

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,  
Strong is your hold O love.)

1871.

## 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.

1871.

O STAR OF FRANCE<sup>1</sup>

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,  
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,  
Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthu-  
siast's dreams of brotherhood,<sup>10</sup>  
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.

Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities,  
sins, I will not now rebuke thee,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Whitman's *Specimen Days*, April 18, 1881.  
Complete Prose Works, p. 174.

Thy unexampled woes and pangs have  
quell'd them all,  
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,<sup>20</sup>  
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!  
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,  
Onward beneath the sun following its  
course,<sup>30</sup>  
So thee O ship of France!

Finish'd the days, the clouds dispel'd,  
The travail o'er, the long-sought extrica-  
tion,  
When lo! reborn, high o'er the European  
world,  
(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.

1871. (1872.)

## THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER

1

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

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

Come nearer bodiless one, haply in thee  
resounds<sup>2</sup>  
Some dead composer, haply thy pensive life  
Was fill'd with aspirations high, uniform'd  
ideals,  
Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,  
That now ecstatic ghost, close to me bend-  
ing, thy cornet echoing, pealing,<sup>10</sup>  
Gives out to no one's ears but mine, but  
freely gives to mine,  
That I may thee translate.

Blow trumpeter free and clear, I follow  
thee,<sup>3</sup>  
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,  
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,  
Floating and basking upon heaven's lake.<sup>20</sup>

Blow again trumpeter! and for my sensu-  
ous eyes,<sup>4</sup>  
Bring the old pageants, show the feudal  
world.

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;  
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.

Blow again trumpeter! and for thy theme,<sup>5</sup>  
Take now the enclosing theme of all, the  
solvent and the setting,  
Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance<sup>31</sup>  
and the pang,  
The heart of man and woman all for love,  
No other theme but love — knitting, enclos-  
ing, all-diffusing love.

O how the immortal phantoms crowd  
around me!  
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,  
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with<sup>40</sup>  
perfume,  
No other words but words of love, no other  
thought but love.

Blow again trumpeter — conjure war's  
alarums.<sup>6</sup>

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 bayonets,  
I see the grime-faced cannoneers, I mark the  
rosy flash amid the smoke, I hear the  
cracking of the guns;  
Nor 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.

O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the  
instrument thou playest,<sup>50</sup>  
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 oppress of the whole earth,  
I feel the measureless shame and humilia-  
tion 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.)

8

Now trumpeter for thy close, <sup>60</sup>  
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!  
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!  
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!  
Joy! joy! all over joy!

1872.

## VIRGINIA — THE WEST

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

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 why seek  
my life?  
When you yourself forever provide to de-  
fend me?  
For you provided me Washington — and  
now these also.

1872.

THOU MOTHER WITH THY  
EQUAL BROOD<sup>1</sup>

I

THOU Mother with thy equal brood,  
Thou varied chain of different States, yet  
one identity only,

<sup>1</sup> Read by Whitman at the Commencement of Dart-  
mouth College, in 1872.  
The poem originally began with what is now Section  
2, and the title as well as the first line was 'As a strong  
bird on pinions free.' What is now Section 1 was added  
in the 1881 edition.

See the original Preface of this poem, in the Com-  
plete Prose Works, pp. 268-272. One of its chief ideas  
is condensed in two paragraphs near the end: —  
'The Four Years' War is over — and in the peaceful,  
strong, exciting, fresh occasions of to-day, and of the  
future, that strange, sad war is hurrying even now to  
be forgotten. The camp, the drill, the lines of sentries,  
the prisons, the hospitals — (ah! the hospitals!) — all  
have passed away — all seem now like a dream. A new  
race, a young and lusty generation, already sweeps in  
with oceanic currents, obliterating the war, and all its  
scars, its mounded graves, and all its reminiscences of  
hatred, conflict, death. So let it be obliterated. I say  
the life of the present and the future makes undeniable  
demands upon us each and all, south, north, east, west.  
To help put the United States (even if only in imagina-  
tion) hand in hand, in one unbroken circle in a chant  
— to rouse them to the unprecedented grandeur of the  
part they are to play, and are even now playing — to  
the thought of their great future, and the attitude con-  
form'd to it — especially their great esthetic, moral,  
scientific future (of which their vulgar material and  
political present is but as the preparatory tuning of in-  
struments by an orchestra), these, as hitherto, are still,  
for me, among my hopes, ambitions.

'Leaves of Grass,' already publish'd, is, in its in-  
tentions, the song of a great composite *democratic indi-*  
*vidual*, male or female. And following on and ampli-  
fying the same purpose, the chants of this volume (if ever com-  
pleted), the thread-voice, more or less audible, of an  
aggregated, inseparable, unprecedented, vast, compos-  
ite, electric *democratic nationality*.'

Compare also Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*, Com-  
plete Prose Works, pp. 197-250; 'A Backward Glance

A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all  
the rest,  
For thee, the future.

I'd sow a seed for thee of endless Nation-  
ality,  
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 it-  
self.

Belief I sing, and preparation; <sup>10</sup>  
As Life and Nature are not great with ref-  
erence 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,  
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; <sup>20</sup>  
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,  
That endlessly sounds from the two Great  
Seas of the world.

o'er Travel'd Roads;' and, especially, one of Whitman's  
early notes, in *Notes and Fragments*, p. 59: —  
'In Poems — bring in the idea of Mother — the idea  
of the mother with numerous children — all, great and  
small, old and young, equal in her eyes — as the iden-  
tity of America.'

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!  
By thee fact to be justified, blended with  
thought, <sup>30</sup>  
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,  
To formulate the Modern — out of the peer-  
less 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 back-  
ground of the mighty past, the dead,  
To limn with absolute faith the mighty liv-  
ing present.

And yet thou living present brain, heir of  
the dead, the Old World brain, <sup>40</sup>  
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,  
Its poems, churches, arts, unwitting to  
themselves, destined with reference to  
thee;  
Thou but the apples, long, long, long a-grow-  
ing,  
The fruit of all the Old ripening to-day in  
thee.

4

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,  
Of value is thy freight, 't is 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, <sup>50</sup>  
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 desti-  
nation-port triumphant;  
Steer then with good strong hand and wary  
eye O helmsman, thou carriest great  
companions,  
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,  
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, 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, elec-  
tric world, to be constructed here  
(The true New World, the world of orbic  
science, morals, literatures to come),  
Thou wonder world yet undefined, un-  
form'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,  
But I do not undertake to define thee,  
hardly to comprehend thee,  
I but thee name, thee prophesy, as now,  
I merely thee ejaculate!

6

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

<sup>1</sup> The two lines in parenthesis were added in 1881.

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, radi-  
ant, ablaze, swift-moving, fructifying 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,  
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.)  
Thee in thy own musicians, singers, artists,  
unborn yet, but certain,  
Thee in thy moral wealth and civilization,  
(until which thy proudest material civili-  
zation must remain in vain.)  
Thee in thy all-supplying, all-enclosing  
worship — thee in no single bible, saviour,  
merely,  
Thy saviours countless, latent within thy-  
self, 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 cen-  
tury's visible growth,  
But far more in these leaves and chants,  
thy chants, great Mother!)<sup>1</sup>  
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,  
In thy resplendent coming literati, thy full-  
lung'd orators, thy sacerdotal bards, kos-  
mic savans,  
These! these in thee (certain to come), to-  
day I prophesy.

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

100

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

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,  
Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,  
The general inner earth so long so sedu-  
lously 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 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 ap-  
proach beguiling thee, thou in disease  
shalt swelter,  
The livid cancer spread its hideous claws,  
clinging upon thy breasts, seeking to  
strike thee deep within,  
Consumption of the worst, moral consump-  
tion, shall rouge thy face with hectic,<sup>1</sup>  
But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy dis-  
eases, 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,  
While thou, Time's spirals rounding, out  
of thyself, thyself still extricating, fusing,  
Equable, natural, mystical Union thou  
(the mortal with immortal blent),  
Shalt soar toward the fulfilment of the fu-  
ture, 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,

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Democratic Vistas*, pp. 203-208; and *Two Rivulets*, 1876, the prose section.

Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebu-  
lous!

By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd  
(by these thyself solidifying),  
Thou mental, moral orb — thou New, in-  
deed 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,  
The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold  
thee.

1872.

PRAYER OF COLUMBUS<sup>2</sup>

A BATTER'D, wreck'd old man,  
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from  
home,  
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows,  
twelve dreary months,  
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh  
to death,  
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,  
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;

<sup>2</sup> 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 real-  
ized, 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, 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 religious soul surely  
utter'd, the ideas following — perhaps, in their equiv-  
alents, the very words. (WHITMAN.)



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,  
 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;  
 Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,  
 The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,  
 The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,  
 A message from the Heavens whispering to me even in sleep,  
 These sped me on.

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,  
 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;  
 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,  
 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.

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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 And on the distant waves sail countless ships,  
 And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

1874. (1876.)

#### COME, SAID MY SOUL<sup>1</sup>

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,

<sup>1</sup> The Inscription, signed with Whitman's autograph, to the 1876 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and to all the following editions authorized by him.

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,

WALT WHITMAN.

1876.

#### 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.

1876.

#### 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),  
 Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,  
 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 reappearing day as now so happy and serene,

The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,  
 The limpid spread of air cerulean,  
 Thou also reappearest.

Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),  
 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,  
 What joys! what joys were thine!

1876.

#### 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 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;  
 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!