

I
POEMS

POEMS

GOOD-BYE

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,

withdraw to Nature

EACH AND ALL

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?

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,
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;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone. *memorize*
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,

EACH AND ALL

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
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 uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
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
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;

THE PROBLEM

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;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole. 51

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 cowlèd churchman be.

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

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled

Michael Angelo built St Peter's at Rome

THE PROBLEM

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 dome
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 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 each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads?
 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;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,

Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

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 ;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
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.
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 cowlèd portrait dear ;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

TO RHEA

THEE, dear friend, a brother soothes,
Not with flatteries, but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
To light which dims the morning's eye.
I have come from the spring-woods,
From the fragrant solitudes ; —
Listen what the poplar-tree
And murmuring waters counselled me.

If with love thy heart has burned ;
If thy love is unreturned ;
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed ;
For when love has once departed
From the eyes of the false-hearted,
And one by one has torn off quite
The bandages of purple light ;
Though thou wert the loveliest
Form the soul had ever dressed,
Thou shalt seem, in each reply,
A vixen to his altered eye ;

Thy softest pleadings seem too bold,
 Thy praying lute will seem to scold;
 Though thou kept the straightest road,
 Yet thou errest far and broad.

But thou shalt do as do the gods
 In their cloudless periods;
 For of this lore be thou sure, —
 Though thou forget, the gods, secure,
 Forget never their command,
 But make the statute of this land.
 As they lead, so follow all,
 Ever have done, ever shall.
 Warning to the blind and deaf,
 'T is written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward, and not up;
 He who loves, of gods or men,
 Shall not by the same be loved again;
 His sweetheart's idolatry
 Falls, in turn, a new degree.
 When a god is once beguiled
 By beauty of a mortal child
 And by her radiant youth delighted,
 He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
 His love shall never be requited.
 And thus the wise Immortal doeth, —
 'T is his study and delight
 To bless that creature day and night;

From all evils to defend her;
 In her lap to pour all splendor;
 To ransack earth for riches rare,
 And fetch her stars to deck her hair:
 He mixes music with her thoughts,
 And saddens her with heavenly doubts:
 All grace, all good his great heart knows,
 Profuse in love, the king bestows,
 Saying, 'Hearken! Earth, Sea, Air!
 This monument of my despair
 Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
 Not for a private good,
 But I, from my beatitude,
 Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
 Adorn her as was none adorned.
 I make this maiden an ensample
 To Nature, through her kingdoms ample,
 Whereby to model newer races,
 Statelier forms and fairer faces;
 To carry man to new degrees
 Of power and of comeliness.
 These presents be the hostages
 Which I pawn for my release.
 See to thyself, O Universe!
 Thou art better, and not worse.' —
 And the god, having given all,
 Is freed forever from his thrall.

THE VISIT

ASKEST, 'How long thou shalt stay?'
Devastator of the day!
Know, each substance and relation,
Thorough nature's operation,
Hath its unit, bound and metre;
And every new compound
Is some product and repeater,—
Product of the earlier found.
But the unit of the visit,
The encounter of the wise,—
Say, what other metre is it
Than the meeting of the eyes?
Nature poureth into nature
Through the channels of that feature,
Riding on the ray of sight,
Fleeter far than whirlwinds go,
Or for service, or delight,
Hearts to hearts their meaning show,
Sum their long experience,
And import intelligence.
Single look has drained the breast;
Single moment years confessed.
The duration of a glance
Is the term of convenance,

URIEL

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And, though thy rede be church or state,
Frugal multiples of that.
Speeding Saturn cannot halt;
Linger,— thou shalt rue the fault:
If Love his moment overstay,
Hatred's swift repulsions play.

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.
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.
 '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;
 Seemed to the holy festival
 The rash word boded ill to all;
 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,
 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,
 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.

THE WORLD-SOUL

THANKS to the morning light,
 Thanks to the foaming sea,
 To the uplands of New Hampshire,
 To the green-haired forest free;
 THANKS to each man of courage,
 To the maids of holy mind,
 To the boy with his games undaunted
 Who never looks behind.

Cities of proud hotels,
 Houses of rich and great,
 Vice nestles in your chambers,
 Beneath your roofs of slate.

It cannot conquer folly, —
 Time-and-space-conquering steam, —
 And the light-outspeeding telegraph
 Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base ;
 The letters do not cheer ;
 And 't is far in the deeps of history,
 The voice that speaketh clear.
 Trade and the streets ensnare us,
 Our bodies are weak and worn ;
 We plot and corrupt each other,
 And we despoil the unborn.

Yet there in the parlor sits
 Some figure of noble guise, —
 Our angel, in a stranger's form,
 Or woman's pleading eyes ;
 Or only a flashing sunbeam
 In at the window-pane ;
 Or Music pours on mortals
 Its beautiful disdain.

The inevitable morning
 Finds them who in cellars be ;
 And be sure the all-loving Nature
 Will smile in a factory.
 Yon ridge of purple landscape,
 Yon sky between the walls,

Hold all the hidden wonders
 In scanty intervals.

Alas ! the Sprite that haunts us
 Deceives our rash desire ;
 It whispers of the glorious gods,
 And leaves us in the mire.
 We cannot learn the cipher
 That 's writ upon our cell ;
 Stars taunt us by a mystery
 Which we could never spell.

If but one hero knew it,
 The world would blush in flame ;
 The sage, till he hit the secret,
 Would hang his head for shame.
 Our brothers have not read it,
 Not one has found the key ;
 And henceforth we are comforted, —
 We are but such as they.

Still, still the secret presses ;
 The nearing clouds draw down ;
 The crimson morning flames into
 The fopperies of the town.
 Within, without the idle earth,
 Stars weave eternal rings ;
 The sun himself shines heartily,
 And shares the joy he brings.

THE WORLD-SOUL

And what if Trade sow cities
 Like shells along the shore,
 And thatch with towns the prairie broad
 With railways ironed o'er? —
 They are but sailing foam-bells
 Along Thought's causing stream,
 And take their shape and sun-color
 From him that sends the dream.

For Destiny never swerves
 Nor yields to men the helm;
 He shoots his thought, by hidden nerves,
 Throughout the solid realm.
 The patient Dæmon sits,
 With roses and a shroud;
 He has his way, and deals his gifts, —
 But ours is not allowed.

He is no churl nor trifler,
 And his viceroy is none, —
 Love-without-weakness, —
 Of Genius sire and son.
 And his will is not thwarted;
 The seeds of land and sea
 Are the atoms of his body bright,
 And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,
 The brave he loves amain;

THE WORLD-SOUL

He kills the cripple and the sick,
 And straight begins again;
 For gods delight in gods,
 And thrust the weak aside;
 To him who scorns their charities
 Their arms fly open wide.

When the old world is sterile
 And the ages are effete, *worn out.*
 He will from wrecks and sediment
 The fairer world complete.
 He forbids to despair;
 His cheeks mantle with mirth;
 And the unimagined good of men
 Is yeaning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind
 When sixty years are told;
 Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
 And we are never old;
 Over the winter glaciers
 I see the summer glow,
 And through the wild-piled snow-drift
 The warm rosebuds below.