

THE LAST FAREWELL

All is now secure and fast ;
 Not the gods can shake the Past ;
 Flies-to the adamantine door
 Bolted down forevermore.
 None can reënter there,—
 No thief so politic,
 No Satan with a royal trick
 Steal in by window, chink, or hole,
 To bind or unbind, add what lacked,
 Insert a leaf, or forge a name,
 New-face or finish what is packed,
 Alter or mend eternal Fact.

THE LAST FAREWELL

LINES WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER,
 EDWARD BLISS EMERSON, WHILST SAILING OUT
 OF BOSTON HARBOR, BOUND FOR THE ISLAND OF
 PORTO RICO, IN 1832

FAREWELL, ye lofty spires
 That cheered the holy light !
 Farewell, domestic fires
 That broke the gloom of night !
 Too soon those spires are lost,
 Too fast we leave the bay,
 Too soon by ocean tost
 From hearth and home away,
 Far away, far away.

THE LAST FAREWELL

Farewell the busy town,
 The wealthy and the wise,
 Kind smile and honest frown
 From bright, familiar eyes.
 All these are fading now ;
 Our brig hastes on her way,
 Her unremembering prow
 Is leaping o'er the sea,
 Far away, far away.

Farewell, my mother fond,
 Too kind, too good to me ;
 Nor pearl nor diamond
 Would pay my debt to thee.
 But even thy kiss denies
 Upon my cheek to stay ;
 The winged vessel flies,
 And billows round her play,
 Far away, far away.

Farewell, my brothers true,
 My betters, yet my peers ;
 How desert without you
 My few and evil years !
 But though aye one in heart,
 Together sad or gay,
 Rude ocean doth us part ;
 We separate to-day,
 Far away, far away.

THE LAST FAREWELL

Farewell, thou fairest one,
 Unplighted yet to me,
 Uncertain of thine own
 I gave my heart to thee.
 That untold early love
 I leave untold to-day,
 My lips in whisper move
 Farewell to !
 Far away, far away.

Farewell I breathe again
 To dim New England's shore;
 My heart shall beat not when
 I pant for thee no more.
 In yon green palmy isle,
 Beneath the tropic ray,
 I murmur never while
 For thee and thine I pray;
 Far away, far away.

IN MEMORIAM

E. B. E.

I MOURN upon this battle-field,
 But not for those who perished here.
 Behold the river-bank
 Whither the angry farmers came,
 In sloven dress and broken rank,
 Nor thought of fame.
 Their deed of blood
 All mankind praise;
 Even the serene Reason says,
 It was well done.
 The wise and simple have one glance
 To greet yon stern head-stone,
 Which more of pride than pity gave
 To mark the Briton's friendless grave.
 Yet it is a stately tomb;
 The grand return
 Of eve and morn,
 The year's fresh bloom,
 The silver cloud,
 Might grace the dust that is most proud.

Yet not of these I muse
 In this ancestral place,
 But of a kindred face
 That never joy or hope shall here diffuse.

Ah, brother of the brief but blazing star!
 What hast thou to do with these
 Haunting this bank's historic trees?
 Thou born for noblest life,
 For action's field, for victor's car,
 Thou living champion of the right?
 To these their penalty belonged:
 I grudge not these their bed of death,
 But thine to thee, who never wronged
 The poorest that drew breath.

All inborn power that could
 Consist with homage to the good
 Flamed from his martial eye;
 He who seemed a soldier born,
 He should have the helmet worn,
 All friends to fend, all foes defy,
 Fronting foes of God and man,
 Frowning down the evil-doer,
 Battling for the weak and poor.
 His from youth the leader's look
 Gave the law which others took,
 And never poor beseeching glance
 Shamed that sculptured countenance.

There is no record left on earth,
 Save in tablets of the heart,
 Of the rich inherent worth,
 Of the grace that on him shone,
 Of eloquent lips, of joyful wit:
 He could not frame a word unfit,
 An act unworthy to be done;
 Honor prompted every glance,
 Honor came and sat beside him,
 In lowly cot or painful road,
 And evermore the cruel god
 Cried "Onward!" and the palm-crown showed,
 Born for success he seemed,
 With grace to win, with heart to hold,
 With shining gifts that took all eyes,
 With budding power in college-halls,
 As pledged in coming days to forge
 Weapons to guard the State, or scourge
 Tyrants despite their guards or walls.
 On his young promise Beauty smiled,
 Drew his free homage unbeguiled,
 And prosperous Age held out his hand,
 And richly his large future planned,
 And troops of friends enjoyed the tide,—
 All, all was given, and only health denied.

I see him with superior smile
 Hunted by Sorrow's grisly train
 In lands remote, in toil and pain,

With angel patience labor on,
 With the high port he wore erewhile,
 When, foremost of the youthful band,
 The prizes in all lists he won;
 Nor bate one jot of heart or hope,
 And, least of all, the loyal tie
 Which holds to home 'neath every sky,
 The joy and pride the pilgrim feels
 In hearts which round the hearth at home
 Keep pulse for pulse with those who roam.

What generous beliefs console
 The brave whom Fate denies the goal!
 If others reach it, is content;
 To Heaven's high will his will is bent.
 Firm on his heart relied,
 What lot soe'er betide,
 Work of his hand
 He nor repents nor grieves,
 Pleads for itself the fact,
 As unrepenting Nature leaves
 Her every act.

Fell the bolt on the branching oak;
 The rainbow of his hope was broke;
 No craven cry, no secret tear, —
 He told no pang, he knew no fear;

Its peace sublime his aspect kept,
 His purpose woke, his features slept;
 And yet between the spasms of pain
 His genius beamed with joy again.

O'er thy rich dust the endless smile
 Of Nature in thy Spanish isle
 Hints never loss or cruel break
 And sacrifice for love's dear sake,
 Nor mourn the unalterable Days
 That Genius goes and Folly stays.
 What matters how, or from what ground,
 The freed soul its Creator found?
 Alike thy memory embalms
 That orange-grove, that isle of palms,
 And these loved banks, whose oak-boughs bold
 Root in the blood of heroes old.