

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.

MERLIN'S SONG

But fire to thaw that ruddy snow,
 To break enchanted ice,
 And give love's scarlet tides to flow,—
 When shall that sun arise?

MERLIN'S SONG

I

OF Merlin wise I learned a song,—
 Sing it low or sing it loud,
 It is mightier than the strong,
 And punishes the proud.
 I sing it to the surging crowd,—
 Good men it will calm and cheer,
 Bad men it will chain and cage—
 In the heart of the music peals a strain
 Which only angels hear;
 Whether it waken joy or rage
 Hushed myriads hark in vain,
 Yet they who hear it shed their age,
 And take their youth again.

II

Hear what British Merlin sung,
 Of keenest eye and truest tongue.
 Say not, the chiefs who first arrive
 Usurp the seats for which all strive;

MERLIN'S SONG

The forefathers this land who found
 Failed to plant the vantage-ground;
 Ever from one who comes to-morrow
 Men wait their good and truth to borrow.
 But wilt thou measure all thy road,
 See thou lift the lightest load.
 Who has little, to him who has less, can spare,
 And thou, Cyndyllan's son! beware
 Ponderous gold and stuffs to bear,
 To falter ere thou thy task fulfil,—
 Only the light-armed climb the hill.
 The richest of all lords is Use,
 And ruddy Health the loftiest Muse.
 Live in the sunshine, swim the sea,
 Drink the wild air's salubrity:
 When the star Canope shines in May,
 Shepherds are thankful and nations gay.
 The music that can deepest reach,
 And cure all ill, is cordial speech:
 Mask thy wisdom with delight,
 Toy with the bow, yet hit the white.
 Of all wit's uses, the main one
 Is to live well with who has none.

THE TEST

(Musa loquitur.)

I HUNG my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true ;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot ;
These the siroc could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light.
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive ?

SOLUTION

I am the Muse who sung away
By Jove, at dawn of the first day.
Star-crowned, sole-sitting, long I wrought
To fire the stagnant earth with thought :

SOLUTION

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On spawning slime my song prevails,
Wolves shed their fangs, and dragons scales ;
Flushed in the sky the sweet May-morn,
Earth smiled with flowers, and man was born.
Then Asia yeaned her shepherd race,
And Nile substructs her granite base, —
Tented Tartary, columned Nile, —
And, under vines, on rocky isle,
Or on wind-blown sea-marge bleak,
Forward stepped the perfect Greek :
That wit and joy might find a tongue,
And earth grow civil, HOMER sung.

Flown to Italy from Greece,
I brooded long and held my peace,
For I am wont to sing uncalled,
And in days of evil plight
Unlock doors of new delight ;
And sometimes mankind I appalled
With a bitter horoscope,
With spasms of terror for balm of hope.
Then by better thought I lead
Bards to speak what nations need ;
So I folded me in fears,
And DANTE searched the triple spheres,
Moulding Nature at his will,
So shaped, so colored, swift or still,
And, sculptor-like, his large design
Etched on Alp and Apennine.

Seethed in mists of Penmanmaur,
 Taught by Plinlimmon's Druid power,
 England's genius filled all measure
 Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure,
 Gave to the mind its emperor,
 And life was larger than before :
 Nor sequent centuries could hit
 Orbit and sum of SHAKESPEARE'S wit.
 The men who lived with him became
 Poets, for the air was fame.

Far in the North, where polar night
 Holds in check the frolic light,
 In trance upborne past mortal goal
 The Swede EMANUEL leads the soul.
 Through snows above, mines underground,
 The inks of Erebus he found;
 Rehearsed to men the damnèd wails
 On which the seraph music sails.
 In spirit-worlds he trod alone,
 But walked the earth unmarked, unknown.
 The near bystander caught no sound, —
 Yet they who listened far aloof
 Heard rendings of the skyey roof,
 And felt, beneath, the quaking ground;
 And his air-sown, unheeded words,
 In the next age, are flaming swords.

In newer days of war and trade,
 Romance forgot, and faith decayed,
 When Science armed and guided war,
 And clerks the Janus-gates unbar,
 When France, where poet never grew,
 Halved and dealt the globe anew,
 GOETHE, raised o'er joy and strife,
 Drew the firm lines of Fate and Life
 And brought Olympian wisdom down
 To court and mart, to gown and town.
 Stooping, his finger wrote in clay
 The open secret of to-day.

So bloom the unfading petals five,
 And verses that all verse outlive.

HYMN

SUNG AT THE SECOND CHURCH, AT THE ORDINATION
 OF REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS

WE love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God; —
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.