

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

GOOD-BYE¹

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
1823. 1839.

¹ In sending these verses to Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in 1839, Emerson said: 'They were written sixteen years ago, when I kept school in Boston, and lived in a corner of Roxbury called Canterbury. They have a slight misanthropy, a shade deeper than belongs to me. . . .'

This 'corner of Roxbury' is now a part of Franklin Park. It is called 'Schoolmaster's Hill,' and one of its rocks bears the inscription: 'Near this rock, A. D. 1823-1825, was the house of Schoolmaster Ralph Waldo Emerson. Here some of his earlier poems were written; among them that from which the following lines are taken. . . . There follows the last stanza of this poem.

THOUGHT

I AM not poor, but I am proud,
Of one inalienable right,
Above the envy of the crowd, —
Thought's holy light.

Better it is than gems or gold,
And oh! it cannot die,
But thought will glow when the sun
grows cold,
And mix with Deity.

1823.

1904.

THE RIVER²

AND I behold once more
My old familiar haunts; here the blue river,
The same blue wonder that my infant eye
Admired, sage doubting whence the travel-
ler came, —

Whence brought his sunny bubbles ere he
washed

The fragrant flag-roots in my father's fields,
And where thereafter in the world he went.
Look, here he is, unaltered, save that now
He hath broke his banks and flooded all
the vales

With his redundant waves.

Here is the rock where, yet a simple child,
I caught with bended pin my earliest fish,
Much triumphing, — and these the fields
Over whose flowers I chased the butterfly,
A blooming hunter of a fairy fine.

And hark! where overhead the ancient
crows

Hold their sour conversation in the sky: —
These are the same, but I am not the same,
Not wiser than I was, and wise enough
But to regret the changes, tho' they cost
Me many a sigh. Oh, call not nature dumb;

² This poem should be compared with Wordsworth's 'Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree,' both because the two poems are similar in thought and mood, and because each marks the same point of development in its author's thought and powers of expression. This was written when Emerson was twenty-four years old, and Wordsworth's when he was twenty-five.

These trees and stones are audible to me,
These idle flowers, that tremble in the wind,
I understand their faery syllables,
And all their sad significance. The wind,
That rustles down the well-known forest
road —

It hath a sound more eloquent than speech.
The stream, the trees, the grass, the sighing
wind,

All of them utter sounds of 'monishment
And grave parental love.
They are not of our race, they seem to say,
And yet have knowledge of our moral
race,

And somewhat of majestic sympathy,
Something of pity for the puny clay,
That holds and boasts the immeasurable
mind.

I feel as I were welcome to these trees
After long months of weary wandering,
Acknowledged by their hospitable boughs;
They know me as their son, for side by
side,

They were coeval with my ancestors,
Adorned with them my country's primitive
times,
And soon may give my dust their funeral
shade.

1827.

1904.

LINES TO ELLEN

TELL me, maiden, dost thou use
Thyself thro' Nature to diffuse?
All the angles of the coast
Were tenanted by thy sweet ghost,
Bore thy colors every flower,
Thine each leaf and berry bore;
All wore thy badges and thy favors
In their scent or in their savor,
Every moth with painted wing,
Every bird in carolling,
The wood-boughs with thy manners waved,
The rocks uphold thy name engraved,
The sod throbbed friendly to my feet,
And the sweet air with thee was sweet.
The saffron cloud that floated warm
Studied thy motion, took thy form,
And in his airy road benign
Recalled thy skill in bold design,
Or seemed to use his privilege
To gaze o'er the horizon's edge,
To search where now thy beauty glowed,
Or made what other purlious proud.

1829.

1904.

TO ELLEN AT THE SOUTH

THE green grass is bowing,
The morning wind is in it;
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,
Though it change every minute.

'T is a tune of the Spring;
Every year plays it over
To the robin on the wing,
And to the pausing lover.

O'er ten thousand, thousand acres,
Goes light the nimble zephyr;
The Flowers — tiny sect of Shakers —
Worship him ever.

Hark to the winning sound!
They summon thee, dearest, —
Saying, 'We have dressed for thee the
ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

'O hasten; 't is our time,
Ere yet the red Summer
Scorch our delicate prime,
Loved of bee, — the tawny hummer.

'O pride of thy race!
Sad, in sooth, it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face,
We poor New England flowers.

'Fairest, choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society;
June's glories and September's
Show our love and piety.

'Thou shalt command us all, —
April's cowslip, summer's clover,
To the gentian in the fall,
Blue-eyed pet of blue-eyed lover.

'O come, then, quickly come!
We are budding, we are blowing;
And the wind that we perfume
Sings a tune that's worth the knowing.'
1829. 1843.

TO ELLEN

AND Ellen, when the graybeard years
Have brought us to life's evening hour,
And all the crowded Past appears
A tiny scene of sun and shower,

Then, if I read the page aright
Where Hope, the soothsayer, reads our
lot,
Thyself shalt own the page was bright,
Well that we loved, woe had we not,

When Mirth is dumb and Flattery's fled,
And mute thy music's dearest tone,
When all but Love itself is dead
And all but deathless Reason gone.
1829. 1904.

THINE EYES STILL SHINED

THINE eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea:
As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climbed the misty hill
And roamed the pastures through;
How danced thy form before my path
Amidst the deep-eyed dew!

When the redbird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame;
When the rosebud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name.
1829 or 1830. 1846.¹

WRITTEN IN NAPLES²

WE are what we are made; each following
day
Is the Creator of our human mould

¹ The first collected edition of Emerson's *Poems*, which bears the date 1847, and is listed under that year in the bibliographies, actually appeared in 1846.
² Remember the Sunday morning in Naples when I said, 'This moment is the truest vision, the best spectacle I have seen amid all the wonders; and this moment, this vision, I might have had in my own closet in Boston.' (EMERSON'S *Journal*, 1834.)

Compare the essay on 'Self-Reliance':—
'Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.'

Compare also 'The Day's Ration,' and Whittier's 'The Last Walk in Autumn.'
(The illustrative passages from Emerson's *Journal* given in these notes, and many of the parallel passages from Emerson's essays, are quoted by Mr. E. W. Emerson in his exceedingly valuable notes to the 'Centenary Edition' of the *Poems*, or in his *Emerson in Concord*.)

Not less than was the first; the all-wise God
Gilds a few points in every several life,
And as each flower upon the fresh hillside,
And every colored petal of each flower,
Is sketched and dyed, each with a new design,

Its spot of purple, and its streak of brown,
So each man's life shall have its proper lights,
And a few joys, a few peculiar charms,
For him round-in the melancholy hours
And reconcile him to the common days.
Not many men see beauty in the fogs
Of close low pine-woods in a river town;
Yet unto me not morn's magnificence,
Nor the red rainbow of a summer eve,
Nor Rome, nor joyful Paris, nor the halls
Of rich men blazing hospitable light,
Nor wit, nor eloquence, — no, nor even the song

Of any woman that is now alive, —
Hath such a soul, such divine influence,
Such resurrection of the happy past,
As is to me when I behold the morn
Ope in such low moist roadside, and beneath
Peep the blue violets out of the black loam,
Pathetic silent poets that sing to me
Thine elegy, sweet singer, sainted wife.³
1833. 1883.

WRITTEN AT ROME⁴

ALONE in Rome. Why, Rome is lonely
too;—
Besides, you need not be alone; the soul
Shall have society of its own rank.
Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,
The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,
Shall flock to you and tarry by your side,
And comfort you with their high company.
Virtue alone is sweet society,
It keeps the key to all heroic hearts,
And opens you a welcome in them all.
You must be like them if you desire them,
Scorn trifles and embrace a better aim
Than wine or sleep or praise;
Hunt knowledge as the lover wooes a maid,

³ Emerson's first wife, the 'Ellen' of the previous poems, died of consumption after they had been married only a year and a half.

⁴ Don't you see you are the Universe to yourself? You carry your fortunes in your own hand. Change of place won't mend the matter. You will weave the same web at Pernambuco as at Boston, if you have only learned how to make one texture. (*Journal*, Divinity Hall, Cambridge, November, 1827.)

And ever in the strife of your own thoughts
Obey the nobler impulse; that is Rome:
That shall command a senate to your side;
For there is no might in the universe
That can contend with love. It reigns forever.

Wait then, sad friend, wait in majestic peace
The hour of heaven. Generously trust
Thy fortune's web to the beneficent hand
That until now has put his world in fee
To thee. He watches for thee still. His love
Broods over thee, and as God lives in heaven,
However long thou walkest solitary,
The hour of heaven shall come, the man appear.
1833. 1883.

WEBSTER¹

ILL fits the abstemious Muse a crown to
weave
For living brows; ill fits them to receive:
And yet, if virtue abrogate the law,
One portrait — fact or fancy — we may
draw;
A form which Nature cast in the heroic
mould
Of them who rescued liberty of old;
He, when the rising storm of party roared,
Brought his great forehead to the council
board,
There, while hot heads perplexed with fears
the state,
Calm as the morn the manly patriot sate;
Seemed, when at last his clarion accents
broke,
As if the conscience of the country spoke.
Not on its base Monadnoc surer stood,
Than he to common sense and common
good:
No mimic; from his breast his counsel
drew,
Believed the eloquent was aye the true;

¹ The only passage from the Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1834 which has been preserved in Emerson's Works. After Webster's death he wrote (1854), with unintentional injustice, —

Why did all manly gifts in Webster fail?
He wrote on Nature's grandest brow, *For Sale*.
Compare Whittier's arraignment of Webster in 'Ichabod,' and his partial retraction in 'The Lost Occasion.' Most of the New England abolitionists, many of whom, so long as the party of slavery was in power, were quite willing to disrupt the Union rather than to submit to its pro-slavery laws, could never forgive or at all understand Webster's position in setting the Union above all else, even abolition.

He bridged the gulf from th' alway good
and wise
To that within the vision of small eyes.
Self-centred; when he launched the genuine
word

It shook or captivated all who heard,
Ran from his mouth to mountains and the
sea,
And burned in noble hearts proverb and
prophecy.
1834. 1883.

THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE
FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our soli-
tudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp
nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty
gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes
to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his ar-
ray.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for
seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:²
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there
brought you.
1834. 1839.

EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,

² Compare the chapter on Beauty, in Emerson's 'Nature': 'This element [Beauty] I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. . . . The ancient Greeks called the world κόσμος, Beauty.'
Compare also the 'Michael Angelo': 'Beauty cannot be defined. Like Truth, it is an ultimate aim of the human being.'

Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height;¹

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent. 10
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my
eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave 20
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild up-
roar.²

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the
cage;—

The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, 'I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of
youth:'—

As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;

¹ Buonaparte was sensible to the music of bells. Hearing the bell of a parish church, he would pause, and his voice faltered as he said, 'Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne; I was then happy.' (*Journal*, 1844.)

² I remember when I was a boy going upon the beach and being charmed with the colors and forms of the shells. I picked up many and put them in my pocket. When I got home I could find nothing that I gathered—nothing but some dry, ugly mussel and snail shells. Thence I learned that Composition was more important than the beauty of individual forms to Effect. On the shore they lay wet and social, by the sea and under the sky. (*Journal*, May 16, 1834.)

I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole; 50
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

1834? 1839.

THE APOLOGY³

THINK me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 't is figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.⁴

1834? 1846.

³ Compare Wordsworth's 'Expostulation and Reply,' and 'The Tables Turned.'

Compare also a passage in Emerson's description of Thoreau, as reported by Charles J. Woodbury:—

'Men of note would come to talk with him. "I don't know," he would say; "perhaps a minute would be enough for both of us."
'"But I come to walk with you when you take your exercise."

'"Ah, walking—that is my holy time."' (Woodbury's *Talks with Emerson*, p. 80.)

⁴ Compare the beautiful lines in Emerson's poem, 'The Dirge,' 1838:—

Knows he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

CONCORD HYMN¹

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BAT-
TLE MONUMENT, JULY 4, 1837

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Thy flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.
1837. 1837.

THE HUMBLE-BEE²

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!

¹ Compare Emerson's 'Historical Discourse at Concord, September 12, 1835,' and his 'Address at the Hundredth Anniversary of the Concord Fight,' especially a passage in the first of these addresses, describing the battle and its motives: 'These poor farmers who came up, that day, to defend their native soil, acted from the simplest instincts. They did not know it was a deed of fame they were doing,' etc.

The first quatrain of the poem is now inscribed on the Battle Monument at Concord.

Emerson's grandfather, William Emerson, was minister at Concord in 1775; in his pulpit he strongly advocated resistance to the British, and when the day of the fight came, he was among the 'embattled farmers.' The fight took place near his own house, later known as 'The Old Manse,' and the home successively of Emerson and of Hawthorne. (See Bartlett's *Concord, Historic and Literary*.) 'Let us stand our ground,' he said to the minutemen; 'if we die, let us die here.'

² Containing much of the quintessence of poetry. (LONGFELLOW.)

Yesterday in the woods I followed the fine humble-bee with rhymes and fancies fine. . . . The humble-bee and pine-warbler seem to me the proper objects of attention in these disastrous times. (*Journal*, 1837.)

Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines. 10

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days, 20
With a net of shining haze
Silters the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace 30
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean 40
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste, 50
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,

Joseph W. Bartlett's description of the insect

Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep; 60
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

1837?

1839.

URIEL

It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel
Which in Paradise befell.
Once, among the Pleiads walking,
Seyd overheard the young gods talking;
And the treason, too long pent,
To his ears was evident. 10
The young deities discussed
Laws of form, and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth and what seems.
One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line. 20
'Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn.
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;

¹ From its strange presentation in a celestial parable of the story of a crisis in its author's life, this poem demands especial comment. In his essay on 'Circles' — which sheds light upon it — Emerson said, 'Be ware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet.'

The earnest young men on the eve of entering the ministry asked him to speak to them. After serious thought he went to Cambridge (July 15, 1838) to give them the good and emancipating words which had been given to him in solitude, well aware, however, that he must shock or pain the older clergy who were present. The poem, when read with the history of the Divinity School Address, and its consequences, in mind, is seen to be an account of that event generalized and sublimed, — the announcement of an advance in truth, won not without pain and struggle, to hearers not yet ready, resulting in banishment to the prophet; yet the spoken word sticks like a barbed arrow, or works like a leaven. (E. W. EMERSON.)

'Don't be content with revelation of poet.'

Seemed to the holy festival
The rash word boded ill to all; 30
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bounds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell
On the beauty of Uriel;
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation, 40
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.
Straightway, a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
But now and then, truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings;
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force, 50
Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why. 1846.

1838.

1846.

THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowl'd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought³
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell 11
The thrilling Delphic oracle;

² It is very grateful to my feelings to go into a Roman Cathedral, yet I look as my countrymen do at the Roman priesthood. It is very grateful to me to go into an English Church and hear the liturgy read, yet nothing would induce me to be the English priest. (Journal, August 28, 1838.)

³ Compare the essay on 'Compensation.' 'This voice of fable has in it something divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. . . . Phidias it is not,' etc.

Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below, —
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome¹
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity:² 21
Himself from God he could not free;³
He builded better than he knew; —⁴
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's
nest

Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn her annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?³⁰
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;⁴⁰⁵
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.⁶

¹ See Emerson's essay on 'Michael Angelo;' and the quotation from his 'Poetry and Imagination,' in note 7 in the next column.

² Compare Emerson's essay on 'Art.' 'The Iliad of Homer, the songs of David, the odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Æschylus, the Doric temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakespeare, all and each were made not for sport, but in grave earnest, in tears and smiles of suffering and loving men.'

³ Compare the essay on 'Art.' 'The Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone.' Compare also line 32 of the poem: —

Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.

⁴ Compare the essay on 'Art.' 'Our arts are happy hits. We are like the musician on the lake, whose melody is sweeter than he knows.'

⁵ It is in the soul that architecture exists, and Santa Croce and the Duomo are poor, far-behind imitations. (Journal, Florence, 1833.)

⁶ Compare the essay on 'Art.' 'And so every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. . . . We feel in seeing a noble building which rhymes well, as we do in hearing a perfect song, that it is spiritually organic; that it had a necessity in nature for being; was one of the possible forms in the Divine mind, and is now only discovered and executed by the artist, not arbitrarily composed by him.'

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;⁷
And the same power that reared the
shrine

Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. 50
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind in-
spires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind. 60
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,
The Book itself before me lies,
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowl'd portrait dear; *Incomplete because*
And yet, for all his faith could see, *belongs to past.*
I would not the good bishop be. 1840.
1839.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF
GOETHE⁸

SIX thankful weeks, — and let it be
A meter of prosperity, —
In my coat I bore this book,
And seldom therein could I look,
For I had too much to think,
Heaven and earth to eat and drink.
Is he hapless who can spare
In his plenty things so rare?

1840?

1883.

⁷ Compare Emerson's essay on 'Poetry and Imagination,' in *Letters and Social Aims*: 'Michael Angelo is largely filled with the Creator that made and makes men. How much of the original craft remains in him, and he a mortal man! . . . He knows that he did not make his thought, — no, his thought made him, and made the sun and stars.'

⁸ Emerson wrote to Carlyle, in April, 1840: 'You asked me if I read German. . . . I have contrived to read almost every volume of Goethe, and I have fifty-five, but I have read nothing else — but I have not now looked even into Goethe, for a long time.'

WOODNOTES

I

I

WHEN the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
Who speeds to the woodland walks?
To birds and trees who talks?
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river-side, —
Not hook nor line hath he;
He stands in the meadows wide, —
Nor gun nor scythe to see.
Sure some god his eye enchants:
What he knows nobody wants.
In the wood he travels glad,
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest:
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass-buds and caterpillar-shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats:¹
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself,
Who can tell him what he is?
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities?

2

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,

¹ Trifles move us more than laws. Why am I more curious to know the reason why the star-form is so oft repeated in botany, or why the number five is such a favorite with Nature, than to understand the circulation of the sap and the formation of buds? (*Journal*, 1835.)

As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;²
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrushes' broods;
And the shy hawk did wait for him;³
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was shown to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.⁴

3

In unploughed Maine he sought the lum-
berers' gang
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers
sprang;
He trode the unplanted forest floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly
bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of
flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the
northern bowers.
He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,
With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls, —
One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect
tree,
Declares the close of its green century.

² Compare Emerson's 'Thoreau': 'His powers of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.'

³ Compare the 'Thoreau' again: 'He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, — nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.'

⁴ The passages about the forest seer fit Thoreau so well that the general belief that Mr. Emerson had him in mind may be accepted, but one member of the family recalls his saying that a part of this picture was drawn before he knew Thoreau's gifts and experiences. (E. W. EMERSON, in the *Centenary Edition*.)

Important for Emerson's picture of poet who
loves nature.

Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element;
Whose living towers the years conspired to
build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.
Through these green tents, by eldest Nature
dressed,
He roamed, content alike with man and
beast.
Where darkness found him he lay glad at
night;
There the red morning touched him with its
light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit
made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can
stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he
keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,¹
His hearth the earth, — his hall the azure
dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's
his road
By God's own light illumined and fore-
showed.

4

'T was one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant, lowly great,
Beside the forest water sate;
The rope-like pine-roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne;
The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene;
To hill and cloud his face was known, —
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy

¹ Cf. the note on 'Written in Naples,' p. 60.

The public child of earth and sky.
'You ask,' he said, 'what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough
and wide.
I found the water's bed.
The watercourses were my guide;
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed.
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.'

1840.

WOODNOTES²

II

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pine-tree through my thought
And fanned the dreams it never brought.*

'Whether is better, the gift or the donor?
Come to me.'

² The stately white pine of New England was Emerson's favorite tree. . . . This poem records the actual fact; nearly every day, summer or winter, when at home, he went to listen to its song. The pine grove by Walden, still standing, though injured by time and fire, was one of his most valued possessions. He questioned whether he should not name his book *Forest Essays*, for, he said, 'I have scarce a day-dream on which the breath of the pines has not blown and their shadow waved.' The great pine on the ridge ever Sleepy Hollow was chosen by him as his monument. When a youth, in Newton, he had written, 'Here sit Mother and I under the pine-trees, still almost as we shall lie by and by under them.' — (E. W. EMERSON, in the *Centenary Edition*.)

Quoth the pine-tree,
 'I am the giver of honor.
 My garden is the cloven rock,
 And my manure the snow; 10
 And drifting sand-heaps feed my stock,
 In summer's scorching glow.
 He is great who can live by me:
 The rough and bearded forester
 Is better than the lord;
 God fills the scrip and canister,
 Sin piles the loaded board.
 The lord is the peasant that was,
 The peasant the lord that shall be;
 The lord is hay, the peasant grass, 20
 One dry, and one the living tree.
 Who liveth by the ragged pine
 Foundeth a heroic line;
 Who liveth in the palace hall
 Waneth fast and spendeth all.¹
 He goes to my savage haunts,
 With his chariot and his care;
 My twilight realm he disenchants,
 And finds his prison there.

What prizes the town and the tower? 30
 Only what the pine-tree yields;
 Sinew that subdued the fields;
 The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
 Chants his hymn to hills and floods,
 Whom the city's poisoning spleen
 Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
 Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
 Whom the dawn and the day-star urgeth,
 In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
 In whose feet the lion rusheth 40
 Iron arms, and iron mould,
 That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
 I give my rafters to his boat,
 My billets to his boiler's throat,
 And I will swim the ancient sea
 To float my child to victory,
 And grant to dwellers with the pine
 Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
 Who leaves the pine-tree, leaves his friend,
 Unnerves his strength, invites his end. 50
 Cut a bough from my parent stem,
 And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
 A little while each russet gem
 Will swell and rise with wonted grace;
 But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
 The orphan of the forest dies.

¹ Compare the essay on 'Manners.' 'The city would have died out, rotted and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday that is city and court to-day.'

Whoso walks in solitude
 And inhabiteth the wood,
 Choosing light, wave, rock and bird, 60
 Before the money-loving herd,
 Into that forester shall pass,
 From these companions, power and grace.
 Clean shall he be, without, within,
 From the old adhering sin,
 All ill dissolving in the light
 Of his triumphant piercing sight:
 Not vain, sour, nor frivolous;
 Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous;
 Grave, chaste, contented, though retired, 70
 And of all other men desired.
 On him the light of star and moon
 Shall fall with purer radiance down;
 All constellations of the sky
 Shed their virtue through his eye.
 Him Nature giveth for defence
 His formidable innocence;
 The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
 All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
 He shall meet the speeding year,
 Without wailing, without fear; 80
 He shall be happy in his love,
 Like to like shall joyful prove;
 He shall be happy whilst he woos,
 Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.
 But if with gold she bind her hair,
 And deck her breast with diamond,
 Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
 Though thou lie alone on the ground.

'Heed the old oracles,
 Ponder my spells; 90
 Song wakes in my pinnacles
 When the wind swells.
 Soundeth the prophetic wind,
 The shadows shake on the rock behind,
 And the countless leaves of the pine are
 strings
 Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
 Harken! Harken!
 If thou wouldst know the mystic song
 Chanted when the sphere was young.
 Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells; 100
 O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
 O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
 'Tis the chronicle of art.
 To the open ear it sings
 Sweet the genesis of things,
 Of tendency through endless ages,²

² These lines are a sort of poetic 'Doctrine of Evolution.' Compare the 1849 motto of Emerson's 'Nature' (p. 87). It is interesting to remember Tyndall's

Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
 Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
 Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
 Of chemic matter, force and form, 110
 Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm:
 The rushing metamorphosis
 Dissolving all that fixture is,
 Melts things that be to things that seem,
 And solid nature to a dream.
 O, listen to the undersong,
 The ever old, the ever young;
 And, far within those cadent pauses,
 The chorus of the ancient Causes!
 Delights the dreadful Destiny 120
 To fling his voice into the tree,
 And shock thy weak ear with a note
 Breathed from the everlasting throat.
 In music he repeats the pang
 Whence the fair flock of Nature sprang.
 O mortal! thy ears are stones;
 These echoes are laden with tones
 Which only the pure can hear;
 Thou canst not catch what they recite
 Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right, 130
 Of man to come, of human life,
 Of Death and Fortune, Growth and Strife.'

Once again the pine-tree sung: —
 'Speak not thy speech my boughs among:
 Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
 My hours are peaceful centuries.
 Talk no more with feeble tongue;
 No more the fool of space and time,
 Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
 Only thy Americans 140
 Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
 But the runes that I rehearse
 Understands the universe;
 The least breath my boughs which tossed
 Brings again the Pentecost;
 To every soul resounding clear
 In a voice of solemn cheer, —
 "Am I not thine? Are not these thine?"
 And they reply, "Forever mine!" 150
 My branches speak Italian,
 English, German, Basque, Castilian,
 Mountain speech to Highlanders,
 Ocean tongues to islanders,
 To Fin and Lap and swart Malay,
 To each his bosom-secret say.

'Come learn with me the fatal song
 Which knits the world in music strong,

saying: 'Whatever I have done the world owes to Emerson.'

Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
 Of things with things, of times with times,
 Primal chimes of sun and shade, 160
 Of sound and echo, man and maid,
 The land reflected in the flood,
 Body with shadow still pursued.
 For Nature beats in perfect tune,
 And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
 Whether she work in land or sea,
 Or hide underground her alchemy.
 Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there, 170
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.¹
 The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.
 But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
 Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed,
 Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded? 180
 Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
 Who thee divorced, deceived and left?
 Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
 And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
 And sunk the immortal eye so low?
 Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
 Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
 For royal man; — they thee confess
 An exile from the wilderness, —
 The hills where health with health agrees,
 And the wise soul expels disease. 190
 Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
 By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
 When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
 Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
 To thee the horizon shall express
 But emptiness on emptiness;
 There lives no man of Nature's worth
 In the circle of the earth;
 And to thine eye the vast skies fall, 200
 Dire and satirical,

¹ 'As for beauty, I need not look beyond an oar's length for my fill of it.' I do not know whether he [William Ellery Channing] used the expression with design or no, but my eye rested on the charming play of light on the water which he was striking with his paddle. I fancied I had never seen such color, such transparency, such eddies; it was the hue of Rhine wines, it was jasper and verd-antique, topaz and chalcidony, it was gold and green and chestnut and hazel in bewitching succession and relief, without cloud or confusion. (*Journal*, 1846.)

Compare also the paragraph in Emerson's 'Nature' beginning: 'It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object.'

On clucking hens and prating fools,
On thieves, on drudges and on dolls.
And thou shalt say to the Most High,
"Godhead! all this astronomy,
And fate and practice and invention,
Strong art and beautiful pretension,
This radiant pomp of sun and star,
Throes that were, and worlds that are,
Behold! were in vain and in vain;— 210
It cannot be, — I will look again.¹
Surely now will the curtain rise,
And earth's fit tenant me surprise; —
But the curtain doth *not* rise,
And Nature has miscarried wholly
Into failure, into folly."

'Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
Blessed Nature so to see.
Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
And heal the hurts which sin has made. 220
I see thee in the crowd alone;
I will be thy companion.
Quit thy friends as the dead in doom,
And build to them a final tomb;
Let the starred shade that nightly falls
Still celebrate their funerals,
And the bell of beetle and of bee
Knell their melodious memory.
Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities; 230
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind:
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
Gives all to them who all renounce.
The rain comes when the wind calls;
The river knows the way to the sea;
Without a pilot it runs and falls, 240
Blessing all lands with its charity;
The sea tosses and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind;
The shadow sits close to the flying ball;
The date fails not on the palm-tree tall;
And thou, — go burn thy wormy pages, —
Shalt outsee seers, and outwit sages.
Oft didst thou thread the woods in vain
To find what bird had piped the strain: —

¹ What has the imagination created to compare with the science of Astronomy? What is there in *Paradise Lost* to elevate and astonish like Herschel or Somerville? The contrast between the magnitude and duration of the things, and the animalcule observer! . . . I hope the time will come when there will be a telescope in every street. (*Journal*, May, 1832.)

Seek not, and the little eremite 250
Flies gayly forth and sings in sight.

'Hearken once more!
I will tell thee the mundane lore.
Older am I than thy numbers wot,
Change I may, but I pass not.
Hitherto all things fast abide,
And anchored in the tempest ride.
Trenchant time behoves to hurry
All to yean and all to bury:
All the forms are fugitive, 260
But the substances survive.
Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.

Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
And God said, "Throb!" and there was
motion

And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Onward and on, the eternal Pan, 270
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.
I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
He is free and libertine,
Pouring of his power the wine
To every age, to every race; 280
Unto every race and age
He emptieth the beverage;
Unto each, and unto all,
Maker and original.

The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.
As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
With one drop sheds form and feature;
With the next a special nature; 290
The third adds heat's indulgent spark;
The fourth gives light which eats the dark;
Into the fifth himself he flings,
And conscious Law is King of kings.

As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes;
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
From form to form He maketh haste;
This vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night. 300
What reck's such Traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers

A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?
Alike to him the better, the worse, —
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze;
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency; 310
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more deep, more high.' 341.

THE SPHINX¹

THE Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled:
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
'Who'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept? —
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept: —

'The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man; 10
Known fruit of the unknown;
Dædalian plan;
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?

'Erect as a sunbeam,
Upspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses,
Undaunted and calm; 20
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings;
Kind leaves of his covert,
Your silence he sings.

¹ Mr. Emerson wrote in his note-book in 1859: 'I have often been asked the meaning of the "Sphinx." It is this: The perception of identity unites all things and explains one by another, and the most rare and strange is equally facile as the most common. But if the mind live only in particulars, and see only differences (wanting the power to see the whole — all in each), then the world addresses to this mind a question it cannot answer, and each new fact tears it in pieces and it is vanquished by the distracting variety.' (*Centenary Edition*.)

'The waves, unshamed,
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet;
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes, 30
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

'Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred, —
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still;
Night veileth the morning,
The vapor the hill. 40

'The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted, —
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes;
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

'But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals; 50
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.²

'Out spoke the great mother,
Beholding his fear; —
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere: — 60
"Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned my child's head?"

I heard a poet answer
Aloud and cheerfully,
'Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges

² Compare Emerson's essay on 'Self-Reliance': 'Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. . . . Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose.'