

With his redundant waves.  
 Here is the rock where, yet a simple child,  
 I caught with bended pin my earliest fish,  
 Much triumphing,— and these the fields  
 Over whose flowers I chased the butterfly,  
 A blooming hunter of a fairy fine.  
 And hark! where overhead the ancient crows  
 Hold their sour conversation in the sky:—  
 These are the same, but I am not the same,  
 But wiser than I was, and wise enough  
 Not to regret the changes, tho' they cost  
 Me many a sigh. Oh, call not Nature dumb;  
 These trees and stones are audible to me,  
 These idle flowers, that tremble in the wind,  
 I understand their faery syllables,  
 And all their sad significance. The wind,  
 That rustles down the well-known forest road—  
 It hath a sound more eloquent than speech.  
 The stream, the trees, the grass, the sighing wind,  
 All of them utter sounds of 'monishment  
 And grave parental love.  
 They are not of our race, they seem to say,  
 And yet have knowledge of our moral race,  
 And somewhat of majestic sympathy,  
 Something of pity for the puny clay,  
 That holds and boasts the immeasurable mind.  
 I feel as I were welcome to these trees  
 After long months of weary wandering,  
 Acknowledged by their hospitable boughs;

They know me as their son, for side by side,  
 They were coeval with my ancestors,  
 Adorned with them my country's primitive times,  
 And soon may give my dust their funeral shade.

CONCORD, June, 1827.

## GOOD HOPE

THE cup of life is not so shallow  
 That we have drained the best,  
 That all the wine at once we swallow  
 And lees make all the rest.

Maids of as soft a bloom shall marry  
 As Hymen yet hath blessed,  
 And fairer forms are in the quarry  
 Than Phidias released.

1827.

## LINES TO ELLEN

TELL me, maiden, dost thou use  
 Thyself thro' Nature to diffuse?  
 All the angles of the coast  
 Were tenanted by thy sweet ghost,

## SECURITY

Bore thy colors every flower,  
 Thine each leaf and berry bore ;  
 All wore thy badges and thy favors  
 In their scent or in their savors,  
 Every moth with painted wing,  
 Every bird in carolling,  
 The wood-boughs with thy manners waved,  
 The rocks uphold thy name engraved,  
 The sod throbb'd friendly to my feet,  
 And the sweet air with thee was sweet.  
 The saffron cloud that floated warm  
 Studied thy motion, took thy form,  
 And in his airy road benign  
 Recalled thy skill in bold design,  
 Or seem'd to use his privilege  
 To gaze o'er the horizon's edge,  
 To search where now thy beauty glowed,  
 Or made what other purlieus proud.

1829.

## SECURITY

THOUGH her eye seek other forms  
 And a glad delight below,  
 Yet the love the world that warms  
 Bids for me her bosom glow.

## SECURITY

She must love me till she find  
 Another heart as large and true.  
 Her soul is frank as the ocean wind,  
 And the world has only two.

If Nature hold another heart  
 That knows a purer flame than me,  
 I too therein could challenge part  
 And learn of love a new degree.

1829.

A DULL uncertain brain,  
 But gifted yet to know  
 That God has cherubim who go  
 Singing an immortal strain,  
 Immortal here below.  
 I know the mighty bards,  
 I listen when they sing,  
 And now I know  
 The secret store  
 Which these explore  
 When they with torch of genius pierce  
 The tenfold clouds that cover  
 The riches of the universe  
 From God's adoring lover.

## A MOUNTAIN GRAVE

And if to me it is not given  
 To fetch one ingot thence  
 Of the unfading gold of Heaven  
 His merchants may dispense,  
 Yet well I know the royal mine,  
 And know the sparkle of its ore,  
 Know Heaven's truth from lies that shine—  
 Explored they teach us to explore.

1831.

## A MOUNTAIN GRAVE

WHY fear to die  
 And let thy body lie  
 Under the flowers of June,  
     Thy body food  
     For the ground-worms' brood  
 And thy grave smiled on by the visiting moon.

Amid great Nature's halls  
 Girt in by mountain walls  
 And washed with waterfalls  
 It would please me to die,  
     Where every wind that swept my tomb  
     Goes loaded with a free perfume  
 Dealt out with a God's charity.

## A LETTER

I should like to die in sweets,  
 A hill's leaves for winding-sheets,  
 And the searching sun to see  
 That I am laid with decency.  
 And the commissioned wind to sing  
 His mighty psalm from fall to spring  
 And annual tunes commemorate  
 Of Nature's child the common fate.

WILLIAMSTOWN, VERMONT,

1 June, 1831.

## A LETTER

DEAR brother, would you know the life,  
 Please God, that I would lead?  
 On the first wheels that quit this weary town  
 Over yon western bridges I would ride  
 And with a cheerful benison forsake  
 Each street and spire and roof, incontinent.  
 Then would I seek where God might guide my steps,  
 Deep in a woodland tract, a sunny farm,  
 Amid the mountain counties, Hants, Franklin, Berks,  
 Where down the rock ravine a river roars,  
 Even from a brook, and where old woods  
 Not tamed and cleared cumber the ground  
 With their centennial wrecks.  
 Find me a slope where I can feel the sun