily the outward bound, gaily the inward  
bound, 5  
Flaunting from many a spar the flag I love. o

*For both poems:* [See *Title-note*, III 704]

*By That Long Scan of Waves.*

By that long scan of waves, myself call'd back, resumed upon myself,  
In every crest some undulating light or shade—some retrospect,  
Joys, travels, studies, silent panoramas—scenes ephemeral,  
The long past war, the battles, hospital sights, the wounded and the dead,  
5 Myself through every by-gone phase—my idle youth—old age at hand,  
My three-score years of life summ'd up, and more, and past,  
By any grand ideal tried, intentionless, the whole a nothing,  
And haply yet some drop within God's scheme's ensemble—some wave, or  
part of wave,  
Like one of yours, ye multitudinous ocean. ◦

*Then Last of All.*

Then last of all, caught from these shores, this hill,  
Of you O tides, the mystic human meaning:  
Only by law of you, your swell and ebb, enclosing me the same,  
The brain that shapes, the voice that chants this song. ◦



## Election Day, November, 1884.

If I should need to name, O Western World, your powerfulest scene and  
 show,  
 'Twould not be you, Niagara—nor you, ye limitless prairies—nor your huge  
 rifts of canyons, Colorado,  
 Nor you, Yosemite—nor Yellowstone, with all its spasmic geyser-loops  
 ascending to the skies, appearing and disappearing,  
 Nor Oregon's white cones—nor Huron's belt of mighty lakes—nor  
 Mississippi's stream:  
 —This seething hemisphere's humanity, as now, I'd name—*the still small*  
*voice* vibrating—America's choosing day, 5  
 (The heart of it not in the chosen—the act itself the main, the quadriennial  
 choosing,)  
 The stretch of North and South arous'd—sea-board and inland—Texas to  
 Maine—the Prairie States—Vermont, Virginia, California,  
 The final ballot-shower from East to West—the paradox and conflict,  
 The countless snow-flakes falling—(a swordless conflict,  
 Yet more than all Rome's wars of old, or modern Napoleon's:) the peaceful  
 choice of all, 10  
 Or good or ill humanity—welcoming the darker odds, the dross:  
 —Foams and ferments the wine? it serves to purify—while the heart pants,  
 life glows:  
 These stormy gusts and winds waft precious ships,  
 Swell'd Washington's, Jefferson's, Lincoln's sails. ◦

*Title:* 88[SS]: Election Day, November, the twenty-second President of the United  
 1884. [The national election, in which Grover States]  
 Cleveland defeated James G. Blaine, to become

3 88[SS]: geyser-/loops

## With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea!

With husky-haughty lips, O sea!  
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,  
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions,  
(I see and plainly list thy talk and conference here,)  
5 Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,  
Thy ample, smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun,  
Thy brooding scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes,  
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness;  
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in  
thy content,  
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest  
10 —no less could make thee,)  
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,  
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of  
freedom-lover pent,  
Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers,  
By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,  
15 And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,  
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,  
And undertones of distant lion roar,  
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once,  
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once,)  
20 The first and last confession of the globe,  
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abyssms,  
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,  
Thou tellest to a kindred soul. o

## Death of General Grant.

As one by one withdraw the lofty actors,  
 From that great play on history's stage eterne,  
 That lurid, partial act of war and peace—of old and new contending,  
 Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays, and many a long suspense;  
 All past—and since, in countless graves receding, mellowing, 5  
 Victor's and vanquish'd—Lincoln's and Lee's—now thou with them,  
 Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days!  
 Thou from the prairies!—tangled and many-vein'd and hard has been  
     thy part,  
 To admiration has it been enacted!   o

## Red Jacket (from Aloft.)

[Impromptu on Buffalo City's monument to, and re-burial of the old Iroquois orator, October 9, 1884.]

Upon this scene, this show,  
 Yielded to-day by fashion, learning, wealth,  
 (Nor in caprice alone—some grains of deepest meaning,  
 Haply, aloft, (who knows?) from distant sky-clouds' blended shapes,  
 As some old tree, or rock or cliff, thrill'd with its soul, 5

*Title:* 88[SS]: Red Jacket (from Aloft.): support to the American side in the War of  
 [Red Jacket (1750–1830), grand sachem of the 1812. Whitman did not attend the ceremony  
 Iroquois, is credited with turning Iroquois here celebrated]

Product of Nature's sun, stars, earth direct—a towering human form,  
In hunting-shirt of film, arm'd with the rifle, a half-ironical smile curving  
its phantom lips,  
Like one of Ossian's ghosts looks down.   ◦

### Washington's Monument, February, 1885.

Ah, not this marble, dead and cold:  
Far from its base and shaft expanding—the round zones circling,  
comprehending,  
Thou, Washington, art all the world's, the continents' entire—not yours  
alone, America,  
Europe's as well, in every part, castle of lord or laborer's cot,  
5 Or frozen North, or sultry South—the African's—the Arab's in his tent,  
Old Asia's there with venerable smile, seated amid her ruins;  
(Greets the antique the hero new? 'tis but the same—the heir legitimate,  
continued ever,  
The indomitable heart and arm—proofs of the never-broken line,  
Courage, alertness, patience, faith, the same—e'en in defeat defeated not, the  
same:)  
10 Wherever sails a ship, or house is built on land, or day or night,  
Through teeming cities' streets, indoors or out, factories or farms,  
Now, or to come, or past—where patriot wills existed or exist,  
Wherever Freedom, pois'd by Toleration, sway'd by Law,  
Stands or is rising thy true monument.   ◦

## Of That Blithe Throat of Thine.

[More than eighty-three degrees north—about a good day's steaming distance to the Pole by one of our fast oceaners in clear water—Greely the explorer heard the song of a single snow-bird merrily sounding over the desolation.]

Of that blithe throat of thine from arctic bleak and blank,  
 I'll mind the lesson, solitary bird—let me too welcome chilling drifts,  
 E'en the profoundest chill, as now—a torpid pulse, a brain unnerv'd,  
 Old age land-lock'd within its winter bay—(cold, cold, O cold!)  
 These snowy hairs, my feeble arm, my frozen feet, 5  
 For them thy faith, thy rule I take, and grave it to the last;  
 Not summer's zones alone—not chants of youth, or south's warm tides alone,  
 But held by sluggish floes, pack'd in the northern ice, the cumulus of years,  
 These with gay heart I also sing. ◦

## Broadway.

What hurrying human tides, or day or night!  
 What passions, winnings, losses, ardors, swim thy waters!  
 What whirls of evil, bliss and sorrow, stem thee!  
 What curious questioning glances—glints of love!  
 Leer, envy, scorn, contempt, hope, aspiration! 5  
 Thou portal—thou arena—thou of the myriad long-drawn lines and groups!

*Title:* 88[SS]: Of That Blithe Throat of Thine.

3 88[SS]: un-/nerv'd,

- (Could but thy flagstones, curbs, façades, tell their inimitable tales;  
Thy windows rich, and huge hotels—thy side-walks wide;)   
Thou of the endless sliding, mincing, shuffling feet!  
10 Thou, like the parti-colored world itself—like infinite, teeming, mocking life!  
Thou visor'd, vast, unspeakable show and lesson! o

### To Get the Final Lilt of Songs.

- To get the final lilt of songs,  
To penetrate the inmost lore of poets—to know the mighty ones,  
Job, Homer, Eschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Emerson;  
To diagnose the shifting-delicate tints of love and pride and doubt—to truly  
understand,  
5 To encompass these, the last keen faculty and entrance-price,  
Old age, and what it brings from all its past experiences. o

### Old Salt Kossabone.

Far back, related on my mother's side,  
Old Salt Kossabone, I'll tell you how he died:  
(Had been a sailor all his life—was nearly 90—lived with his married  
grandchild, Jenny;  
House on a hill, with view of bay at hand, and distant cape, and stretch to  
open sea;)

*Title:* 88[SS] Old Salt Kossabone.: [The  
poet's mother's great-grandfather]

The last of afternoons, the evening hours, for many a year his regular custom, 5  
 In his great arm chair by the window seated,  
 (Sometimes, indeed, through half the day,  
 Watching the coming, going of the vessels, he mutters to himself—And now  
 the close of all:  
 One struggling outbound brig, one day, baffled for long—cross-tides and  
 much wrong going,  
 At last at nightfall strikes the breeze aright, her whole luck veering, 10  
 And swiftly bending round the cape, the darkness proudly entering, cleaving,  
 as he watches,  
 “She’s free—she’s on her destination”—these the last words—when Jenny  
 came, he sat there dead,  
 Dutch Kossabone, Old Salt, related on my mother’s side, far back. o

### The Dead Tenor.

As down the stage again,  
 With Spanish hat and plumes, and gait inimitable,  
 Back from the fading lessons of the past, I’d call, I’d tell and own,  
 How much from thee! the revelation of the singing voice from thee!  
 (So firm—so liquid-soft—again that tremulous, manly timbre! 5  
 The perfect singing voice—deepest of all to me the lesson—trial and test  
 of all:)  
 How through those strains distill’d—how the rapt ears, the soul of me, absorbing  
*Fernando’s* heart, *Manrico’s* passionate call, *Ernani’s*, sweet *Gennaro’s*,  
 I fold thenceforth, or seek to fold, within my chants transmuting,  
 Freedom’s and Love’s and Faith’s unloos’d cantabile, 10  
 (As perfume’s, color’s, sunlight’s correlation:)  
 From these, for these, with these, a hurried line, dead tenor,  
 A wafted autumn leaf, dropt in the closing grave, the shovel’d earth,  
 To memory of thee. o

9 88[SS]: cross-/tides

*Title:* 88[SS]: The Dead Tenor: [Pasquale York City, 3 November 1884]  
 Brignole, whose funeral was held in New

## Continuities.

[From a talk I had lately with a German spiritualist.]

Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,  
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world,  
Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;  
Appearance must not foil, nor shifted sphere confuse thy brain.  
5 Ample are time and space—ample the fields of Nature.  
The body, sluggish, aged, cold—the embers left from earlier fires,  
The light in the eye grown dim, shall duly flame again;  
The sun now low in the west rises for mornings and for noons continual;  
To frozen clods ever the spring's invisible law returns,  
10 With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn. o

## Yonnondio.

[The sense of the word is *lament for the aborigines*. It is an Iroquois term; and has been used for a personal name.]

A song, a poem of itself—the word itself a dirge,  
Amid the wilds, the rocks, the storm and wintry night,  
To me such misty, strange tableaux the syllables calling up;

*Title:* 88[SS]: Continuities.

4, 5: 88[SS]: [Terminal periods within the ten-line poem]



Yonnonidio—I see, far in the west or north, a limitless ravine, with plains and  
 mountains dark,  
 I see swarms of stalwart chieftains, medicine-men, and warriors, 5  
 As flitting by like clouds of ghosts, they pass and are gone in the twilight,  
 (Race of the woods, the landscapes free, and the falls!  
 No picture, poem, statement, passing them to the future:)  
 Yonnonidio! Yonnonidio!—unlimn'd they disappear;  
 To-day gives place, and fades—the cities, farms, factories fade; 10  
 A muffled sonorous sound, a wailing word is borne through the air for  
 a moment,  
 Then blank and gone and still, and utterly lost. ◦

### Life.

Ever the undiscouraged, resolute, struggling soul of man;  
 (Have former armies fail'd? then we send fresh armies—and fresh again;)  
 Ever the grappled mystery of all earth's ages old or new;  
 Ever the eager eyes, hurrahs, the welcome-clapping hands, the loud applause;  
 Ever the soul dissatisfied, curious, unconvinced at last; 5  
 Struggling to-day the same—battling the same. ◦

### "Going Somewhere."

My science-friend, my noblest woman-friend,  
 (Now buried in an English grave—and this a memory-leaf for her dear sake,)

*Title:* 88[SS]: "Going Somewhere."  
 1: [Anne Gilchrist, widow of the Blake biographer, died 29 November 1885. For her rela-

tionship with Whitman, see Gay Wilson Allen, *The Solitary Singer* (New York: New York University Press, rev. ed. 1967) p. 467-468, *et passim*]

Ended our talk—"The sum, concluding all we know of old or modern learning, intuitions deep,

"Of all Geologies—Histories—of all Astronomy—of Evolution, Metaphysics all,

- 5 "Is, that we all are onward, onward, speeding slowly, surely bettering,  
"Life, life an endless march, an endless army, (no halt, but it is duly over,)  
"The world, the race, the soul—in space and time the universes,  
"All bound as is befitting each—all surely going somewhere." ◦

### True Conquerors.

Old farmers, travelers, workmen (no matter how crippled or bent,)

Old sailors, out of many a perilous voyage, storm and wreck,

Old soldiers from campaigns, with all their wounds, defeats and scars;

Enough that they've survived at all—long life's unflinching ones!

- 5 Forth from their struggles, trials, fights, to have emerged at all—in that alone,  
True conquerors o'er all the rest. ◦

### The United States to Old World Critics.

Here first the duties of to-day, the lessons of the concrete,

Wealth, order, travel, shelter, products, plenty;

As of the building of some varied, vast, perpetual edifice,

---



---

Whence to arise inevitable in time, the towering roofs, the lamps,  
The solid-planted spires tall shooting to the stars. ◦

5

### The Calming Thought of All.

That coursing on, whate'er men's speculations,  
Amid the changing schools, theologies, philosophies,  
Amid the bawling presentations new and old,  
The round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes continue. ◦

### Thanks in Old Age.

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,  
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, mere life,  
For precious ever-lingering memories, (of you my mother dear—you, father—  
you, brothers, sisters, friends,)  
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of war the same,  
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands,  
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet appreciation,  
(You distant, dim unknown—or young or old—countless, unspecified, readers  
below'd,  
We never met, and ne'er shall meet—and yet our souls embrace, long, close  
and long;)

5

*Title:* 88[SS]: Thanks in Old Age.

7 88[SS]: un-/specified,

For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books—for colors, forms,  
For all the brave strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprung  
10 in freedom's help, all years, all lands,  
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special laurel ere I go, to life's  
war's chosen ones,  
The cannoneers of song and thought—the great artillerists—the foremost  
leaders, captains of the soul:)  
As soldier from an ended war return'd—As traveler out of myriads, to the  
long procession retrospective,  
Thanks—joyful thanks!—a soldier's, traveler's thanks. ◦

### Life and Death.

The two old, simple problems ever intertwined,  
Close home, elusive, present, baffled, grappled.  
By each successive age insoluble, pass'd on,  
To ours to-day—and we pass on the same. ◦

### The Voice of the Rain.

And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,  
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:  
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,  
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,

*Title:* 88[SS]: Life and Death.  
2 88[SS]: grappled. [Terminal period within  
the four-line poem]

---

Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether changed, and yet the  
 same, 5  
 I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,  
 And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn;  
 And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own origin, and make  
 pure and beautify it:  
 (For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfilment, wandering,  
 Reck'd or unreck'd, duly with love returns.) 10

### Soon Shall the Winter's Foil Be Here.

Soon shall the winter's foil be here;  
 Soon shall these icy ligatures unbind and melt—A little while,  
 And air, soil, wave, suffused shall be in softness, bloom and growth—a thousand  
 forms shall rise  
 From these dead clods and chills as from low burial graves.  
 Thine eyes, ears—all thy best attributes—all that takes cognizance of natural  
 beauty, 5  
 Shall wake and fill. Thou shalt perceive the simple shows, the delicate  
 miracles of earth,  
 Dandelions, clover, the emerald grass, the early scents and flowers,  
 The arbutus under foot, the willow's yellow-green, the blossoming plum and  
 cherry;  
 With these the robin, lark and thrush, singing their songs—the flitting  
 bluebird;  
 For such the scenes the annual play brings on. 10

## While Not the Past Forgetting.

While not the past forgetting,  
To-day, at least, contention sunk entire—peace, brotherhood uprisen;  
For sign reciprocal our Northern, Southern hands,  
Lay on the graves of all dead soldiers, North or South,  
5 (Nor for the past alone—for meanings to the future,)  
Wreaths of roses and branches of palm. ◦

Publish'd May 30, 1888.

## The Dying Veteran.

[A Long Island incident—early part of the present century.]

Amid these days of order, ease, prosperity,  
Amid the current songs of beauty, peace, decorum,  
I cast a reminiscence—(likely 'twill offend you,  
I heard it in my boyhood;—More than a generation since,  
5 A queer old savage man, a fighter under Washington himself,  
(Large, brave, cleanly, hot-blooded, no talker, rather spiritualistic,  
Had fought in the ranks—fought well—had been all through the Revolu-  
tionary war,)  
Lay dying—sons, daughters, church-deacons, lovingly tending him,

*Title:* 88[SS]: While Not the Past Forgetting.

2 88[SS]: up-/risen;

*Title:* 88[SS]: The Dying Veteran.

---

Sharpening their sense, their ears, towards his murmuring, half-caught words:  
 "Let me return again to my war-days, 10  
 To the sights and scenes—to forming the line of battle,  
 To the scouts ahead reconnoitering,  
 To the cannons, the grim artillery,  
 To the galloping aids, carrying orders,  
 To the wounded, the fallen, the heat, the suspense, 15  
 The perfume strong, the smoke, the deafening noise;  
 Away with your life of peace!—your joys of peace!  
 Give me my old wild battle-life again!" ○

### A Prairie Sunset.

Shot gold, maroon and violet, dazzling silver, emerald, fawn,  
 The earth's whole amplitude and Nature's multiform power consign'd for  
 once to colors;  
 The light, the general air possess'd by them—colors till now unknown,  
 No limit, confine—not the Western sky alone—the high meridian—North,  
 South, all,  
 Pure luminous color fighting the silent shadows to the last. ○ 15

### Twenty Years.

Down on the ancient wharf, the sand, I sit, with a new-comer chatting:  
 He shipp'd as green-hand boy, and sail'd away, (took some sudden, vehe-  
 ment notion;)

9 88[SS]: half-/caught

*Title:* 88[SS]: Twenty Years.

Since, twenty years and more have circled round and round,  
 While he the globe was circling round and round,—and now returns:  
 5 How changed the place—all the old land-marks gone—the parents dead;  
 (Yes, he comes back *to lay in port for good—to settle*—has a well-fill'd purse  
 —no spot will do but this;)  
 The little boat that scull'd him from the sloop, now held in leash I see,  
 I hear the slapping waves, the restless keel, the rocking in the sand,  
 I see the sailor kit, the canvas bag, the great box bound with brass,  
 10 I scan the face all berry-brown and bearded—the stout-strong frame,  
 Dress'd in its russet suit of good Scotch cloth:  
 (Then what the told-out story of those twenty years? What of the  
 future?) ○

### Orange Buds by Mail from Florida.

[Voltaire closed a famous argument by claiming that a ship of war and the grand opera were proofs enough of civilization's and France's progress, in his day.]

A lesser proof than old Voltaire's, yet greater,  
 Proof of this present time, and thee, thy broad expanse, America,  
 To my plain Northern hut, in outside clouds and snow,  
 Brought safely for a thousand miles o'er land and tide,  
 5 Some three days since on their own soil live-sprouting,  
 Now here their sweetness through my room unfolding,  
 A bunch of orange buds by mail from Florida. ○



## Twilight.

The soft voluptuous opiate shades,  
The sun just gone, the eager light dispell'd—(I too will soon be gone,  
dispell'd),  
A haze—nirwana—rest and night—oblivion. o

## You Lingerin Sparse Leaves of Me.

You lingerin sparse leaves of me on winter-nearin boughs,  
And I some well-shorn tree of field or orchard-row;  
You tokens diminute and lorn—(not now the flush of May, or July  
clover-bloom—no grain of August now;)  
You pallid banner-staves—you pennants valueless—you over-stay'd of time,  
Yet my soul-dearest leaves confirmin all the rest, 5  
The faithfulest—hardiest—last. o

*Title:* 88[SS]: You Lingerin Sparse Leaves  
of Me.

4 88[SS]: over-/stay'd

## Not Meagre, Latent Boughs Alone.

Not meagre, latent boughs alone, O songs! (scaly and bare, like eagles' talons,  
But haply for some sunny day (who knows?) some future spring, some  
summer—bursting forth,  
To verdant leaves, or sheltering shade—to nourishing fruit,  
Apples and grapes—the stalwart limbs of trees emerging—the fresh, free,  
open air,  
5 And love and faith, like scented roses blooming. ◦

## The Dead Emperor.

To-day, with bending head and eyes, thou, too, Columbia,  
Less for the mighty crown laid low in sorrow—less for the Emperor,  
Thy true condolence breathest, sendest out o'er many a salt sea mile,  
Mourning a good old man—a faithful shepherd, patriot. ◦

Publish'd March 10, 1888.

*Title:* 88[SS]: The Dead Emperor. [Wilhelm I of Germany, died in Berlin, 9 March 1888]

## As the Greek's Signal Flame.

[For Whittier's eightieth birthday, December 17, 1887.]

As the Greek's signal flame, by antique records told,  
Rose from the hill-top, like applause and glory,  
Welcoming in fame some special veteran, hero,  
With rosy tinge reddening the land he'd served,  
So I aloft from Mannahatta's ship-fringed shore,  
Lift high a kindled brand for thee, Old Poet. ◦

5

## The Dismantled Ship.

In some unused lagoon, some nameless bay,  
On sluggish, lonesome waters, anchor'd near the shore,  
An old, dismasted, gray and batter'd ship, disabled, done,  
After free voyages to all the seas of earth, haul'd up at last and hawser'd  
tight,  
Lies rusting, mouldering. ◦

5

## Now Precedent Songs, Farewell.

Now precedent songs, farewell—by every name farewell,  
 (Trains of a staggering line in many a strange procession, waggons,  
 From ups and downs—with intervals—from elder years, mid-age, or youth,)  
 "In Cabin'd Ships," or "Thee Old Cause" or "Poets to Come"  
 5 Or "Paumanok," "Song of Myself," "Calamus," or "Adam,"  
 Or "Beat! Beat! Drums!" or "To the Leaven'd Soil they Trod,"  
 Or "Captain! My Captain!" "Kosmos," "Quicksand Years," or "Thoughts,"  
 "Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood," and many, many more unspecified,  
 From fibre heart of mine—from throat and tongue—(My life's hot pulsing  
     blood,  
 The personal urge and form for me—not merely paper, automatic type and  
 10     ink,)  
 Each song of mine—each utterance in the past—having its long, long  
     history,  
 Of life or death, or soldier's wound, of country's loss or safety,  
 (O heaven! what flash and started endless train of all! compared indeed to  
     that!  
 What wretched shred e'en at the best of all!)   o

*Title:* 88[SS]: Now Precedent Songs, Farewell. this verse, undoubtedly Starting from Paumanok.] "Adam," [I.e. the Children of Adam. poems]

5 88[SS]: "Paumanok," [Given the titles in

## An Evening Lull.

After a week of physical anguish,  
 Unrest and pain, and feverish heat,  
 Toward the ending day a calm and lull comes on,  
 Three hours of peace and soothing rest of brain.\* o

\* The two songs on this page are eked out during an afternoon, June, 1888, in my seventieth year, at a critical spell of illness. Of course no reader and probably no human being at any time will ever have such phases of emotional and solemn action as these involve to me. I feel in them an end and close of all.

## Old Age's Lambent Peaks.

The touch of flame—the illuminating fire—the loftiest look at last,  
 O'er city, passion, sea—o'er prairie, mountain, wood—the earth itself;  
 The airy, different, changing hues of all, in falling twilight,  
 Objects and groups, bearings, faces, reminiscences;  
 The calmer sight—the golden setting, clear and broad: 5  
 So much i' the atmosphere, the points of view, the situations whence we  
 scan,  
 Bro't out by them alone—so much (perhaps the best) unreck'd before;  
 The lights indeed from them—old age's lambent peaks. o

*Title:* 88[SS]: An Evening Lull. [Whitman's note cites 'two songs on this page'. Actually in 88[SS] there were three poems: The Dismantled Ship., Now Precedent Songs, Farewell.,

and An Evening Lull. Whitman's reference would be to the latter two; the first had separate newspaper publication on 23 February 1888]

*Title:* 88[SS]: Old Age's Lambent Peaks. [Not among the 88[SS] poems in *November Boughs* (1888); it was added to the Annex,

'Sands at Seventy', in 88 *Leaves of Grass* and retained in 89 and 91-2]

## After the Supper and Talk.

After the supper and talk—after the day is done,  
 As a friend from friends his final withdrawal prolonging,  
 Good-bye and Good-bye with emotional lips repeating,  
 (So hard for his hand to release those hands—no more will they meet,  
 5 No more for communion of sorrow and joy, of old and young,  
 A far-stretching journey awaits him, to return no more,)  
 Shunning, postponing severance—seeking to ward off the last word ever so  
     little,  
 E'en at the exit-door turning—charges superfluous calling back—e'en as he  
     descends the steps,  
 Something to eke out a minute additional—shadows of nightfall deepening,  
 10 Farewells, messages lessening—dimmer the forthgoer's visage and form,  
 Soon to be lost for aye in the darkness—loth, O so loth to depart!  
 Garrulous to the very last.   o

### [Last Droplets].

Last droplets of and after spontaneous rain,  
 From many limpid distillations and past showers;  
 (Will they germinate anything? mere exhalations as they all are—the land's  
     and sea's—America's;  
 Will they filter to any deep emotion? any heart and brain?)   o

*Title:* 91[GBF]: [Last Droplets]. [This poem appears in the Preface Note to 2d Annex, *Good-Bye my Fancy* [GBF] (1891) and was retained in this position in [GBF] *Leaves of Grass* 1891-2. It followed: '. . .—I while away the hours of my 72d year—hours of forced confinement in my den—by putting in shape this small old age collation:']

## 2D ANNEX.

### GOOD-BYE MY FANCY.

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## Sail Out for Good, Eidólon Yacht!

Heave the anchor short!  
Raise main-sail and jib—steer forth,  
O little white-hull'd sloop, now speed on really deep waters,  
(I will not call it our concluding voyage,  
But outset and sure entrance to the truest, best, maturest;) 5  
Depart, depart from solid earth—no more returning to these shores,  
Now on for aye our infinite free venture wending,  
Spurning all yet tried ports, seas, hawsers, densities, gravitation,  
Sail out for good, eidólon yacht of me! o

## Lingering Last Drops.

And whence and why come you? o

We know not whence, (was the answer,)  
We only know that we drift here with the rest,  
That we linger'd and lagg'd—but were wafted at last, and are now here,  
To make the passing shower's concluding drops. o 5

## Good-Bye my Fancy.

Good-bye \* my fancy—(I had a word to say,  
But 'tis not quite the time—The best of any man's word or say,  
Is when its proper place arrives—and for its meaning,  
I keep mine till the last.) o

\* Behind a Good-bye there lurks much of the salutation of another beginning—to me, Development, Continuity, Immortality, Transformation, are the chiefest life-meanings of Nature and Humanity, and are the *sine qua non* of all facts, and each fact.

Why do folks dwell so fondly on the last words, advice, appearance, of the departing? Those last words are not samples of the best, which involve vitality at its full, and balance, and perfect control and scope. But they are valuable beyond measure to confirm and endorse the varied train, facts, theories and faith of the whole preceding life.

## On, on the Same, ye Jocund Twain!

On, on the same, ye jocund twain!  
My life and recitative, containing birth, youth, mid-age years,  
Fitful as motley-tongues of flame, inseparably twined and merged in one—  
    combining all,  
My single soul—aims, confirmations, failures, joys—Nor single soul alone,  
5 I chant my nation's crucial stage, (America's, haply humanity's)—the trial  
    great, the victory great,  
A strange *eclaircissement* of all the masses past, the eastern world, the ancient,  
    medieval,

*Title:* 91[GBF]: On, on the Same, ye Jocund  
Twain!

Here, here from wanderings, strayings, lessons, wars, defeats—here at the west  
     a voice triumphant—justifying all,  
 A gladsome pealing cry—a song for once of utmost pride and satisfaction;  
 I chant from it the common bulk, the general average horde, (the best no  
     sooner than the worst)—And now I chant old age,  
 (My verses, written first for forenoon life, and for the summer's, autumn's  
     spread, 10  
 I pass to snow-white hairs the same, and give to pulses winter-cool'd the  
     same;)  
 As here in careless trill, I and my recitatives, with faith and love,  
 Wafting to other work, to unknown songs, conditions,  
 On, on, ye jocund twain! continue on the same! ◦

### My 71st Year.

After surmounting three-score and ten,  
 With all their chances, changes, losses, sorrows,  
 My parents' deaths, the vagaries of my life, the many tearing passions of me,  
     the war of '63 and '4,  
 As some old broken soldier, after a long, hot, wearying march, or haply after  
     battle,  
 To-day at twilight, hobbling, answering company roll-call, *Here*, with vital  
     voice, 5  
 Reporting yet, saluting yet the Officer over all. ◦

## Apparitions.

A vague mist hanging 'round half the pages:  
 (Sometimes how strange and clear to the soul,  
 That all these solid things are indeed but apparitions, concepts,  
                   non-realities.)   ◦

## The Pallid Wreath.

Somehow I cannot let it go yet, funeral though it is,  
 Let it remain back there on its nail suspended,  
 With pink, blue, yellow, all blanch'd, and the white now gray and ashy,  
 One wither'd rose put years ago for thee, dear friend;  
 5 But I do not forget thee. Hast thou then faded?  
 Is the odor exhaled? Are the colors, vitalities, dead?  
 No, while memories subtly play—the past vivid as ever;  
 For but last night I woke, and in that spectral ring saw thee,  
 Thy smile, eyes, face, calm, silent, loving as ever;  
 10 So let the wreath hang still awhile within my eye-reach,  
 It is not yet dead to me, nor even pallid.   ◦

*Title:* 91[GBF]: Apparitions. [Originally intended as a third stanza for: L. of G.'s Pur- port. (ms in Feinberg Collection.) See III 748]

*Title:* 91[GBF]: The Pallid Wreath.  
 1 funeral [Whitman's ms 'funereal' became 'funeral' in initial magazine publication (*Critic*, 10 January 1891). (ms in Berg Collection,

NYPL.) The error persisted to GBF 91-2. The poem was probably printed directly from the magazine text, a procedure encouraged by the poet's failing eyesight]

## An Ended Day.

The soothing sanity and blitheness of completion,  
The pomp and hurried contest-glare and rush are done;  
Now triumph! transformation! jubilate! \* o

\* NOTE.—*Summer country life.—Several years.*—In my rambles and explorations I found a woody place near the creek, where for some reason the birds in happy mood seem'd to resort in unusual numbers. Especially at the beginning of the day, and again at the ending, I was sure to get there the most copious bird-concerts. I repair'd there frequently at sunrise—and also at sunset, or just before . . . Once the question arose in me: Which is the best singing, the first or the lattermost? The first always exhilarated, and perhaps seem'd more joyous and stronger; but I always felt the sunset or late afternoon sounds more penetrating and sweeter—seem'd to touch the soul—often the evening thrushes, two or three of them, responding and perhaps blending. Though I miss'd some of the mornings, I found myself getting to be quite strictly punctual at the evening utterances.

ANOTHER NOTE.—“He went out with the tide and the sunset,” was a phrase I heard from a surgeon describing an old sailor's death under peculiarly gentle conditions.

During the Secession War, 1863 and '4, visiting the Army Hospitals around Washington, I form'd the habit, and continued it to the end, whenever the ebb or flood tide began the latter part of day, of punctually visiting those at that time populous wards of suffering men. Somehow (or I thought so) the effect of the hour was palpable. The badly wounded would get some ease, and would like to talk a little, or be talk'd to. Intellectual and emotional natures would be at their best: Deaths were always easier; medicines seem'd to have better effect when given then, and a lulling atmosphere would pervade the wards.

Similar influences, similar circumstances and hours, day-close, after great battles, even with all their horrors. I had more than once the same experience on the fields cover'd with fallen or dead.

## Old Age's Ship & Crafty Death's.

From east and west across the horizon's edge,  
Two mighty masterful vessels sailers steal upon us:  
But we'll make race a-time upon the seas—a battle-contest yet! bear lively  
there!

(Our joys of strife and derring-do to the last!)

- 5 Put on the old ship all her power to-day!  
Crowd top-sail, top-gallant and royal studding-sails,  
Out challenge and defiance—flags and flaunting pennants added,  
As we take to the open—take to the deepest, freest waters. ◦

## To the Pending Year.

Have I no weapon-word for thee—some message brief and fierce?  
(Have I fought out and done indeed the battle?) Is there no shot left,  
For all thy affectations, lisps, scorns, manifold silliness?  
Nor for myself—my own rebellious self in thee? ◦

- 5 Down, down, proud gorge!—though choking thee;  
Thy bearded throat and high-borne forehead to the gutter;  
Crouch low thy neck to eleemosynary gifts. ◦

## Shakspeare-Bacon's Cipher.

I doubt it not—then more, far more;  
In each old song bequeath'd—in every noble page or text,  
(Different—something unreck'd before—some unsuspected author,)  
In every object, mountain, tree, and star—in every birth and life,  
As part of each—evolv'd from each—meaning, behind the ostent, 5  
A mystic cipher waits infolded. ◦

## Long, Long Hence.

After a long, long course, hundreds of years, denials,  
Accumulations, rous'd love and joy and thought,  
Hopes, wishes, aspirations, ponderings, victories, myriads of readers,  
Coating, compassing, covering—after ages' and ages' encrustations,  
Then only may these songs reach fruition. ◦ 5

## Bravo, Paris Exposition!

Add to your show, before you close it, France,  
With all the rest, visible, concrete, temples, towers, goods, machines and ores,  
Our sentiment wafted from many million heart-throbs, ethereal but solid,  
(We grand-sons and great-grand-sons do not forget your grand-sires,)  
5 From fifty Nations and nebulous Nations, compacted, sent over-sea to-day,  
America's applause, love, memories and good-will. o

## Interpolation Sounds.

[General Philip Sheridan was buried at the Cathedral, Washington, D. C., August, 1888, with all the pomp, music and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic service.]

Over and through the burial chant,  
Organ and solemn service, sermon, bending priests,  
To me come interpolation sounds not in the show—plainly to me, crowding  
up the aisle and from the window,  
Of sudden battle's hurry and harsh noises—war's grim game to sight and  
ear in earnest;  
The scout call'd up and forward—the general mounted and his aids around  
5 him—the new-brought word—the instantaneous order issued;  
The rifle crack—the cannon thud—the rushing forth of men from their  
tents;

*Title:* 91[GBF]: Bravo, Paris Exposition!

4 91[GBF]: grand-/sires,)

5 91[GBF]: over-/sea



The clank of cavalry—the strange celerity of forming ranks—the slender  
bugle note;  
The sound of horses' hoofs departing—saddles, arms, accoutrements. o

NOTE.—CAMDEN, N. J., August 7, 1888.—Walt Whitman asks the *New York Herald*  
“to add his tribute to Sheridan:”

“In the grand constellation of five or six names, under Lincoln's Presidency, that history will bear for ages in her firmament as marking the last life-throbs of secession, and beaming on its dying gasps, Sheridan's will be bright. One consideration rising out of the now dead soldier's example as it passes my mind, is worth taking notice of. If the war had continued any long time these States, in my opinion, would have shown and proved the most conclusive military talents ever evinced by any nation on earth. That they possess'd a rank and file ahead of all other known in points of quality and limitlessness of number are easily admitted. But we have, too, the eligibility of organizing, handling and officering equal to the other. These two, with modern arms, transportation, and inventive American genius, would make the United States, with earnestness, not only able to stand the whole world, but conquer that world united against us.”

## To the Sun-Set Breeze.

Ah, whispering, something again, unseen,  
Where late this heated day thou enterest at my window, door,  
Thou, laving, tempering all, cool-freshing, gently vitalizing  
Me, old, alone, sick, weak-down, melted-worn with sweat;  
Thou, nestling, folding close and firm yet soft, companion better than talk,  
book, art, 5  
(Thou hast, O Nature! elements! utterance to my heart beyond the rest—  
and this is of them,)  
So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within—thy soothing fingers on my  
face and hands,  
Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body and spirit of me,  
(Distances balk'd—occult medicines penetrating me from head to foot,)  
I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty northern lakes, 10  
I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the globe itself  
swift-swimming in space;

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Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone—haply from endless store,  
     God-sent,  
 (For thou art spiritual, Godly; most of all known to my sense,  
 Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word has never told, and  
     cannot tell,  
 Art thou not universal concrete's distillation? Law's, all Astronomy's last  
 15      refinement?  
 Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identify thee?   o

### Old Chants.

An ancient song, reciting, ending,  
 Once gazing toward thee, Mother of All,  
 Musing, seeking themes fitted for thee,  
*Accept for me, thou saidst, the elder ballads,*  
 5    *And name for me before thou goest each ancient poet.   o*

(Of many debts incalculable,  
 Haply our New World's chieftest debt is to old poems.)   o

Ever so far back, preluding thee, America,  
 Old chants, Egyptian priests, and those of Ethiopia,  
 10   The Hindu epics, the Grecian, Chinese, Persian,  
 The Biblic books and prophets, and deep idyls of the Nazarene,  
 The Iliad, Odyssey, plots, doings, wanderings of Eneas,  
 Hesiod, Eschylus, Sophocles, Merlin, Arthur,  
 The Cid, Roland at Roncesvalles, the Nibelungen,  
 15   The troubadours, minstrels, minnesingers, skalds,  
 Chaucer, Dante, flocks of singing birds,  
 The Border Minstrelsy, the bye-gone ballads, feudal tales, essays, plays,  
 Shakspeare, Schiller, Walter Scott, Tennyson,  
 As some vast wondrous weird dream-presences,

The great shadowy groups gathering around, 20  
 Darting their mighty masterful eyes forward at thee,  
 Thou! with as now thy bending neck and head, with courteous hand and  
     word, ascending,  
 Thou! pausing a moment, drooping thine eyes upon them, blent with their  
     music,  
 Well pleased, accepting all, curiously prepared for by them,  
 Thou interest at thy entrance porch.   o 25

## A Christmas Greeting.

*From a Northern Star-Group to a Southern. 1889-'90.*

Welcome, Brazilian brother—thy ample place is ready;  
 A loving hand—a smile from the north—a sunny instant hail!  
 (Let the future care for itself, where it reveals its troubles, impedimentas,  
 Ours, ours the present throe, the democratic aim, the acceptance and the  
     faith;)  
 To thee to-day our reaching arm, our turning neck—to thee from us the  
     expectant eye, 5  
 Thou cluster free! thou brilliant lustrous one! thou, learning well,  
 The true lesson of a nation's light in the sky,  
 (More shining than the Cross, more than the Crown,)  
 The height to be superb humanity.   o

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## Sounds of the Winter.

Sounds of the winter too,  
 Sunshine upon the mountains—many a distant strain  
 From cheery railroad train—from nearer field, barn, house,  
 The whispering air—even the mute crops, garner'd apples, corn,  
 5 Children's and women's tones—rhythm of many a farmer and of flail,  
 An old man's garrulous lips among the rest, *Think not we give out yet,*  
*Forth from these snowy hairs we keep up yet the lilt. o*

## A Twilight Song.

As I sit in twilight late alone by the flickering oak-flame,  
 Musing on long-pass'd war-scenes—of the countless buried unknown soldiers,  
 Of the vacant names, as unindented air's and sea's—the unreturn'd,  
 The brief truce after battle, with grim burial-squads, and the deep-fill'd  
     trenches  
 5 Of gather'd dead from all America, North, South, East, West, whence they  
     came up,  
 From wooded Maine, New-England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania,  
     Illinois, Ohio,  
 From the measureless West, Virginia, the South, the Carolinas, Texas,  
 (Even here in my room-shadows and half-lights in the noiseless flickering  
     flames,

*Title:* 91[GBF]: A Twilight Song.  
 2 91[GBF]: un-/known

Again I see the stalwart ranks on-filing, rising—I hear the rhythmic tramp  
 of the armies;)

You million unwrit names all, all—you dark bequest from all the war, 10  
 A special verse for you—a flash of duty long neglected—your mystic roll  
 strangely gather'd here,  
 Each name recall'd by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,  
 Henceforth to be, deep, deep within my heart recording, for many a future  
 year,  
 Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or North or South,  
 Embalm'd with love in this twilight song. o 15

## Osceola.

[When I was nearly grown to manhood in Brooklyn, New York, (middle of 1838,) I met one of the return'd U. S. Marines from Fort Moultrie, S. C., and had long talks with him—learn'd the occurrence below described—death of Osceola. The latter was a young, brave, leading Seminole in the Florida war of that time—was surrender'd to our troops, imprison'd and literally died of “a broken heart,” at Fort Moultrie. He sicken'd of his confinement—the doctor and officers made every allowance and kindness possible for him; then the close:]

When his hour for death had come,  
 He slowly rais'd himself from the bed on the floor,  
 Drew on his war-dress, shirt, leggings, and girdled the belt around his waist,  
 Call'd for vermilion paint (his looking-glass was held before him,)

Painted half his face and neck, his wrists, and back-hands. 5

Put the scalp-knife carefully in his belt—then lying down, resting a moment,  
 Rose again, half sitting, smiled, gave in silence his extended hand to each  
 and all,  
 Sank faintly low to the floor (tightly grasping the tomahawk handle,)

Fix'd his look on wife and little children—the last:  
 (And here a line in memory of his name and death.) o 10

*Title:* 91[GBF]: Osceola.

5 91[GBF]: back-hands. [Terminal period within nine-line stanza]

## A Voice from Death.

(The Johnstown, Penn., cataclysm, May 31, 1889.)

A voice from Death, solemn and strange, in all his sweep and power,  
With sudden, indescribable blow—towns drown'd—humanity by thousands  
slain,

The vaunted work of thrift, goods, dwellings, forge, street, iron bridge,  
Dash'd pell-mell by the blow—yet usher'd life continuing on,  
5 (Amid the rest, amid the rushing, whirling, wild debris,  
A suffering woman saved—a baby safely born!) ◦

Although I come and unannounc'd, in horror and in pang,  
In pouring flood and fire, and wholesale elemental crash, (this voice so  
solemn, strange,  
I too a minister of Deity. ◦

10 Yea, Death, we bow our faces, veil our eyes to thee,  
We mourn the old, the young untimely drawn to thee,  
The fair, the strong, the good, the capable,  
The household wreck'd, the husband and the wife, the engulf'd forger in his  
forge,  
The corpses in the whelming waters and the mud,  
The gather'd thousands to their funeral mounds, and thousands never found  
15 or gather'd. ◦

Then after burying, mourning the dead,  
(Faithful to them found or unfound, forgetting not, bearing the past, here  
new musing,  
A day—a passing moment or an hour—America itself bends low,  
Silent, resign'd, submissive. ◦

20 War, death, cataclysm like this, America,  
Take deep to thy proud prosperous heart. ◦

E'en as I chant, lo! out of death, and out of ooze and slime,  
 The blossoms rapidly blooming, sympathy, help, love,  
 From West and East, from South and North and over sea,  
 Its hot-spurr'd hearts and hands humanity to human aid moves on; 25  
 And from within a thought and lesson yet. ◦

Thou ever-darting Globe! through Space and Air!  
 Thou waters that encompass us!  
 Thou that in all the life and death of us, in action or in sleep!  
 Thou laws invisible that permeate them and all, 30  
 Thou that in all, and over all, and through and under all, incessant!  
 Thou! thou! the vital, universal, giant force resistless, sleepless, calm,  
 Holding Humanity as in thy open hand, as some ephemeral toy,  
 How ill to e'er forget thee! ◦

For I too have forgotten, 35  
 (Wrapt in these little potencies of progress, politics, culture, wealth, inven-  
 tions, civilization,)  
 Have lost my recognition of your silent ever-swaying power, ye mighty,  
 elemental throes,  
 In which and upon which we float, and every one of us is buoy'd. ◦

## A Persian Lesson.

For his o'erarching and last lesson the greybeard sufi,  
 In the fresh scent of the morning in the open air,  
 On the slope of a teeming Persian rose-garden,  
 Under an ancient chestnut-tree wide spreading its branches,  
 Spoke to the young priests and students. ◦ 5

“Finally my children, to envelop each word, each part of the rest,  
 Allah is all, all, all—is immanent in every life and object,

May-be at many and many-a-more removes—yet Allah, Allah, Allah is  
there. ◦

“Has the estray wander’d far? Is the reason-why strangely hidden?  
10 Would you sound below the restless ocean of the entire world?  
Would you know the dissatisfaction? the urge and spur of every life;  
The something never still’d—never entirely gone? the invisible need of every  
seed? ◦

“It is the central urge in every atom,  
(Often unconscious, often evil, downfallen,)  
15 To return to its divine source and origin, however distant,  
Latent the same in subject and in object, without one exception.” ◦

### The Commonplace.

The commonplace I sing;  
How cheap is health! how cheap nobility!  
Abstinence, no falsehood, no gluttony, lust;  
The open air I sing, freedom, toleration,  
5 (Take here the mainest lesson—less from books—less from the schools,)  
The common day and night—the common earth and waters,  
Your farm—your work, trade, occupation,  
The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid ground for all. ◦



“The Rounded Catalogue Divine Complete.”

[Sunday, — — —.—Went this forenoon to church. A college professor, Rev. Dr. ———, gave us a fine sermon, during which I caught the above words; but the minister included in his “rounded catalogue” letter and spirit, only the esthetic things, and entirely ignored what I name in the following:]

The devilish and the dark, the dying and diseas'd,  
 The countless (nineteen-twentieths) low and evil, crude and savage,  
 The crazed, prisoners in jail, the horrible, rank, malignant,  
 Venom and filth, serpents, the ravenous sharks, liars, the dissolute;  
 (What is the part the wicked and the loathesome bear within earth's orbic  
 scheme?)  
 Newts, crawling things in slime and mud, poisons,  
 The barren soil, the evil men, the slag and hideous rot. ◦

5

Mirages.

*(Noted verbatim after a supper-talk outdoors in Nevada with two old miners.)*

More experiences and sights, stranger, than you'd think for;  
 Times again, now mostly just after sunrise or before sunset,  
 Sometimes in spring, oftener in autumn, perfectly clear weather, in plain  
 sight,

*Title:* 91[GBF]: Mirages. [The subheading limit of Whitman's journeys was Denver, has no biographical relevance. The western Colorado]

Camps far or near, the crowded streets of cities and the shop-fronts,  
 5 (Account for it or not—credit or not—it is all true,  
 And my mate there could tell you the like—we have often confab'd about it,)  
 People and scenes, animals, trees, colors and lines, plain as could be,  
 Farms and dooryards of home, paths border'd with box, lilacs in corners,  
 Weddings in churches, thanksgiving dinners, returns of long-absent sons,  
 10 Glum funerals, the crape-veil'd mother and the daughters,  
 Trials in courts, jury and judge, the accused in the box,  
 Contestants, battles, crowds, bridges, wharves,  
 Now and then mark'd faces of sorrow or joy,  
 (I could pick them out this moment if I saw them again,)  
 15 Show'd to me just aloft to the right in the sky-edge,  
 Or plainly there to the left on the hill-tops. ◦

### L. of G.'s Purport.

Not to exclude or demarcate, or pick out evils from their formidable masses  
 (even to expose them,)  
 But add, fuse, complete, extend—and celebrate the immortal and the good. ◦

Haughty this song, its words and scope,  
 To span vast realms of space and time,  
 5 Evolution—the cumulative—growths and generations. ◦

Begun in ripen'd youth and steadily pursued,  
 Wandering, peering, dallying with all—war, peace, day, and night absorbing,  
 Never even for one brief hour abandoning my task,  
 I end it here in sickness, poverty, and old age. ◦

10 I sing of life, yet mind me well of death:  
 To-day shadowy Death dogs my steps, my seated shape, and has for years—  
 Draws sometimes close to me, as face to face. ◦

4 91[GBF]: shop-/fronts,

9 91[GBF]: long-/absent

*Title:* 91[GBF]: L. of G.'s Purport. [See  
*Title-note, Apparitions., III 734]*

## The Unexpress'd.

How dare one say it?  
 After the cycles, poems, singers, plays,  
 Vaunted Ionia's, India's—Homer, Shakspeare—the long, long times' thick  
     dotted roads, areas,  
 The shining clusters and the Milky Ways of stars—Nature's pulses reap'd,  
 All retrospective passions, heroes, war, love, adoration, 5  
 All ages' plummet dropt to their utmost depths,  
 All human lives, throats, wishes, brains—all experiences' utterance;  
 After the countless songs, or long or short, all tongues, all lands,  
 Still something not yet told in poesy's voice or print—something lacking,  
 (Who knows? the best yet unexpress'd and lacking.) 10    o

## Grand is the Seen.

Grand is the seen, the light, to me—grand are the sky and stars,  
 Grand is the earth, and grand are lasting time and space,  
 And grand their laws, so multiform, puzzling, evolutionary;  
 But grander far the unseen soul of me, comprehending, endowing all those,  
 Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth, sailing the sea, 5  
 (What were all those, indeed, without thee, unseen soul? of what amount  
     without thee?)  
 More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul!  
 More multiform far—more lasting thou than they.  o

## Unseen Buds.

Unseen buds, infinite, hidden well,  
Under the snow and ice, under the darkness, in every square or cubic inch,  
Germinal, exquisite, in delicate lace, microscopic, unborn,  
Like babes in wombs, latent, folded, compact, sleeping;  
5 Billions of billions, and trillions of trillions of them waiting,  
(On earth and in the sea—the universe—the stars there in the heavens,)  
Urging slowly, surely forward, forming endless,  
And waiting ever more, forever more behind. ◦

## Good-Bye my Fancy!

Good-bye my Fancy!  
Farewell dear mate, dear love!  
I'm going away, I know not where,  
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,  
5 So Good-bye my Fancy. ◦

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;  
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,  
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping. ◦

*Title:* 91[GBF]: Good-Bye my Fancy! [The final poem in *GBF*. Five poems appeared in *GBF* 91 interspersed among prose commentary. These were excluded from *GBF* 91–2. See Ship Ahoy! and For Queen Victoria's Birthday., III 751; L of G., III 752; After the Argument. and For Us Two, Reader Dear., III 753. (See also As in a Swoon, III 650)]



(Smelling of countless blessings, prayers, and old-time thanks,)\*

A bunch of white and pink arbutus, silent, spicy, shy,

5 From Hudson's, Delaware's, or Potomac's woody banks. ○

\* NOTE.—Very little, as we Americans stand this day, with our sixty-five or seventy millions of population, an immense surplus in the treasury, and all that actual power or reserve power (land and sea) so dear to nations—very little I say do we realize that curious crawling national shudder when the "Trent affair" promis'd to bring upon us a war with Great Britain—follow'd unquestionably, as that war would have, by recognition of the Southern Confederacy from all the leading European nations. It is now certain that all this then inevitable train of calamity hung on arrogant and peremptory phrases in the prepared and written missive of the British Minister, to America, which the Queen (and Prince Albert latent) positively and promptly cancell'd; and which her firm attitude did alone actually erase and leave out, against all the other official prestige and Court of St. James's. On such minor and personal incidents (so to call them,) often depend the great growths and turns of civilization. This moment of a woman and a queen surely swung the grandest oscillation of modern history's pendulum. Many sayings and doings of that period, from foreign potentates and powers, might well be dropt in oblivion by America—but never *this*, if I could have my way. W. W.

## L of G.

Thoughts, suggestions, aspirations, pictures,  
Cities and farms—by day and night—book of peace and war,  
Of platitudes and of the commonplace. ○

For out-door health, the land and sea—for good will,  
5 For America—for all the earth, all nations, the common people,  
(Not of one nation only—not America only.) ○

In it each claim, ideal, line, by all lines, claims, ideals temper'd;  
Each right and wish by other wishes, rights. ○

*Title:* 91[GBF]: L of G. [See *Title-note*, III  
750. Included in *Complete Prose Works*, 1892]

## After the Argument.

A group of little children with their ways and chatter flow in,  
Like welcome rippling water o'er my heated nerves and flesh. ◦

## For Us Two, Reader Dear.

Simple, spontaneous, curious, two souls interchanging,  
With the original testimony for us continued to the last. ◦





# APPENDICES



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## Appendix A

### Old Age Echoes.

This thirteen-poem collection is not included in the *Leaves of Grass* canon. It was edited by one of Whitman's literary executors, Horace Traubel, and included in *Leaves of Grass*, Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1897 (p. [423]–430), five years after the poet's death. In 'An Executor's Diary Note, 1891' (p. [424]), which serves as a preface to the collection, Traubel indicates that the title was Whitman's. Asked by Traubel what he would do with the poems he had 'dropt . . . by the roadside, as [he] went along, from different editions, to make a volume', Whitman replied that 'whatever may be added to the [1891–2] "Leaves" shall be supplementary . . .'. Whitman later added, 'My tho't is to collect a lot of prose and poetry pieces—small or smallish mostly, but a few larger—appealing to the good will, the heart—sorrowful ones not rejected—but no morbid ones given'.

Nevertheless, with one exception, this collection turns out mainly to be a grab-bag of oddments, scraps, rough drafts, and poems dating from 1873–74 that had been previously published in magazines but not subsequently reprinted by Whitman in *Leaves*. For example, in one instance five lines were transcribed in verse form from a prose fragment (To Soar in Freedom.) and in another a few phrases with fragments of trial lines (Then Shall Perceive.), both apparently by Traubel. Additionally, often Traubel rejected Whitman's trial titles and apparently supplied his own, drawn from a line in the poem. 'Old Age Echoes' also contains the poem A Thought of Columbus. Traubel's reconstruction of the composition of this poem (see below) makes it clear that this at least was Whitman's 'last deliberate composition, dating December, 1891'. In the article cited in the note to the poem, he added that it was 'finished on his death-bed'. For 'Old Age Echoes' see III 757–65.

### To Soar in Freedom and in Fullness of Power.

I have not so much emulated the birds that musically sing,  
I have abandon'd myself to flights, broad circles.

*Title:* 97: To Soar in Freedom and in Fullness of Power. [These five lines were taken from a holograph prose fragment (in the Feinberg Collection), consisting of two leaves, and arranged as verse, undoubtedly by Traubel. Ap-

parently Whitman had intended this work as the beginning of a preface of some kind. Whitman's own trial title was 'My Poetry is more the Poetry of Sight than Sound'; present verse title apparently supplied by Traubel]

The hawk, the seagull, have far more possess'd me than the canary or  
mocking-bird.

I have not felt to warble and trill, however sweetly,

5 I have felt to soar in freedom and in the fullness of power, joy, volition. o

### Then Shall Perceive.

In softness, languor, bloom, and growth,

Thine eyes, ears, all thy sense—thy loftiest attribute—all that takes cognizance  
of beauty,

Shall rouse and fill—then shall perceive! o

### The Few Drops Known.

Of heroes, history, grand events, premises, myths, poems,

The few drops known must stand for oceans of the unknown,

On this beautiful and thick peopl'd earth, here and there a little specimen  
put on record,

A little of Greeks and Romans, a few Hebrew canticles, a few death odors as  
from graves, from Egypt—

5 What are they to the long and copious retrospect of antiquity? o

*Title:* 97: Then Shall Perceive. [The ms of this fragment (in the possession of S. S. Snellenburg, Philadelphia) was sent by Traubel in a letter of 16 April 1908 to an autograph collector. Several unrecorded trial lines indicate an early stage of composition for this work. Title drawn from final line, apparently by Traubel]

*Title:* 97: The Few Drops Known. [Present location of ms unknown. Whitman invariably drew his title from the first line of the poem; the present title may well have been supplied by Traubel]

## One Thought Ever at the Fore.

One thought ever at the fore—  
That in the Divine Ship, the World, breasting Time and Space,  
All Peoples of the globe together sail, sail the same voyage, are bound to the  
same destination. ◦

## While Behind All Firm and Erect.

While behind all, firm and erect as ever,  
Undismay'd amid the rapids—amid the irresistible and deadly urge,  
Stands a helmsman, with brow elate and strong hand. ◦

*Title:* 97: While Behind All Firm and Erect. [See *The Pilot in the Mist.*, III 704, lines 1, 5, 6, 7; line 7 is almost identical with the final line of this poem. The poem may have been composed around 1885, the initial publication date of *The Pilot in the Mist.*]

## A Kiss to the Bride.

*Marriage of Nelly Grant, May 21, 1874.*

Sacred, blithesome, undenied,  
With benisons from East and West,  
And salutations North and South,  
Through me indeed to-day a million hearts and hands,  
5 Wafting a million loves, a million soul felt prayers;  
—Tender and true remain the arm that shields thee!  
Fair winds always fill the ship's sails that sail thee!  
Clear sun by day, and light stars at night, beam on thee!  
Dear girl—through me the ancient privilege too,  
10 For the New World, through me, the old, old wedding greeting:  
O youth and health! O sweet Missouri rose! O bonny bride!  
Yield thy red cheeks, thy lips, to-day,  
Unto a Nation's loving kiss. o

## Nay, Tell Me Not To-day the Publish'd Shame.

*Winter of 1873, Congress in Session.*

Nay, tell me not to-day the publish'd shame,  
Read not to-day the journal's crowded page,  
The merciless reports still branding forehead after forehead,  
The guilty column following guilty column. o

*Title:* 97: A Kiss to the Bride. [First published in the *New York Daily Graphic*, 21 May 1874. Nelly Grant was President Grant's daughter]

*Title:* 97: Nay, Tell Me Not To-day the Publish'd Shame. [First published in the *New*

*York Daily Graphic*, 5 March 1873. The Feinberg Collection has a clipping of the *Graphic* text with corrections by Whitman incorporated by Traubel in 1897. The 'publish'd shame' refers to the scandals of the *Crédit Mobilier*]

To-day to me the tale refusing, 5  
 Turning from it—from the white capitol turning,  
 Far from these swelling domes, topt with statues,  
 More endless, jubilant, vital visions rise  
 Unpublish'd, unreported. o

Through all your quiet ways, or North or South, you Equal States, you  
 honest farms, 10  
 Your million untold manly healthy lives, or East or West, city or country,  
 Your noiseless mothers, sisters, wives, unconscious of their good,  
 Your mass of homes nor poor nor rich, in visions rise—(even your excellent  
 poverties,  
 Your self-distilling, never-ceasing virtues, self-denials, graces,  
 Your endless base of deep integrities within, timid but certain, 15  
 Your blessings steadily bestow'd, sure as the light, and still,  
 (Plunging to these as a determin'd diver down the deep hidden waters),  
 These, these to-day I brood upon—all else refusing, these will I con,  
 To-day to these give audience. o

### Supplement Hours.

Sane, random, negligent hours,  
 Sane, easy, culminating hours,  
 After the flush, the Indian summer, of my life,  
 Away from Books—away from Art—the lesson learn'd, pass'd o'er,  
 Soothing, bathing, merging all—the sane, magnetic, 5  
 Now for the day and night themselves—the open air,  
 Now for the fields, the seasons, insects, trees—the rain and snow,  
 Where wild bees flitting hum,  
 Or August mulleins grow, or winter's snowflakes fall,  
 Or stars in the skies roll round— 10  
 The silent sun and stars. o

*Title:* 97: Supplement Hours. [Line 4 is very close to line 2 of the 81 poem A Clear Midnight. (See III 693); perhaps the heavily revised

Supplement Hours. was begun as early as 1880 or 1881]

## Of Many a Smutch'd Deed Reminiscent.

Full of wickedness, I—of many a smutch'd deed reminiscent—of worse deeds  
capable,  
Yet I look composedly upon nature, drink day and night the joys of life, and  
await death with perfect equanimity,  
Because of my tender and boundless love for him I love and because of his  
boundless love for me. o

## To Be at All.

(*Cf. Stanza 27, Song of Myself, p. 52.*)

To be at all—what is better than that?  
I think if there were nothing more developed, the clam in its callous shell in  
the sand were august enough.  
I am not in any callous shell;  
I am cased with supple conductors, all over  
5 They take every object by the hand, and lead it within me;  
They are thousands, each one with his entry to himself;  
They are always watching with their little eyes, from my head to my feet;  
One no more than a point lets in and out of me such bliss and magnitude,  
I think I could lift the girder of the house away if it lay between me and  
whatever I wanted. o

*Title:* 97: To Be at All. [I.e. 'Stanza 27 . . .  
*p. 52.*' in *Leaves of Grass*, 1881-1891-2. See 1  
38]



## Death's Valley.

*To accompany a picture; by request. "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," from the painting by George Inness.*

Nay, do not dream, designer dark,  
 Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire;  
 I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,  
 Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.  
 For I have seen many wounded soldiers die, 5  
 After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;  
 And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old; and seen the infant die;  
 The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;  
 And then the poor, in meagreness and poverty;  
 And I myself for long, O Death, have breath'd my every breath 10  
 Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.   ◦

And out of these and thee,  
 I make a scene, a song (not fear of thee,  
 Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,  
 Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot), 15  
 Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and  
     trees and flowers and grass,  
 And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful eternal  
     right hand,  
 Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,  
 Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,  
 Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.   ◦ 20

*Title:* 97: Death's Valley. [Published posthumously in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, April 1892, with the subtitle *To accompany a picture; by request*. (The picture was reproduced on the facing page. Apparently Traubel supplied the rest of the subtitle in 'Old

Age Echoes'.) Whitman had originally included the ms of the poem in his copy for *Good-Bye my Fancy* (1891) (Feinberg Collection). George Inness, 1824-1894, was an American landscape painter famous for his romantic interpretations]

## On the Same Picture.

*Intended for first stanza of "Death's Valley."*

Aye, well I know 'tis ghastly to descend that valley:  
 Preachers, musicians, poets, painters, always render it,  
 Philosophs exploit—the battlefield, the ship at sea, the myriad beds, all lands,  
 All, all the past have enter'd, the ancientest humanity we know,  
 5 Syria's, India's, Egypt's, Greece's, Rome's;  
 Till now for us under our very eyes spreading the same to-day,  
 Grim, ready, the same to-day, for entrance, yours and mine,  
 Here, here 'tis limn'd. ◦

## A Thought of Columbus.

The mystery of mysteries, the crude and hurried ceaseless flame, spontaneous,  
 bearing on itself.  
 The bubble and the huge, round, concrete orb!  
 A breath of Deity, as thence the bulging universe unfolding!  
 The many issuing cycles from their precedent minute!  
 5 The eras of the soul incepting in an hour,  
 Haply the widest, farthest evolutions of the world and man. ◦

Thousands and thousands of miles hence, and now four centuries back,

*Title:* 97: On the Same Picture. [The ms (Feinberg Collection) of this eight-line stanza indicates by its trial title 'Death's Valley' that it was probably intended as one of the stanzas, if not the first, of the preceding poem. The present title was evidently supplied by Traubel]

*Title:* 97: A Thought of Columbus. [Whitman gave to Traubel a large envelope containing 'five or six rough drafts of lines and verses . . . and one complete [signed] draft in ink' of this poem, which Traubel transcribed for 'Old Age Echoes'. See Horace Traubel, 'Walt Whitman's Last Poem', *Once a Week: An Illustrated Weekly Newspaper*, 9, no. 14 (New York: July 16, 1892), 3]

A mortal impulse thrilling its brain cell,  
 Reck'd or unreck'd, the birth can no longer be postpon'd:  
 A phantom of the moment, mystic, stalking, sudden, 10  
 Only a silent thought, yet toppling down of more than walls of brass or stone.  
 (A flutter at the darkness' edge as if old Time's and Space's secret near  
     revealing.)  
 A thought! a definite thought works out in shape.  
 Four hundred years roll on.  
 The rapid cumulus—trade, navigation, war, peace, democracy, roll on; 15  
 The restless armies and the fleets of time following their leader—the old  
     camps of ages pitch'd in newer, larger areas,  
 The tangl'd, long-deferr'd eclairsissement of human life and, hopes boldly  
     begins untying,  
 As here to-day up-grows the Western World.   o

(An added word yet to my song, far Discoverer, as ne'er before sent back to  
     son of earth—  
 If still thou hearest, hear me, 20  
 Voicing as now—lands, races, arts, bravas to thee,  
 O'er the long backward path to thee—one vast consensus, north, south, east,  
     west,  
 Soul plaudits! acclamation! reverent echoes!  
 One manifold, huge memory to thee! oceans and lands!  
 The modern world to thee and thought of thee!)   o 25



## Appendix B


### VARIANT READINGS WITHIN EDITIONS OF, AND ANNEXES TO, *LEAVES OF GRASS*

(See also 'Summary of Editions, Annexes, and Impressions of *Leaves of Grass*', I liii-lv; 'Collated Editions, Supplements (Annexes), and Impressions of *Leaves of Grass*', I xlix-lii; and Introduction, I xviii-xxv, sects. 3-4.)

Editions (Ed) or Annexes (An)	Impressions of <i>LG</i> within an edition or annexes
1871 (Ed)	1876
I 158, 42 is it	it is <sup>1</sup>
II 479 (Title) THE DRESSER.	THE WOUND-DRESSER. <sup>2</sup>
	The prefatory poem 'Come, said my Soul' (III 650) appears on the title-page of both impressions of <i>LG</i> 1876.
	Four poems, 'As in a Swoon', 'The Beauty of the Ship', 'When the Full-grown Poet Came', and 'After an Interval' added to <i>LG</i> 1876.
<i>Passage to India</i> [PI], (An) 1871	1872[PI]-1876[PI] (Unless otherwise indicated, variants occur both in <i>TRCE</i> and <i>TRAE</i> ; see below)
II 312, I States	States;
II 333, I Death. (Possible broken comma)	Death;
II 418 The poem 'To You (Let us twain)' not present	72[PI]-76[PI] (In <i>Two Rivulets</i> , ' <i>Centennial Ed'n - - 1876</i> ' [ <i>TRCE</i> ]), poem present, but title missing from Contents; 76[PI], <i>Two Rivulets</i> (' <i>Author's Edition</i> ' [ <i>TRAE</i> ]), has poem present and listed in Contents, p. 114.
III 573, 219 achiev'd.	achiev'd,
III 578, 93 lustrious	lustrous (In <i>TRAE</i> only; <i>TRCE</i> retains 71[PI]-72[PI] reading)

<sup>1</sup> The impression of 1876 *LG* with the paste-on intercalated poems ('*Centennial Ed'n - - 1876, With Portraits and Intercalations*'), reads 'is it'; the later 1876 impression ('*Author's Edition, With Portraits from life*') reads 'it is'.

<sup>2</sup> The '*Centennial Ed'n - - 1876*' *LG* has the 1871 title; some copies have a label with the revised title pasted over the title. The later impression of *LG* 1876, '*Author's Edition, With Portraits from life*' has the revised printed title.

- III 590 A CAROL OF HARVEST, FOR 1867.  
Bracketed note following title  
not present
- 72[PI]-76[PI] (*TRCE*), not present.  
In 76[PI] (*TRAE*) only: [In all History, antique or modern, the grandest achievement yet for political Humanity—grander even than the triumph of THIS UNION over Secession—was the return, disbanding, and peaceful disintegration from compact military organization, back into agricultural and civil employments, of the vast Armies, the two millions of embattled men of America—a problem reserved for Democracy, our day and land, to promptly solve.]
- III 603 Title: BROTHER OF ALL, WITH  
GENEROUS HAND./G. P., *Buried*  
*February, 1870.*)
- 72[PI]-76[PI] (*TRCE*) title the same  
as 71[PI]. In 76[PI] (*TRAE*), above  
title:  To any Hospital or School-  
Founder, or Public Beneficiary, any-  
where.
- III 607, 20 Sun, night:
- sun, night,
- III 607 (Poem) LESSONS.
- Excluded. However, see note follow-  
ing 72[PI]-76[PI], 'Key to Abbrevia-  
tions and Symbols', I xxix)
- 1872 *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free* (An)
- In *Two Rivulets* 1876 (*TRAE*) only.  
(*TRCE* retains 1872 readings)
- III 636, 35 Modern. . . .
- III 636, 40 And yet,
- III 637, 46 thee.
- Corrects ellipsis.  
(And yet,  
thee.)
- 1881 (Ed)
- 1882
- Title-page: lacks prefatory poem 'Come,  
said my Soul' (III 650)
- In 'Author's Edition Camden, New  
Jersey 1882' only: these copies are  
made up of 1881 sheets with new title-  
page containing the poem. See below,  
1888[CPP] and 1891-2. *All other 1882*  
*variants have Rees Welsh, Philadelphia,*  
*on title-page.*
- II 274, 13 one the
- one, the
- II 277, 66 finale
- finale
- II 288, 255 See in arriere,
- See, in arriere,
- II 394, 4 seaboard
- seaboard,
- III 634, 8 you.
- you,
- 'Sands at Seventy' (An) 1888
- The poem 'Old Age's Lambent Peaks'  
was not among the 'Sands at Seventy'  
poems in *November Boughs* (1888)  
nor in *November Boughs* when this  
work was part of the 1888 *Complete*  
*Poems & Prose*. It was added as the  
penultimate poem to the annex 'Sands  
at Seventy' in the 1888 impression of  
*Leaves of Grass*, and retained in this  
position in 1889 and 1891-2.
- 1888 *Complete Poems & Prose* [CPP]

I 4, 64	show to me a cent,	show me to a cent,
I 43, 710	guessed	guess'd
I 48, 779	plate-glass,	plate glass,
I 86, 30	are if	are, if
I 250, 16	garrote,	garroté,
II 274, 13	dusk	dawn
II 286, 213	traveller,	traveler,
II 295, 33	sweep-seines the	sweep-seines, the
II 304, 54	finale	finalés
II 345, 44	next	next,
II 457, 4	person, a	person a
II 474, 104	begins, and goes against us behold	begins and goes against us, behold
III 581, 140	thobbings,	throbbings,
III 608, 2	Now, land	Now land
		Title-page: has prefatory poem (III 650) 'Come, said my Soul'
		1889 <i>LG</i>
I 165, 59	Nagasaki	Nagasaki
II 477, 74	sons	sons
		Title-page: lacks prefatory poem (III 650) 'Come, said my Soul'
<i>Good-Bye my Fancy</i> (GBF), (An) 1891		These six poems appeared in GBF 1891, interspersed among prose com- mentary and were excluded from GBF (2d Annex), in 1891-2, but included in <i>Complete Prose Works</i> (1892): 'Ship Ahoy!'; 'For Queen Victoria's Birthday'; 'As in a Swoon'; 'L of G'; 'After the Argument'; and 'For Us Two, Reader Dear'
		1891-2 <i>LG</i>
		Title-page: has prefatory poem (III 650) 'Come, said my Soul'





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## Index

Final titles (from the 1881 edition and the annexes added to 1881) are in italics; all preliminary titles from editions prior to 1881 appear in roman. (The poems in the posthumous 'Old Age Echoes', 1897, are not in the canon and are set in small capitals.) However, when a preliminary title in the Index is substantively the same as either another preliminary title or the final title, only one of the preliminary titles or the final title is given. When there is an identical preliminary title for different poems, e.g. 'Leaves of Grass. 1', the initial words of the poem follow the preliminary title parenthetically only when the final title was not drawn from the first line of the poem.

A title enclosed within square brackets [ ] derives from the first line of an excluded numbered poem, e.g. 'Calamus. 9' ['Hours Continuing Long'], II 379 or an excluded untitled poem '[Aroused and Angry]', III 630. One exception: the untitled 76 prefatory poem '[Come, said my Soul]' (III 650) was excluded from 81 but retained on the title-page of 91-2. All titles are keyed to volume and page, e.g. I 1.

- Aboard at a Ship's Helm*, II 560  
*Abraham Lincoln, born Feb. 12, 1809*, III 703  
*Adieu to a Soldier*, III 630  
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*All is Truth*, II 329  
*America*, III 701  
American Feuillage, *see Our Old Feuillage*  
*Among the Multitude*, II 405  
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*As I Lay with My Head in Your Lap Camerado*, II 549  
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- Enfans d'Adam.13, *see O Hymen! O Hymenee!*
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