

THE WALK

A QUEEN rejoices in her peers,  
And wary Nature knows her own  
By court and city, dale and down,  
And like a lover volunteers,  
And to her son will treasures more  
And more to purpose freely pour  
In one wood walk, than learned men  
Can find with glass in ten times ten.

COSMOS

Who saw the hid beginnings  
When Chaos and Order strove,  
Or who can date the morning,  
The purple flaming of love?

I saw the hid beginnings  
When Chaos and Order strove,  
And I can date the morning prime  
And purple flame of love.

COSMOS

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Song breathed from all the forest,  
The total air was fame;  
It seemed the world was all torches  
That suddenly caught the flame.

. . . . .

Is there never a retro-scope mirror  
In the realms and corners of space  
That can give us a glimpse of the battle  
And the soldiers face to face?

Sit here on the basalt courses  
Where twisted hills betray  
The seat of the world-old Forces  
Who wrestled here on a day.

. . . . .

When the purple flame shoots up,  
And Love ascends his throne,  
I cannot hear your songs, O birds,  
For the witchery of my own.

And every human heart  
Still keeps that golden day  
And rings the bells of jubilee  
On its own First of May.

### THE MIRACLE

I HAVE trod this path a hundred times  
With idle footsteps, crooning rhymes.  
I know each nest and web-worm's tent,  
The fox-hole which the woodchucks rent,  
Maple and oak, the old Divan  
Self-planted twice, like the banian.  
I know not why I came again  
Unless to learn it ten times ten.  
To read the sense the woods impart  
You must bring the throbbing heart.  
Love is aye the counterforce, —  
Terror and Hope and wild Remorse,  
Newest knowledge, fiery thought,  
Or Duty to grand purpose wrought.  
    Wandering yester morn the brake,  
I reached this heath beside the lake,  
And oh, the wonder of the power,  
The deeper secret of the hour!  
Nature, the supplement of man,  
His hidden sense interpret can; —  
What friend to friend cannot convey  
Shall the dumb bird instructed say.  
Passing yonder oak, I heard  
Sharp accents of my woodland bird;

### THE WATERFALL

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I watched the singer with delight, —  
But mark what changed my joy to fright, —  
When that bird sang, I gave the theme;  
That wood-bird sang my last night's dream,  
A brown wren was the Daniel  
That pierced my trance its drift to tell,  
Knew my quarrel, how and why,  
Published it to lake and sky,  
Told every word and syllable  
In his flippant chirping babble,  
All my wrath and all my shames,  
Nay, God is witness, gave the names.

### THE WATERFALL

A PATCH of meadow upland  
Reached by a mile of road,  
Soothed by the voice of waters,  
With birds and flowers bestowed.

Hither I come for strength  
Which well it can supply,  
For Love draws might from terrene force  
And potencies of sky.

## WALDEN

The tremulous battery Earth  
 Responds to the touch of man ;  
 It thrills to the antipodes,  
 From Boston to Japan.

The planets' child the planet knows  
 And to his joy replies ;  
 To the lark's trill unfolds the rose,  
 Clouds flush their gayest dyes.

When Ali prayed and loved  
 Where Syrian waters roll,  
 Upward the ninth heaven thrilled and moved  
 At the tread of the jubilant soul.

## WALDEN

In my garden three ways meet,  
 Thrice the spot is blest ;  
 Hermit-thrush comes there to build,  
 Carrier-doves to nest.

There broad-armed oaks, the copses' maze,  
 The cold sea-wind detain ;  
 Here sultry Summer overstays  
 When Autumn chills the plain.

## WALDEN

Self-sown my stately garden grows ;  
 The winds and wind-blown seed,  
 Cold April rain and colder snows  
 My hedges plant and feed.

From mountains far and valleys near  
 The harvests sown to-day  
 Thrive in all weathers without fear, —  
 Wild planters, plant away !

In cities high the careful crowds  
 Of woe-worn mortals darkling go,  
 But in these sunny solitudes  
 My quiet roses blow.

Methought the sky looked scornful down  
 On all was base in man,  
 And airy tongues did taunt the town,  
 'Achieve our peace who can !'

What need I holier dew  
 Than Walden's haunted wave,  
 Distilled from heaven's alembic blue,  
 Steeped in each forest cave ?

[If Thought unlock her mysteries,  
 If Friendship on me smile,  
 I walk in marble galleries,  
 I talk with kings the while.]