

For sea and land don't understand,  
 Nor skies without a frown  
 See rights for which the one hand fights  
 By the other cloven down.

Be just at home ; then write your scroll  
 Of honor o'er the sea,  
 And bid the broad Atlantic roll,  
 A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,  
 Save underneath the sea  
 The wires shall murmur through the main  
 Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,  
 The waters wild below,  
 And under, through the cable wove,  
 Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,  
 Nor pauses in his plan,  
 Will take the sun out of the skies  
 Ere freedom out of man.

## BOSTON HYMN

READ IN MUSIC HALL, JANUARY 1, 1863

THE word of the Lord by night  
 To the watching Pilgrims came,  
 As they sat by the seaside,  
 And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,  
 I suffer them no more ;  
 Up to my ear the morning brings  
 The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball  
 A field of havoc and war,  
 Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
 Might harry the weak and poor ?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —  
 Choose him to be your king ;  
 He shall cut pathways east and west  
 And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land  
 Which I hid of old time in the West,  
 As the sculptor uncovers the statue  
 When he has wrought his best ;

I show Columbia, of the rocks  
Which dip their foot in the seas  
And soar to the air-borne flocks  
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods ;  
Call in the wretch and slave :  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great ;  
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen  
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest  
And trim the straightest boughs ;  
Cut down trees in the forest  
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest-field,  
Hireling and him that hires ;

And here in a pine state-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church and state and school.

Lo, now ! if these poor men  
Can govern the land and sea  
And make just laws below the sun,  
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men ;  
'T is nobleness to serve ;  
Help them who cannot help again :  
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,  
And I unchain the slave :  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth  
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature  
His proper good to flow :  
As much as he is and doeth,  
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,  
So only are ye unbound ;  
Lift up a people from the dust,  
Trump of their rescue, sound !

## BOSTON HYMN

Pay ransom to the owner  
 And fill the bag to the brim.  
 Who is the owner? The slave is owner,  
 And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,  
 And honor, O South! for his shame;  
 Nevada! coin thy golden crags  
 With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race  
 That sat in darkness long, —  
 Be swift their feet as antelopes,  
 And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,  
 By races, as snow-flakes,  
 And carry my purpose forth,  
 Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,  
 For, in daylight or in dark,  
 My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
 His way home to the mark.

## VOLUNTARIES

## I

Low and mournful be the strain,  
 Haughty thought be far from me;  
 Tones of penitence and pain,  
 Moanings of the tropic sea;  
 Low and tender in the cell  
 Where a captive sits in chains,  
 Crooning ditties treasured well  
 From his Afric's torrid plains.  
 Sole estate his sire bequeathed, —  
 Hapless sire to hapless son, —  
 Was the wailing song he breathed,  
 And his chain when life was done.

What his fault, or what his crime?  
 Or what ill planet crossed his prime?  
 Heart too soft and will too weak  
 To front the fate that crouches near, —  
 Dove beneath the vulture's beak; —  
 Will song dissuade the thirsty spear?  
 Dragged from his mother's arms and breast,  
 Displaced, disfurnished here,  
 His wistful toil to do his best  
 Chilled by a ribald jeer.

Great men in the Senate sate,  
 Sage and hero, side by side,  
 Building for their sons the State,  
 Which they shall rule with pride.  
 They forbore to break the chain  
 Which bound the dusky tribe,  
 Checked by the owners' fierce disdain,  
 Lured by 'Union' as the bribe.  
 Destiny sat by, and said,  
 'Pang for pang your seed shall pay,  
 Hide in false peace your coward head,  
 I bring round the harvest day.'

## II

FREEDOM all winged expands,  
 Nor perches in a narrow place;  
 Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;  
 She loves a poor and virtuous race.  
 Clinging to a colder zone  
 Whose dark sky sheds the snowflake down,  
 The snowflake is her banner's star,  
 Her stripes the boreal streamers are.  
 Long she loved the Northman well;  
 Now the iron age is done,  
 She will not refuse to dwell  
 With the offspring of the Sun;  
 Foundling of the desert far,  
 Where palms plume, siroccos blaze,

He roves unhurt the burning ways  
 In climates of the summer star.  
 He has avenues to God  
 Hid from men of Northern brain,  
 Far beholding, without cloud,  
 What these with slowest steps attain.  
 If once the generous chief arrive  
 To lead him willing to be led,  
 For freedom he will strike and strive,  
 And drain his heart till he be dead.

## III

In an age of fops and toys,  
 Wanting wisdom, void of right,  
 Who shall nerve heroic boys  
 To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—  
 Break sharply off their jolly games,  
 Forsake their comrades gay  
 And quit proud homes and youthful dames  
 For famine, toil and fray?  
 Yet on the nimble air benign  
 Speed nimbler messages,  
 That waft the breath of grace divine  
 To hearts in sloth and ease.  
 So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
 The youth replies, *I can.*

## IV

O, WELL for the fortunate soul  
 Which Music's wings infold,  
 Stealing away the memory  
 Of sorrows new and old!  
 Yet happier he whose inward sight,  
 Stayed on his subtile thought,  
 Shuts his sense on toys of time,  
 To vacant bosoms brought.  
 But best befriended of the God  
 He who, in evil times,  
 Warned by an inward voice,  
 Heeds not the darkness and the dread,  
 Biding by his rule and choice,  
 Feeling only the fiery thread  
 Leading over heroic ground,  
 Walled with mortal terror round,  
 To the aim which him allures,  
 And the sweet heaven his deed secures.  
 Peril around, all else appalling,  
 Cannon in front and leaden rain  
 Him duty through the clarion calling  
 To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,  
 Knowing this, — and knows no more, —  
 Whoever fights, whoever falls,  
 Justice conquers evermore,

Justice after as before, —  
 And he who battles on her side,  
 God, though he were ten times slain,  
 Crowns him victor glorified,  
 Victor over death and pain.

## V

BLOOMS the laurel which belongs  
 To the valiant chief who fights;  
 I see the wreath, I hear the songs  
 Lauding the Eternal Rights,  
 Victors over daily wrongs:  
 Awful victors, they misguide  
 Whom they will destroy,  
 And their coming triumph hide  
 In our downfall, or our joy:  
 They reach no term, they never sleep,  
 In equal strength through space abide;  
 Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and creep,  
 The strong they slay, the swift outstride:  
 Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods,  
 And rankly on the castled steep, —  
 Speak it firmly, these are gods,  
 All are ghosts beside.

## LOVE AND THOUGHT

Two well-assorted travellers use  
The highway, Eros and the Muse.  
From the twins is nothing hidden,  
To the pair is nought forbidden ;  
Hand in hand the comrades go  
Every nook of Nature through :  
Each for other they were born,  
Each can other best adorn ;  
They know one only mortal grief  
Past all balsam or relief ;  
When, by false companions crossed,  
The pilgrims have each other lost.

## UNA

ROVING, roving, as it seems,  
Una lights my clouded dreams ;  
Still for journeys she is dressed ;  
We wander far by east and west.

In the homestead, homely thought,  
At my work I ramble not ;  
If from home chance draw me wide,  
Half-seen Una sits beside.

## UNA

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In my house and garden-plot,  
Though beloved, I miss her not ;  
But one I seek in foreign places,  
One face explore in foreign faces.

At home a deeper thought may light  
The inward sky with chrysolite,  
And I greet from far the ray,  
Aurora of a dearer day.

But if upon the seas I sail,  
Or trundle on the glowing rail,  
I am but a thought of hers,  
Loveliest of travellers.

So the gentle poet's name  
To foreign parts is blown by fame,  
Seek him in his native town,  
He is hidden and unknown.

## BOSTON

SICUT PATRIBUS, SIT DEUS NOBIS

THE rocky nook with hilltops three  
Looked eastward from the farms,  
And twice each day the flowing sea  
Took Boston in its arms ;  
The men of yore were stout and poor,  
And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent  
They did what freemen can,  
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,  
The merchant was a man.  
The world was made for honest trade,—  
To plant and eat be none afraid.

The waves that rocked them on the deep  
To them their secret told ;  
Said the winds that sung the lads to sleep,  
' Like us be free and bold !'  
The honest waves refused to slaves  
The empire of the ocean caves.

Old Europe groans with palaces,  
Has lords enough and more ; —

## BOSTON

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We plant and build by foaming seas  
A city of the poor ;—  
For day by day could Boston Bay  
Their honest labor overpay.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,  
We hold like rights, and shall ; —  
Equal on Sunday in the pew,  
On Monday in the mall,  
For what avail the plough or sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fail ?

The noble craftsman we promote,  
Disown the knave and fool ;  
Each honest man shall have his vote,  
Each child shall have his school.  
A union then of honest men,  
Or union never more again.

The wild rose and the barberry thorn  
Hung out their summer pride,  
Where now on heated pavements worn  
The feet of millions stride.

Fair rose the planted hills behind  
The good town on the bay,  
And where the western hills declined  
The prairie stretched away.

What care though rival cities soar  
 Along the stormy coast,  
 Penn's town, New York and Baltimore,  
 If Boston knew the most!

They laughed to know the world so wide;  
 The mountains said, 'Good-day!  
 We greet you well, you Saxon men,  
 Up with your towns and stay!'—  
 The world was made for honest trade,—  
 To plant and eat be none afraid.

'For you,' they said, 'no barriers be,  
 For you no sluggard rest;  
 Each street leads downward to the sea,  
 Or landward to the west.'

O happy town beside the sea,  
 Whose roads lead everywhere to all;  
 Than thine no deeper moat can be,  
 No stouter fence, no steeper wall!

Bad news from George on the English throne;  
 'You are thriving well,' said he;  
 'Now by these presents be it known  
 You shall pay us a tax on tea;  
 'T is very small,— no load at all,—  
 Honor enough that we send the call.

'Not so,' said Boston, 'good my lord,  
 We pay your governors here  
 Abundant for their bed and board,  
 Six thousand pounds a year.  
 (Your Highness knows our homely word)  
 Millions for self-government,  
 But for tribute never a cent.'

The cargo came! and who could blame  
 If *Indians* seized the tea,  
 And, chest by chest, let down the same,  
 Into the laughing sea?  
 For what avail the plough or sail,  
 Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The townsmen braved the English king,  
 Found friendship in the French,  
 And honor joined the patriot ring  
 Low on their wooden bench.

O bounteous seas that never fail!  
 O day remembered yet!  
 O happy port that spied the sail  
 Which wafted Lafayette!  
 Pole-star of light in Europe's night,  
 That never faltered from the right.



## BOSTON

Kings shook with fear, old empires crave  
 The secret force to find  
 Which fired the little State to save  
 The rights of all mankind.

But right is might through all the world;  
 Province to province faithful clung,  
 Through good and ill the war-bolt hurled,  
 Till Freedom cheered and joy-bells rung.

The sea returning day by day  
 Restores the world-wide mart;  
 So let each dweller on the Bay  
 Fold Boston in his heart,  
 Till these echoes be choked with snows,  
 Or over the town blue ocean flows.

Let the blood of her hundred thousands  
 Throb in each manly vein;  
 And the wits of all her wisest,  
 Make sunshine in her brain.  
 For you can teach the lightning speech,  
 And round the globe your voices reach.

And each shall care for other,  
 And each to each shall bend,  
 To the poor a noble brother,  
 To the good an equal friend.

## LETTERS — RUBIES

A blessing through the ages thus  
 Shield all thy roofs and towers!  
 GOD WITH THE FATHERS, SO WITH US,  
 Thou darling town of ours!

## LETTERS

EVERY day brings a ship,  
 Every ship brings a word;  
 Well for those who have no fear,  
 Looking seaward, well assured  
 That the word the vessel brings  
 Is the word they wish to hear.

## RUBIES

THEY brought me rubies from the mine,  
 And held them to the sun;  
 I said, they are drops of frozen wine  
 From Eden's vats that run.

I looked again, — I thought them hearts  
 Of friends to friends unknown;  
 Tides that should warm each neighboring life  
 Are locked in sparkling stone.