

## SURSUM CORDA

As they went or they returned,  
 At the house where these sojourned.  
 Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,  
 Though they are not overtaken ;  
 In sleep their jubilant troop is near, —  
 I tuneful voices overhear ;  
 It may be in wood or waste, —  
 At unawares 't is come and past.  
 Their near camp my spirit knows  
 By signs gracious as rainbows.  
 I thenceforward and long after  
 Listen for their harp-like laughter,  
 And carry in my heart, for days,  
 Peace that hallows rudest ways.

## SURSUM CORDA

SEEK not the spirit, if it hide  
 Inexorable to thy zeal :  
 Trembler, do not whine and chide :  
 Art thou not also real ?  
 Stoop not then to poor excuse ;  
 Turn on the accuser roundly ; say,  
 ' Here am I, here will I abide  
 Forever to myself soothfast ;  
 Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay !'  
 Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,  
 For only it can absolutely deal.

## ODE TO BEAUTY

Who gave thee, O Beauty,  
 The keys of this breast, —  
 Too credulous lover  
 Of blest and unblest ?  
 Say, when in lapsed ages  
 Thee knew I of old ?  
 Or what was the service  
 For which I was sold ?  
 When first my eyes saw thee,  
 I found me thy thrall,  
 By magical drawings,  
 Sweet tyrant of all !  
 I drank at thy fountain  
 False waters of thirst ;  
 Thou intimate stranger,  
 Thou latest and first !  
 Thy dangerous glances  
 Make women of men ;  
 New-born, we are melting  
 Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,  
 Nigh persuading gods to err !  
 Guest of million painted forms,

## ODE TO BEAUTY

Which in turn thy glory warms!  
 The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,  
 The acorn's cup, the raindrop's arc,  
 The swinging spider's silver line,  
 The ruby of the drop of wine,  
 The shining pebble of the pond,  
 Thou inscribest with a bond,  
 In thy momentary play,  
 Would bankrupt nature to repay.

Ah, what avails it  
 To hide or to shun  
 Whom the Infinite One  
 Hath granted his throne?  
 The heaven high over  
 Is the deep's lover;  
 The sun and sea,  
 Informed by thee,  
 Before me run  
 And draw me on,  
 Yet fly me still,  
 As Fate refuses  
 To me the heart Fate for me chooses.  
 Is it that my opulent soul  
 Was mingled from the generous whole;  
 Sea-valleys and the deep of skies  
 Furnished several supplies;  
 And the sands whereof I'm made  
 Draw me to them, self-betrayed?

## ODE TO BEAUTY

I turn the proud portfolio  
 Which holds the grand designs  
 Of Salvator, of Guercino,  
 And Piranesi's lines.  
 I hear the lofty pæans  
 Of the masters of the shell,  
 Who heard the starry music  
 And recount the numbers well;  
 Olympian bards who sung  
 Divine Ideas below,  
 Which always find us young  
 And always keep us so.  
 Oft, in streets or humblest places,  
 I detect far-wandered graces,  
 Which, from Eden wide astray,  
 In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,  
 Like the lightning through the storm,  
 Somewhat not to be possessed,  
 Somewhat not to be caressed,  
 No feet so fleet could ever find,  
 No perfect form could ever bind.  
 Thou eternal fugitive,  
 Hovering over all that live,  
 Quick and skilful to inspire  
 Sweet, extravagant desire,  
 Starry space and lily-bell  
 Filling with thy roseate smell,

## GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Wilt not give the lips to taste  
Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that's good and great with thee  
Works in close conspiracy ;  
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely  
To report thy features only,  
And the cold and purple morning  
Itself with thoughts of thee adorning ;  
The leafy dell, the city mart,  
Equal trophies of thine art ;  
E'en the flowing azure air  
Thou hast touched for my despair ;  
And, if I languish into dreams,  
Again I meet the ardent beams.  
Queen of things ! I dare not die  
In Being's deeps past ear and eye ;  
Lest there I find the same deceiver  
And be the sport of Fate forever.  
Dread Power, but dear ! if God thou be,  
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me !

## GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love ;  
Obey thy heart ;  
Friends, kindred, days,

## GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit and the Muse, —  
Nothing refuse.

'T is a brave master ;  
Let it have scope :  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope :  
High and more high  
It dives into noon,  
With wing unspent,  
Untold intent ;  
But it is a god,  
Knows its own path  
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean ;  
It requireth courage stout.  
Souls above doubt,  
Valor unbending,  
It will reward, —  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love ;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One word more thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor, —

## GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise  
Flits across her bosom young,  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy-free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.

## 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.'

## 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.

## TO EVA

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eyes  
 Were kindled in the upper skies  
 At the same torch that lighted mine;  
 For so I must interpret still  
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,  
 A sympathy divine.

Ah! let me blameless gaze upon  
 Features that seem at heart my own;  
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels,  
 Who charm the more their glance forbids,  
 Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,  
 With fire that draws while it repels.