

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

And mark the rising of the early stars.
 There will I bring my books, — my household gods,
 The reliquaries of my dead saint, and dwell
 In the sweet odor of her memory.
 Then in the uncouth solitude unlock
 My stock of art, plant dials in the grass,
 Hang in the air a bright thermometer
 And aim a telescope at the inviolate sun.

CHARDON ST., BOSTON, 1831.

DAY by day returns
 The everlasting sun,
 Replenishing material urns
 With God's unspared donation ;
 But the day of day,
 The orb within the mind,
 Creating fair and good alway,
 Shines not as once it shined.

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Vast the realm of Being is,
 In the waste one nook is his ;
 Whatsoever hap befalls
 In his vision's narrow walls
 He is here to testify.

1831.

HYMN

THERE is in all the sons of men
 A love that in the spirit dwells,
 That panteth after things unscen,
 And tidings of the future tells.

And God hath built his altar here
 To keep this fire of faith alive,
 And sent his priests in holy fear
 To speak the truth — for truth to strive.

And hither come the pensive train
 Of rich and poor, of young and old,
 Of ardent youth untouched by pain,
 Of thoughtful maids and manhood bold.

They seek a friend to speak the word
 Already trembling on their tongue,
 To touch with prophet's hand the chord
 Which God in human hearts hath strung.

To speak the plain reproof of sin
 That sounded in the soul before,
 And bid you let the angels in
 That knock at meek contrition's door.

SELF-RELIANCE

A friend to lift the curtain up
That hides from man the mortal goal,
And with glad thoughts of faith and hope
Surprise the exulting soul.

Sole source of light and hope assured,
O touch thy servant's lips with power,
So shall he speak to us the word
Thyself dost give forever more.

June, 1831.

SELF-RELIANCE

HENCEFORTH, please God, forever I forego
The yoke of men's opinions. I will be
Light-hearted as a bird, and live with God.
I find him in the bottom of my heart,
I hear continually his voice therein.

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The little needle always knows the North,
The little bird remembereth his note,
And this wise Seer within me never errs.
I never taught it what it teaches me;
I only follow, when I act aright.

October 9, 1832.

WRITTEN IN NAPLES

AND when I am entombèd in my place,
Be it remembered of a single man,
He never, though he dearly loved his race,
For fear of human eyes swerved from his plan.

OH what is Heaven but the fellowship
Of minds that each can stand against the world
By its own meek and incorruptible will?

THE days pass over me
And I am still the same;
The aroma of my life is gone
With the flower with which it came.

1833.

WRITTEN IN NAPLES

WE are what we are made; each following day
Is the Creator of our human mould
Not less than was the first; the all-wise God
Gilds a few points in every several life,
And as each flower upon the fresh hillside,
And every colored petal of each flower,
Is sketched and dyed, each with a new design,
Its spot of purple, and its streak of brown,
So each man's life shall have its proper lights,

And a few joys, a few peculiar charms,
 For him round-in the melancholy hours
 And reconcile him to the common days.
 Not many men see beauty in the fogs
 Of close low pine-woods in a river town ;
 Yet unto me not morn's magnificence,
 Nor the red rainbow of a summer eve,
 Nor Rome, nor joyful Paris, nor the halls
 Of rich men blazing hospitable light,
 Nor wit, nor eloquence,— no, nor even the song
 Of any woman that is now alive,—
 Hath such a soul, such divine influence,
 Such resurrection of the happy past,
 As is to me when I behold the morn
 Ope in such low moist roadside, and beneath
 Peep the blue violets out of the black loam,
 Pathetic silent poets that sing to me
 Thine elegy, sweet singer, sainted wife.

March, 1833.

WRITTEN AT ROME

ALONE in Rome. Why, Rome is lonely too ;—
 Besides, you need not be alone ; the soul
 Shall have society of its own rank.
 Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,
 The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,

Shall flock to you and tarry by your side,
 And comfort you with their high company.
 Virtue alone is sweet society,
 It keeps the key to all heroic hearts,
 And opens you a welcome in them all.
 You must be like them if you desire them,
 Scorn trifles and embrace a better aim
 Than wine or sleep or praise ;
 Hunt knowledge as the lover wooes a maid,
 And ever in the strife of your own thoughts
 Obey the nobler impulse ; that is Rome :
 That shall command a senate to your side ;
 For there is no might in the universe
 That can contend with love. It reigns forever.
 Wait then, sad friend, wait in majestic peace
 The hour of heaven. Generously trust
 Thy fortune's web to the beneficent hand
 That until now has put his world in fee
 To thee. He watches for thee still. His love
 Broods over thee, and as God lives in heaven,
 However long thou walkest solitary,
 The hour of heaven shall come, the man appear.

1833.