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# THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

*Edited by R. W. Franklin*

THE POEMS OF

*Emily Dickinson*

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ADDITIONAL EDITION

EDITED BY

R. W. FRANKLIN

*The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press*

Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London, England · 1999

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Printed in the United States of America

First Harvard University Press paperback edition, 2005

*Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data*

Dickinson, Emily, 1830-1886.

[Poems]

The poems of Emily Dickinson / edited by R. W. Franklin. —

Reading ed.

p. cm.

Includes index.

ISBN 0-674-67624-6 (cloth)

ISBN 0-674-01824-9 (pbk.)

I. Franklin, R. W. (Ralph William), 1937- . II. Title.

PS1541.A1 I999

811'.4—DC21 99-11821

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## Introduction

Emily Dickinson wrote poems nearly all her life, most of them in the Dickinson Homestead on Main Street in Amherst, Massachusetts, where she was born in December 1830, lived in virtual seclusion as an adult, and, in May 1886, died. She may already have been at work in 1845 when, still fourteen years old, she confided to a friend that “poetical” was “what young ladys aim to be now a days.” She was then residing on North Pleasant Street, where her father had removed the family in 1840, the Homestead having passed out of Dickinson ownership. Her earliest known verse, a high-spirited valentine implying a practiced if youthful hand, dates from 1850, when she was nineteen. Other early poems, now lost, may be inferred from her correspondence in the early 1850s, but only four (1-4) survive from before 1858, a landmark year when Dickinson, aged twenty-seven, back in the Homestead, set about accumulating her poems by copying them onto folded sheets of stationery and binding them into handmade volumes, commonly called fascicles. She was most active in 1862 (227 poems), 1863 (295), 1864 (98), and 1865 (229), much of the latter two years while—under the care of a Boston ophthalmologist—she was sharing living arrangements in Cambridgeport with her Norcross cousins, Louise and Frances.

She wrote poems every year thereafter—in 1877 averring that she had “no other Playmate”—but the number was never large, fewer than a dozen in some years, usually about twenty or thirty, occasionally more than forty. Although ill in the 1880s, she persevered to the end of life, the art of poetry having become an essential part of her personal expression and communication. The last two poems are from April 1886, incorporated into a letter to her literary friend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had already received a good many others. The final lines were a tribute to Helen Hunt Jackson (1685), a celebrated friend from childhood, who had died a few months earlier, as Dickinson, yet unknown, was to do the next.

Of Glory not a Beam is left  
But her Eternal House -  
The Asterisk is for the Dead,  
The Living, for the Stars -

Dickinson's workshop in 1860 and in 1865 looked quite different from the mass of manuscripts she left behind at her death. By summer 1860, after two years of work, there were eight fascicles, carefully copied and bound, containing about 170 poems. This fine array constituted nearly everything in her possession, because she systematically destroyed drafts when she transcribed them to a later form. First came composition in pencil; then a neater copy, also in pencil, which, though it might contain alternative readings still pending, carried forward what she wanted to retain from the initial draft; then the fascicle record in ink, in the early years always a fair copy, all readings resolved. Because of her rules for destruction, the eight fascicles of completed poems were about all she had at hand in mid-1860.

This careful order ended in the second half of the year, when Dickinson temporarily stopped making fascicles, and remained in doubt in 1861 and early 1862, a period of apparent personal crisis for her, when fascicle sheets lay unbound for some time and poems were copied in ink individually instead of in groups. Though revived in 1861, her fascicle effort was less comprehensive, with the result that some poems never entered the fascicles or did so only years later. Other copying was divergent, in that individual manuscripts in ink, including a few for poems already in fascicles, appeared anomalously among her papers. From this time onward, miscellaneous manuscripts, in pencil or in ink, would be present in addition to the little volumes. But the most fundamental change in 1861 was textual: alternative readings, previously confined to the first two manuscript states, were now sometimes brought into the fascicles, a pattern that continued as long as she made them.

Dickinson restored order during 1862, perhaps under the steadying attention of Higginson, a new correspondent. She bound up the fascicle sheets remaining from 1861 and, with her muse fully engaged, increased the number of new poems at an extraordinary rate. She composed, copied, and bound relentlessly, so that by early 1864, after two further years of work, she had a total of forty fascicles, containing over eight hundred poems in various states of completion, from fair copies to mere transcriptions of rough worksheets. Besides a somewhat larger pool of miscellaneous manuscripts, which continued to grow that year while she was away for eye treatments, she had a few leftover fascicle sheets. These odds and ends of her process remained always unbound (such are now called *sets*).

The next year marked an important change, anticipated by those leftover sheets: she ceased binding fascicle sheets entirely, leaving them to their separate ways, even though she made enough to have assembled nine or ten more gatherings. She was energetic, if not quite exhaustive, in re-

ducing the number of preliminary working drafts in her possession by transcribing them into these sets of 1865, which contain poems from as early as 1861, along with others known to have come from 1862, 1863, and 1864. At the end of 1865, about forty miscellaneous manuscripts remained, some of them duplicate, others of ambiguous status. Meanwhile, the number of poems on fascicle sheets, bound or unbound, had reached nearly eleven hundred.

Over the last twenty years of her life, as if some form of entropy governed this workshop, she copied few fascicle sheets, stringing them out between 1871 and 1875, with none in 1866-70 or in her last decade. Most of the poems of these twenty years survive on scraps of discarded household paper—incoming letters, abandoned envelopes, advertising flyers, wrapping paper—in the second draft or, increasingly, the first. Step by step, she had abandoned the system established in 1858, though the principle of accumulation remained in force, as it had not before 1858. The complex mass of manuscripts found after her death contained forty fascicles, ninety-eight unbound sheets, and seven or eight hundred individual manuscripts, from quite rough to quite finished.

Additional manuscripts had been sent to friends and family. Oddly perhaps, none went to her father, mother, or sister, with whom she shared the Homestead, but about 250 poems, by far the largest number, went to Susan Dickinson, her sister-in-law, who lived next door. At greater distance, Higginson received about a hundred, her Norcross cousins, seventy-one, with substantial numbers also going to longtime friends Samuel and Mary Bowles and Elizabeth and Josiah Gilbert Holland. About six hundred manuscripts of poems were sent to some forty recipients in what may resemble scribal publication, since the manuscripts were at times passed on to others. Not necessarily beautiful in appearance, these manuscripts were nevertheless fair copies, the text always consisting of one set of readings, without alternatives. Because such copies usually derived from her working manuscripts, often the first or second draft, Dickinson maintained a record of most poems, but because of her rules for destruction, that record, typically the fascicle, might not have been the actual source for the manuscript dispatched. She showed no interest in keeping track of the exact texts she sent out, even when derived from the fascicles, on which there is rarely an indication of later variants (though sometimes revision took place there), for she was confident that she could create another acceptable version from the text at hand. The same confidence lay behind her permitting alternative readings to enter the fascicles: one need not make a choice until one needed to make a choice.

Dickinson usually kept no record of what may be called impromptu



verse. Such lines, sometimes woven into letters or notes, may be brief and epigrammatic, like these in a letter to Higginson, the only source (499):

Best Gains - must have the Losses' test -  
To constitute them - Gains.

and these in a letter to Samuel Bowles, the influential editor of the *Springfield Republican*, also the only source (186):

The Juggler's *Hat* her Country is -  
The Mountain Gorse - the *Bee's* -

Although Dickinson may have felt such lines to be undeserving of further record, she wrote them out as verse, and a few of similar character, unattested in a letter, did enter the fascicles (31, 206):

To him who keeps an Orchis' heart -  
The swamps are pink with June.

and

Least Rivers - docile to some sea.  
My Caspian - thee.

A few longer ones, not at all epigrammatic, also exist outside of the fascicles and not otherwise in Dickinson's possession, including lines of reassurance in 1860 for Louise and Frances Norcross, eighteen and twelve years old, on the death of their mother (130):

"Mama" never forgets her birds -  
Though in another tree.  
She looks down just as often  
And just as tenderly,  
As when her little mortal nest  
With cunning care she wove -  
If either of her "sparrows fall",  
She "notices" above.

Emily Dickinson wrote nearly eighteen hundred poems, 1,789 at present count, each of them represented in this reading edition. They exist in multiple versions and survive in about 2,500 textual sources, generally holographs, but also, given the hazards of history, in a number of secondary sources—transcripts by various hands and publication in various places. Although Dickinson sent poems to others as a personal act, she did not publish, or "print" as she was inclined to call it. Still, her poems got around, and at least ten of them appeared in her lifetime, anonymously,

Such selection is—at first—indifferent as to whether the document is a fair copy or a working draft, a holograph or a secondary source, though additional considerations may shift the choice. A holograph, for example, takes precedence over a transcript when they are substantively identical or when, though variant, the sequence of the holograph and the other source is indefinite. Earlier manuscripts have also become the choice—again, all things being substantively equal—if the manuscript otherwise to be chosen, perhaps roughly made or miswritten, has a lapse in form, as with “Nobody knows this little rose” (11).

An earlier version has been accepted when, compared to the others, the latest was customized for a particular circumstance. The last line of a poem incorporated into a letter to Samuel Bowles (1432)

I have no Life but this -  
To lead it here -  
Nor any Death - but lest  
Dispelled from there -  
Nor tie to Earths to come,  
Nor Action new  
Except through this Extent  
The love of you.

which in earliest draft read

The loving you -

was changed for a more distant relationship with Higginson

The Realm of you -

when Dickinson prepared a version for him. In another instance, she adjusted the opening words of “He lived the life of ambush” (1571) in order to fit the poem into a letter to Samuel Bowles the younger.

A Tree your Father gave me, bore this priceless flower.  
Would you accept it because of him

Who abdicated Ambush  
And went the way of Dusk,  
And now against his subtle name  
There stands an Asterisk  
As confident of him as we -  
Impregnable we are -  
The whole of Immortality  
Secreted in a Star -

The opening lines in this version do not stand alone, so bound are they syntactically to the particular context.

Appendix 2 records the choices among multiple documents, identified by poem number and alphabetic designation. The texts may be readily traced to the larger edition. Also in this appendix is a record of the adoption of Dickinson's revisions and alternative readings. The policy has been to retain the primary readings, those in the line, unless Dickinson indicated a different preference. Revisions have been adopted when Dickinson cancelled the primary readings in favor of the change; revisions have not been adopted when, without cancellation, she left them only as words to be considered. Sometimes in lieu of cancellation, Dickinson underscored the preferred reading. Although in the course of composition or revision this choice might yield to a new one, also underscored, the act of underscoring expressed her will, much as cancellation did, and has been similarly followed. There are instances when the underscoring was carried into the fascicles, shaping choices for subsequent fair copies. For the famous poem "I'm nobody! Who are you?" (260), there is no fair copy, only the fascicle appearance that includes underscored alternatives, the readings adopted in this edition.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you - Nobody - too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Dont tell! they'd banish us - you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody! 5  
How public - like a Frog -  
To tell your name - the livelong June -  
To an admiring Bog!

4 banish us] advertise 7 your] one's

Alternatives have also been selected based on Dickinson's adoption of them in other instances, either earlier or later, of the same poem. This policy reflects the understanding that Dickinson made choices when she needed to (or wanted to), as in a fair copy for a friend, and that versions with alternatives, in particular those in fascicles and sets, may follow fair copies in which she had made choices but kept no record of them. Two fair copies of "Her last Poems" (600), one sent to Susan Dickinson and one retained, were followed in the fascicle by a text with alternatives:

Her - last Poems -  
Poets ended -

Silver - perished - with her Tongue -  
Not on Record - bubbled Other -  
Flute - or Woman - so divine - 5

Not unto it's Summer Morning -  
Robin - uttered half the Tune  
Gushed too full for the adoring -  
From the Anglo-Florentine -

Late - the Praise - 'Tis dull - Conferring 10  
On the Head too High - to Crown -  
Diadem - or Ducal symbol -  
Be it's Grave - sufficient Sign -

Nought - that We - No Poet's Kinsman -  
Suffocate - with easy Wo - 15  
What - and if Ourselves a Bridegroom -  
Put Her down - in Italy?

(1) 7 uttered] published 12 symbol -] showing - • Token -

(2) 6 unto] upon - 7 uttered] lavished

In both fair copies, each with variants not continued into the fascicle, Dickinson adopted one of the alternatives for line 12 (“showing”), as does the present edition. Though informed by Dickinson’s judgment in other places, the resulting texts are not composite, derived as they have been from readings on a single document.

Unlike diaries, journals, or letters, poetry is commonly considered a public genre, to be brought editorially into line with public norms of presentation, but Dickinson’s poems, never published by the poet, may be seen as a private genre—a journal of her effort, with a distribution of poems that, like letters, was a part of personal communication with individuals. As she said (1036),

The Products of my Farm are these  
Sufficient for my Own  
And here and there a Benefit  
Unto a Neighbor's Bin.

With Dickinson’s practice in her manuscripts as the standard for representing her poems, this volume follows her spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and usage.

“I spelt a word wrong in this letter,” she teased her brother, Austin, in 1854, “but I know better, so you need’nt think you have caught me,” and

in 1862 she acknowledged to Higginson that, in the copy of “Of tribulation these are they” (328) that she was sending to him, “I spelled Ankle - wrong” (as “Ancle”—her usual form), without in either case effecting a reformation in her bright orthography. She was aware of external standards but did not strive to adhere to them, only slowly altering some spellings. *Extasy* was her form until 1873, *Bethleem* until sometime after 1874 (before 1880), *opon* until 1880, *etherial*, *Febuary*, *retrograde*, and others until the end. Her spelling can indicate how she heard the words and thus the sound of her poems. To her ear, the final lines from “Had I not this or this I said” (828),

To feed opon the Retrogade -  
Enfeebles - the Advance -

included the sound of only two *r*'s, a condition concealed if her spelling is normalized.

Her capitalization and punctuation, rendered in standard type, have been familiar in texts since mid-twentieth century. In manuscript, Dickinson capitalized many words beyond usual expectation, and her sylvan punctuation, while including commas, periods, exclamation points, and question marks, relied mainly on dashes of varying length and position, tilting up or down as well as extending horizontally. In the mid-1860s she reduced the amount and force of punctuation in the poems, some, such as “Like men and women shadows walk” (964), having none. A spaced hyphen, rather than an en or em dash, has been used as appropriate to the relative weight of her dashes in most of the poems. The apostrophes in many contractions are misplaced, as in *hav'nt* and *did'nt* (perhaps indicative of how her ear divided the sounds), or not used at all, as in *dont*, *wont*, and *cant* (no division). In certain possessive forms, apostrophes appear by analogy: *her's*, *your's*, *it's*. The single form *it's* served her as both a possessive pronoun and a contraction of “it is.”

Although the early Dickinson editors not only regularized such elements of her style but also altered texts to effect rhyme, smooth rhythm, clarify sense, and adjust irregular usage, the trend since mid-twentieth century has been to accept Dickinson's substantives as they are, preserving manner as well as sound and sense. This edition continues this trend, not changing, for example, as Martha Dickinson Bianchi did in *Poems* (1930), the nominative to the objective case in the final word of “My wheel is in the dark!” (61):

Some with new - stately feet -  
Pass royal thro' the gate -

Flinging the problem back  
At you and I!

If the orthography, capitalization, punctuation, and usage should seem problematical, they are nonetheless Dickinson's, not the editor's or the publisher's, not, except indirectly, society's—agents with whom she conducted no negotiation toward public norms for her poetry. In this reading edition—a printed codex, a form familiar to her—the basic editorial choice has been either to follow her private intentions and characteristics, presenting the poems as well as transcription and the custom of typography can, or to lay onto the poems social conventions and judgments that were not hers. Although there can be various kinds of reading editions, with different technological bases or with greater intervention in the interests of editorial taste or recognized convention, the present one follows her own practice, selecting versions that focus on her latest full effort, adopting revisions and alternative readings for which she indicated a choice, and deferring to her custom in presentation and usage. The entry into her poetry is through her idiom.



1 Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine,  
unwind the solemn twine, and tie my Valentine!

Oh the Earth was *made* for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,  
for sighing, and gentle whispering, and *unity* made of *twain*,  
all things do go a courting, in earth, or sea, or air,  
God hath made nothing single but *thee* in his world so fair!  
The *bride*, and then the *bridegroom*, the *two*, and then the *one*,  
Adam, and Eve, his consort, the moon, and then the sun;  
the life doth prove the precept, who obey shall happy be,  
who will not serve the sovereign, be hanged on fatal tree. 10  
The high do seek the lowly, the great do seek the small,  
none cannot find who *seeketh* on this terrestrial ball;  
The bee doth court the flower, the flower his suit receives,  
and they make a merry wedding, whose guests are hundred leaves;  
the wind doth woo the branches, the branches they are won,  
and the father fond demandeth the maiden for his son.  
The storm doth walk the seashore humming a mournful tune,  
the wave with eye so pensive, looketh to see the moon,  
their spirits meet together, they make them solemn vows,  
no more he singeth mournful, her sadness she doth lose. 20  
The *worm* doth woo the *mortal*, death claims a living bride,  
night unto day is married, morn unto eventide;  
*Earth* is a merry damsel, and *Heaven* a knight so true,  
and Earth is quite coquettish, and he seemeth in vain to sue.  
*Now* to the *application*, to the reading of the roll,  
to bringing thee to justice, and marshalling thy soul;  
thou art a *human* solo, a being cold, and lone,  
wilt have no kind companion, thou *reap'st* what thou hast *sown*.  
Hast never silent hours, and minutes all too long,  
and a deal of sad reflection, and *wailing* instead of song? 30  
There's *Sarah*, and *Eliza*, and *Emeline* so fair,  
and *Harriet*, and *Susan*, and she with *curling hair*!  
Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest see  
*six* true, and comely maidens sitting upon the tree;  
approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly climb,  
and seize the one thou lovest, nor care for *space*, or *time*!



Then bear her to the greenwood, and build for her a bower,  
and give her what she asketh, jewel, or bird, or flower;  
and bring the fife, and trumpet, and beat upon the drum -  
and bid the world Goodmorrow, and go to glory home!

40

2	Sic transit gloria mundi “How doth the busy bee” Dum vivamus vivamus I stay mine enemy! —	
	Oh veni vidi vici! Oh caput cap-a-pie! And oh “memento mori” When I am far from thee	5
	Hurrah for Peter Parley Hurrah for Daniel Boone Three cheers sir, for the gentleman Who first observed the moon —	10
	Peter put up the sunshine! Pattie arrange the stars Tell Luna, tea is waiting And call your brother Mars —	15
	Put down the apple Adam And come away with me So shal’t thou have a pippin From off my Father’s tree!	20
	I climb the “Hill of Science” I “view the Landscape o’er” Such transcendental prospect I ne’er beheld before! —	
	Unto the Legislature My country bids me go, I’ll take my india rubbers In case the wind should blow.	25
	During my education It was announced to me That gravitation stumbling Fell from an apple tree —	30
		□

The Earth upon it's axis  
 Was once supposed to turn  
 By way of a gymnastic  
 In honor to the sun — 35

It was the brave Columbus  
 A sailing o'er the tide  
 Who notified the nations  
 Of where I would reside 40

Mortality is fatal  
 Gentility is fine  
 Rascality, heroic  
 Insolvency, sublime

Our Fathers being weary  
 Laid down on Bunker Hill  
 And though full many a morn'g  
 Yet they are sleeping still 45

The trumpet sir, shall wake them  
 In streams I see them rise  
 Each with a solemn musket  
 A marching to the skies! 50

A coward will remain, Sir,  
 Until the fight is done;  
 But an immortal hero  
 Will take his hat and run. 55

Good bye Sir, I am going  
 My country calleth me  
 Allow me Sir, at parting  
 To wipe my weeping e'e 60

In token of our friendship  
 Accept this "Bonnie Doon"  
 And when the hand that pluck'd it  
 Hath passed beyond the moon

The memory of my ashes  
 Will consolation be  
 Then farewell Tuscarora  
 And farewell Sir, to thee. 65

- 5 One Sister have I in the house -  
And one a hedge away.  
There's only one recorded -  
But both belong to me.
- One came the road that I came - 5  
And wore my last year's gown -  
The other, as a bird her nest  
Builided our hearts among.
- She did not sing as we did -  
It was a different tune - 10  
Herself to her a music  
As Bumble bee of June.
- Today is far from childhood,  
But up and down the hills,  
I held her hand the tighter - 15  
Which shortened all the miles -
- And still her hum  
The years among,  
Deceives the Butterfly;  
And in her Eye 20  
The Violets lie,  
Mouldered this many May -
- I spilt the dew,  
But took the morn -  
I chose this single star 25  
From out the wide night's numbers -  
Sue - forevermore!
- 6 Adrift! A little boat adrift!  
And night is coming down!  
Will *no* one guide a little boat  
Unto the nearest town?  
□

- So sailors say - on yesterday - 5  
 Just as the dusk was brown  
 One little boat gave up it's strife  
 And gurgled down and down.
- So angels say - on yesterday - 10  
 Just as the dawn was red  
 One little boat - o'erspent with gales -  
 Retrimmed it's masts - redecked it's sails -  
 And shot - exultant on!
- 7 Summer for thee, grant I may be  
 When Summer days are flown!  
 Thy music still, when Whippowil  
 And Oriole - are done!
- For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb 5  
 And row my blossoms o'er!  
 Pray gather me -  
 Anemone -  
 Thy flower - forevermore!
- 8 When Roses cease to bloom, Sir,  
 And Violets are done -  
 When Bumblebees in solemn flight  
 Have passed beyond the Sun -  
 The hand that paused to gather 5  
 Opon this Summer's day  
 Will idle lie - in Auburn -  
 Then take my flowers - pray!
- 9 If recollecting were forgetting,  
 Then I remember not,  
 And if forgetting, recollecting,  
 How near I had forgot,  
 And if to miss, were merry, 5  
 And to mourn, were gay,

How very blithe the fingers  
That gathered this, today!

10      Garlands for Queens, may be -  
      Laurels - for rare degree  
      Of soul or sword -  
      Ah - but remembering me -  
      Ah - but remembering thee -                   5  
      Nature in chivalry -  
      Nature in charity -  
      Nature in equity -  
      The Rose ordained!

11      Nobody knows this little Rose -  
      It might a pilgrim be  
      Did I not take it from the ways  
      And lift it up to thee.  
      Only a Bee will miss it -                   5  
      Only a Butterfly,  
      Hastening from far journey -  
      On it's breast to lie -  
      Only a Bird will wonder -  
      Only a Breeze will sigh -                   10  
      Ah Little Rose - how easy  
      For such as thee to die!

12      I had a guinea golden -  
      I lost it in the sand -  
      And tho' the sum was simple  
      And pounds were in the land -  
      Still, had it such a value                   5  
      Unto my frugal eye -  
      That when I could not find it -  
      I sat me down to sigh.  
  
      I had a crimson Robin -  
      Who sang full many a day                   10

But when the woods were painted -  
He - too - did fly away -  
Time brought me other Robins -  
Their ballads were the same -  
Still, for my missing Troubadour 15  
I kept the "house at hame".

I had a star in heaven -  
One "Pleiad" was it's name -  
And when I was not heeding,  
It wandered from the same - 20  
And tho' the skies are crowded -  
And all the night ashine -  
I do not care about it -  
Since none of them are mine -

My story has a moral - 25  
I have a missing friend -  
"Pleiad" it's name - and Robin -  
And guinea in the sand -  
And when this mournful ditty  
Accompanied with tear - 30  
Shall meet the eye of traitor  
In country far from here -  
Grant that repentance solemn  
May seize upon his mind -  
And he no consolation 35  
Beneath the sun may find.

13 There is a morn by men unseen -  
Whose maids upon remoter green  
Keep their seraphic May -  
And all day long, with dance and game,  
And gambol I may never name - 5  
Employ their holiday.

Here to light measure, move the feet  
Which walk no more the village street -  
Nor by the wood are found -  
Here are the birds that sought the sun 10

When last year's distaff idle hung  
And summer's brows were bound.

Ne'er saw I such a wondrous scene -  
Ne'er such a ring on such a green -  
Nor so serene array - 15  
As if the stars some summer night  
Should swing their cups of Chrysolite -  
And revel till the day -

Like thee to dance - like thee to sing -  
People upon that mystic green - 20  
I ask, each new May morn.  
I wait thy far - fantastic bells -  
Announcing me in other dells -  
Unto the different dawn!

14 As if I asked a common Alms,  
And in my wondering hand  
A Stranger pressed a Kingdom,  
And I, bewildered, stand -  
As if I asked the Orient 5  
Had it for me a Morn -  
And it should lift it's purple Dikes,  
And shatter Me with Dawn!

15 She slept beneath a tree -  
Remembered but by me.  
I touched her Cradle mute -  
She recognized the foot -  
Put on her Carmine suit 5  
And see!

16 The feet of people walking home -  
With gayer sandals go -  
The Crocus, till she rises  
The Vassal of the snow -  
□



- Is where the angels are -  
 It was a short procession - 5  
 The Bobolink was there -  
 An aged Bee addressed us -  
 And then we knelt in prayer -  
 We trust that she was willing -  
 We ask that we may be - 10  
 Summer - Sister - Seraph!  
 Let us go with thee!
- 23 In the name of the Bee -  
 And of the Butterfly -  
 And of the Breeze - Amen!
- 24 Frequently the woods are pink -  
 Frequently, are brown.  
 Frequently the hills undress  
 Behind my native town -  
 Oft a head is crested 5  
 I was wont to see -  
 And as oft a cranny  
 Where it used to be -  
 And the Earth - they tell me  
 On it's axis turned! 10  
 Wonderful rotation -  
 By but *twelve* performed!
- 25 A sepal - petal - and a thorn  
 Opon a common summer's morn -  
 A flask of Dew - A Bee or two -  
 A Breeze - a'caper in the trees -  
 And I'm a Rose! 5
- 26 Distrustful of the Gentian -  
 And just to turn away,

- The fluttering of her fringes  
 Chid my perfidy -  
 Weary for my ——— 5  
 I will singing go -  
 I shall not feel the sleet - then -  
 I shall not fear the snow.
- 27 Flees so the phantom meadow  
 Before the breathless Bee -  
 So bubble brooks in deserts  
 On ears that dying lie -  
 Burn so the evening spires 5  
 To eyes that Closing go -  
 Hangs so distant Heaven -  
 To a hand below.
- 28 We lose - because we win -  
 Gamblers - recollecting which -  
 Toss their dice again!
- 29 All these my banners be.  
 I sow my - pageantry  
 In May -  
 It rises train by train -  
 Then sleeps in state again - 5  
 My chancel - all the plain  
 Today.
- 30 To lose - if One can find again -  
 To miss - if One shall meet -  
 The Burglar cannot rob - then -  
 The Broker cannot cheat.  
 So build the hillocks gaily - 5  
 Thou little spade of mine  
 Leaving nooks for Daisy

- And for Columbine -  
 You and I the secret  
 Of the Crocus know - 10  
 Let us chant it softly -  
 “*There* is no more snow”!
- 31 To him who keeps an Orchis’ heart -  
 The swamps are pink with June.
- 32 The morns are meeker than they were -  
 The nuts are getting brown -  
 The berry’s cheek is plumper -  
 The Rose is out of town.
- The maple wears a gayer scarf - 5  
 The field a scarlet gown -  
 Lest I sh’d be old fashioned  
 I’ll put a trinket on.
- 33 Whether my bark went down at sea -  
 Whether she met with gales -  
 Whether to isles enchanted  
 She bent her docile sails -
- By what mystic mooring 5  
 She is held today -  
 This is the errand of the eye  
 Out upon the Bay.
- 34 Taken from men - this morning -  
 Carried by men today -  
 Met by the Gods with banners -  
 Who marshalled her away -
- One little maid - from playmates - 5  
 One little mind from school -

There must be guests in Eden -  
All the rooms are full -  
Far - as the East from Even -  
Dim - as the border star - 10  
Courtiers quaint, in Kingdoms  
Our departed are.

35 Sleep is supposed to be  
By souls of sanity  
The shutting of the eye.  
Sleep is the station grand  
Down wh', on either hand 5  
The hosts of witness stand!  
Morn is supposed to be  
By people of degree  
The breaking of the Day.  
Morning has not occurred! 10  
That shall Aurora be -  
East of Eternity -  
One with the banner gay -  
One in the red array -  
*That* is the break of Day! 15

36 If I should die -  
And you should live -  
And time sh'd gurgle on -  
And morn sh'd beam -  
And noon should burn - 5  
As it has usual done -  
If Birds should build as early  
And Bees as bustling go -  
One might depart at option  
From enterprise below! 10  
'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand  
When we with Daisies lie -

- That Commerce will continue -  
 And Trades as briskly fly -  
 It makes the parting tranquil 15  
 And keeps the soul serene -  
 That gentlemen so sprightly  
 Conduct the pleasing scene!
- 37 By Chivalries as tiny,  
 A Blossom, or a Book,  
 The seeds of smiles are planted -  
 Which blossom in the dark.
- 38 I never told the buried gold  
 Opon the hill - that lies -  
 I saw the sun - his plunder done  
 Crouch low to guard his prize.
- He stood as near 5  
 As stood you here -  
 A pace had been between -  
 Did but a snake bisect the brake  
 My life had forfeit been.
- That was a wondrous booty - 10  
 I hope 'twas honest gained.  
 Those were the fairest ingots  
 That ever kissed the spade!
- Whether to keep the secret -  
 Whether to reveal - 15  
 Whether as I ponder  
 "Kidd" will sudden sail -
- Could a shrewd advise me  
 We might e'en divide -  
 Should a shrewd betray me - 20  
 Atropos decide!

The serpent's satin figure  
Glid stealthily along,

The tempests touched our garments -  
The lightning's poinards gleamed - 10  
Fierce from the Crag above us  
The hungry Vulture screamed -

The Satyrs fingers beckoned -  
The Valley murmured "Come" -  
*These* were the mates - 15  
*This* was the road  
These Children fluttered home.

44 The Guest is gold and crimson -  
An Opal guest, and gray -  
Of ermine is his doublet -  
His Capuchin gay -  
  
He reaches town at nightfall - 5  
He stops at every door -  
Who looks for him at morning -  
I pray him too - explore  
The Lark's pure territory -  
Or the Lapwing's shore! 10

45 Snow flakes.  
  
I counted till they danced so  
Their slippers leaped the town -  
And then I took a pencil  
To note the rebels down -  
And then they grew so jolly 5  
I did resign the prig -  
And ten of my once stately toes  
Are marshalled for a jig!

- 46     Before the ice is in the pools -  
         Before the skaters go,  
         Or any cheek at nightfall  
         Is tarnished by the snow -
- Before the fields have finished -                                 5  
         Before the Christmas tree,  
         Wonder upon wonder -  
         Will arrive to me!
- What we touch the hems of  
         On a summer's day -   10  
         What is only walking  
         Just a bridge away -
- That which sings so - speaks so -  
         When there's no one here -  
         Will the frock I wept in   15  
         Answer me to wear?
- 47     By such and such an offering  
         To Mr So and So -  
         The web of life is woven -  
         So martyrs albums show!

- 48 Whose cheek is this?  
What rosy face  
Has lost a blush today?  
I found her - 'pleiad' - in the woods  
And bore her safe away - 5
- Robins, in the tradition  
Did cover such with leaves,  
But which the cheek -  
And which the pall  
My scrutiny deceives - 10
- 49 When Katie walks, this Simple pair accompany her side,  
When Katie runs unwearied they follow on the road,  
When Katie kneels, their loving hands still clasp her pious knee -  
Ah! Katie! Smile at Fortune, with *two* so knit to thee!
- 50 It did not surprise me -  
So I said - or thought -  
She will stir her pinions  
And the nest forgot,  
5
- Traverse broader forests -  
Build in gayer boughs,  
Breathe in Ear more modern  
God's old fashioned vows -
- This was but a Birdling -  
What and if it be 10  
One within my bosom  
Had departed me?
- This was but a story -  
What and if indeed



- There were just such coffin  
In the heart - instead? 15
- 51 When I count the seeds  
That are sown beneath -  
To bloom so, bye and bye -
- When I con the people  
Lain so low - 5  
To be received as high -
- When I believe the garden  
Mortal shall not see -  
Pick by faith it's blossom  
And avoid it's Bee, 10  
I can spare this summer - unreluctantly.
- 52 Bless God, he went as soldiers,  
His musket on his breast -  
Grant God, he charge the bravest  
Of all the martial blest!
- Please God, might I behold him 5  
In epauletted white -  
I should not fear the foe then -  
I should not fear the fight!
- 53 If I should cease to bring a Rose  
Upon a festal day,  
'Twill be because *beyond* the Rose  
I have been called away -
- If I should cease to take the names 5  
My buds commemorate -  
'Twill be because *Death's* finger  
Clasps my murmuring lip!

- 54 "Lethe" in my flower,  
Of which they who drink,  
In the fadeless Orchards  
Hear the bobolink!
- Merely flake or petal 5  
As the Eye beholds  
Jupiter! my father!  
I perceive the rose!
- 55 To venerate the simple days  
Which lead the seasons by -  
Needs but to remember  
That from you or I,  
They may take the trifle 5  
Termed *mortality!*
- To invest existence with a stately air -  
Needs but to remember  
That the Acorn there  
Is the egg of forests 10  
For the upper Air!
- 56 I've got an arrow here.  
Loving the hand that sent it  
I the dart revere.
- Fell, they will say, in "skirmish"!  
Vanquished, my soul will know 5  
By but a simple arrow  
Sped by an archer's bow.
- 57 Who robbed the Woods -  
The trusting Woods?  
The unsuspecting Trees  
Brought out their Burs and Mosses -  
His fantasy to please - 5  
He scanned their trinkets - curious -

- Death did not notice me.  
 I bring my Rose -  
 I plight again - 5  
 By every sainted Bee -  
 By Daisy called from hillside -  
 By Bobolink from lane -  
 Blossom and I -  
*Her* oath, and mine - 10  
 Will surely come again -
- 64 Heart! We will forget him!  
 You and I - tonight!  
 You may forget the warmth he gave -  
 I will forget the light!  
  
 When you have done, pray tell me 5  
 That I may straight begin!  
 Haste! lest while you're lagging  
 I remember him!
- 65 Once more, my now bewildered Dove  
 Bestirs her puzzled wings.  
 Once more, her mistress, on the deep  
 Her troubled question flings -  
  
 Thrice to the floating casement 5  
 The Patriarch's bird returned -  
 Courage! My brave Columba!  
 There may yet be *Land!*
- 66 Baffled for just a day or two -  
 Embarrassed - not afraid -  
 Encounter in my garden  
 An unexpected Maid.  
  
 She beckons, and the woods start - 5  
 She nods, and all begin -

Surely, such a country  
I was never in!

67     Delayed till she had ceased to know -  
       Delayed till in it's vest of snow  
       Her loving bosom lay -  
       An hour behind the fleeting breath -  
       Later by just an hour than Death -             5  
       Oh lagging Yesterday!

       Could she have guessed that it w'd be -  
       Could but a crier of the joy  
       Have climbed the distant hill -  
       Had not the bliss so slow a pace             10  
       Who knows but this surrendered face  
       Were undefeated still?

       Oh if there may departing be  
       Any forgot by Victory  
       In her imperial round -                     15  
       Show them this meek apparreled thing  
       That could not stop to be a king -  
       Doubtful if it be crowned!

68     Some things that fly there be -  
       Birds - Hours - the Bumblebee -  
       Of these no Elegy.

       Some things that stay there be -  
       Grief - Hills - Eternity -                 5  
       Nor this behooveth me.

       There are that resting, rise.  
       Can I expound the skies?  
       How still the Riddle lies!

69     Within my reach!  
       I could have touched!  
       I might have chanced that way!

- Soft sauntered thro' the village -  
 Sauntered as soft away! 5  
 So unsuspected Violets  
 Within the meadows go -  
 Too late for striving fingers  
 That passed, an hour ago!
- 70 So bashful when I spied her!  
 So pretty - so ashamed!  
 So hidden in her leaflets  
 Lest anybody find -
- So breathless till I passed her - 5  
 So helpless when I turned  
 And bore her struggling, blushing,  
 Her simple haunts beyond!
- For whom I robbed the Dingle -  
 For whom betrayed the Dell - 10  
 Many, will doubtless ask me -  
 But I shall never tell!
- 71 My friend must be a Bird -  
 Because it flies!  
 Mortal, my friend must be -  
 Because it dies!  
 Barbs has it, like a Bee! 5  
 Ah, curious friend!  
 Thou puzzlest me!
- 72 Went up a year this evening!  
 I recollect it well!  
 Amid no bells nor bravoos  
 The bystanders will tell!  
 Cheerful - as to the village - 5  
 Tranquil - as to repose -  
 Chastened - as to the Chapel  
 This humble Tourist rose!

Did not talk of returning!  
 Alluded to no time 10  
 When, were the gales propitious -  
 We might look for him!  
 Was grateful for the Roses  
 In life's diverse boquet -  
 Talked softly of new species 15  
 To pick another day;  
 Beguiling thus the wonder  
 The *wondrous* nearer drew -  
 Hands bustled at the moorings -  
 The crowd respectful grew - 20  
 Ascended from our vision  
 To countenances new!  
 A Difference - A Daisy -  
 Is all the rest I knew!

73 Angels, in the early morning  
 May be seen the Dews among,  
 Stooping - plucking - smiling - flying -  
 Do the Buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest 5  
 May be seen the sands among,  
 Stooping - plucking - sighing - flying -  
 Parched the flowers they bear along.

74 My nosegays are for Captives -  
 Dim - long expectant eyes -  
 Fingers denied the plucking,  
 Patient till Paradise -

To such, if they sh'd whisper 5  
 Of morning and the moor -  
 They bear no other errand,  
 And I, no other prayer.

- 75        Sexton! My Master's sleeping here.  
            Pray lead me to his bed!  
            I came to build the Bird's nest -  
            And sow the early seed -  
  
            That when the snow creeps slowly                                        5  
            From off his chamber door -  
            Daisies point the way there -  
            And the Troubadour.
- 76        The rainbow never tells me  
            That gust and storm are by -  
            Yet is she more convincing  
            Than Philosophy.  
  
            My flowers turn from Forums -    5  
            Yet eloquent declare  
            What Cato could'nt prove me  
            Except the *birds* were here!
- 77        One dignity delays for all -  
            One mitred afternoon -  
            None can avoid this purple -  
            None evade this crown!  
  
            Coach, it insures, and footmen -     5  
            Chamber, and state, and throng -  
            Bells, also, in the village  
            As we ride grand along!  
  
            What dignified attendants!  
            What service when we pause!    10  
            How loyally at parting  
            Their hundred hats they raise!  
  
            How pomp surpassing ermine  
            When simple You, and I,  
            Present our meek escutscheon    15  
            And claim the rank to die!

On such a dawn, or such a dawn -  
Would anybody sigh 10  
That such a little figure  
Too sound asleep did lie

For Chanticleer to wake it -  
Or stirring house below -  
Or giddy bird in Orchard - 15  
Or early task to do?

There was a little figure plump  
For every little knoll,  
Busy needles, and spools of thread -  
And trudging feet from school - 20

Playmates, and holidays, and nuts -  
And visions vast and small.  
Strange that the feet so precious charged  
Should reach so small a goal!

85 Whose are the little beds - I asked  
Which in the valleys lie?  
Some shook their heads, and others smiled -  
And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear - I said, 5  
I will inquire again -  
Whose are the beds - the tiny beds  
So thick upon the plain?

'Tis Daisy, in the shortest -  
A little further on - 10  
Nearest the door - to wake the *1st*,  
Little Leontodon.

'Tis Iris, Sir, and Aster -  
Anemone, and Bell -  
Bartsia, in the blanket red, 15  
And chubby Daffodil.

Meanwhile - at many cradles  
Her busy foot she plied -



- Humming the quaintest lullaby  
That ever rocked a child. 20
- Hush! Epigea wakens!  
The Crocus stirs her lids -  
Rhodora's cheek is crimson -  
She's dreaming of the woods!
- Then turning from them reverent - 25  
Their bedtime 'tis, she said -  
The Bumble bees will wake them  
When April woods are red.
- 86 For every Bird a nest -  
Wherefore in timid quest  
Some little Wren goes seeking round -
- Wherefore when boughs are free,  
Households in every tree, 5  
Pilgrim be found?
- Perhaps a home too high -  
Ah aristocracy!  
The little Wren desires -
- Perhaps of twig so fine - 10  
Of twine e'en superfine,  
Her pride aspires -
- The Lark is not ashamed  
To build upon the ground  
Her modest house - 15
- Yet who of all the throng  
Dancing around the sun  
Does so rejoice?
- 87 "They have not chosen me" - he said -  
"But I have chosen them"!  
Brave - Broken hearted statement -  
Uttered in Bethleem!

□

- I could not have told it, 5  
 But since Jesus *dared*,  
 Sovereign, know a Daisy  
 Thy dishonor shared!
- 88 Heart not so heavy as mine  
 Wending late home -  
 As it passed my window  
 Whistled itself a tune -
- A careless snatch - a ballad - 5  
 A Ditty of the street -  
 Yet to my irritated ear  
 An anodyne so sweet -
- It was as if a Bobolink  
 Sauntering this way 10  
 Carolled and mused, and carolled -  
 Then bubbled slow away -
- It was as if a chirping brook  
 Upon a toilsome way  
 Set bleeding feet to minuets 15  
 Without the knowing why -
- Tomorrow - night will come again -  
 Perhaps - tired and sore -  
 Oh Bugle, by the window  
 I pray you stroll once more! 20
- 89 Soul, Wilt thou toss again?  
 By just such a hazard  
 Hundreds have lost indeed,  
 But tens have won an all -
- Angels' breathless ballot 5  
 Lingers to record thee -  
 Imps in eager caucus  
 Raffle for my soul!

- 90 An altered look about the hills -  
 A Tyrian light the village fills -  
 A wider sunrise in the morn -  
 A deeper twilight on the lawn -  
 A print of a vermillion foot - 5  
 A purple finger on the slope -  
 A flippant fly upon the pane -  
 A spider at his trade again -  
 An added strut in Chanticleer -  
 A flower expected everywhere - 10  
 An axe shrill singing in the woods -  
 Fern odors on untravelled roads -  
 All this and more I cannot tell -  
 A furtive look you know as well -  
 And Nicodemus' Mystery 15  
 Receives it's annual reply!
- 91 Some, too fragile for winter winds  
 The thoughtful grave encloses -  
 Tenderly tucking them in from frost  
 Before their feet are cold -  
  
 Never the treasures in her nest 5  
 The cautious grave exposes,  
 Building where schoolboy dare not look,  
 And sportsman is not bold.  
  
 This covert have all the children  
 Early aged, and often cold, 10  
 Sparrows, unnoticed by the Father -  
 Lambs for whom time had not a fold.
- 92 Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,  
 But I could never sell -  
 If you would like to *borrow*,  
 Until the Daffodil  
  
 Unties her yellow Bonnet 5  
 Beneath the village door,

- Until the Bees, from Clover rows  
 Their Hock, and sherry, draw,  
 Why, I will lend until just then,  
 But not an hour more! 10
- 93 Water, is taught by thirst.  
 Land - by the Oceans passed.  
 Transport - by throe -  
 Peace, by it's battles told -  
 Love, by memorial mold - 5  
 Birds, by the snow.
- 94 Have you got a Brook in your little heart,  
 Where bashful flowers blow,  
 And blushing birds go down to drink -  
 And shadows tremble so -  
 And nobody knows, so still it flows, 5  
 That any brook is there,  
 And yet your little draught of life  
 Is daily drunken there -  
 Why - look out for the little brook in March,  
 When the rivers overflow, 10  
 And the snows come hurrying from the hills,  
 And the bridges often go -  
 And *later*, in *August* it may be,  
 When the meadows parching lie,  
 Beware, lest this little brook of life, 15  
 Some burning noon go dry!
- 95 Flowers - Well - if anybody  
 Can the extasy define -  
 Half a transport - half a trouble -  
 With which flowers humble men:  
 Anybody find the fountain 5  
 From which floods so contra flow -

- He claims the pretty acre -  
And sends a Bailiff there.
- The station of the parties  
Forbids publicity, 10  
But Justice is sublimer  
Than Arms, or pedigree.
- I'll institute an "Action" -  
I'll vindicate the law -  
Jove! Choose your counsel - 15  
I retain "Shaw"!
- 102 In rags mysterious as these  
The shining Courtiers go,  
Vailing the purple, and the plumes -  
Vailing the ermine so.
- Smiling, as they request an alms 5  
At some imposing door -  
Smiling when we walk barefoot  
Upon their golden floor!
- 103 My friend attacks my friend!  
Oh Battle picturesque!  
Then I turn Soldier too,  
And he turns Satirist!  
How martial is this place! 5  
Had I a mighty gun  
I think I'd shoot the human race  
And then to glory run!
- 104 A something in a summer's Day  
As slow her flambeaux burn away  
Which solemnizes me.
- A something in a summer's noon -  
A depth - an Azure - a perfume - 5  
Transcending extasy.
-

And still within a summer's night  
A something so transporting bright  
I clap my hands to see -

Then vail my too inspecting face 10  
Lest such a subtle - shimmering grace  
Flutter too far for me -

The wizard fingers never rest -  
The purple brook within the breast  
Still chafes it's narrow bed - 15

Still rears the East her amber Flag -  
Guides still the sun along the Crag  
His Caravan of Red -

So looking on - the night - the morn  
Conclude the wonder gay - 20  
And I meet, coming thro' the dews  
Another summer's Day!

105 A throe upon the features -  
A hurry in the breath -  
An extasy of parting  
Denominated "Death" -

An anguish at the mention 5  
Which when to patience grown -  
I've known permission given  
To rejoin it's own.

106 Glowing is her Bonnet -  
Glowing is her Cheek -  
Glowing is her Kirtle -  
Yet she cannot speak.

Better as the Daisy 5  
From the summer hill  
Vanish unrecorded  
Save by tearful rill -

□

- Save by loving sunrise  
 Looking for her face. 10  
 Save by feet unnumbered  
 Pausing at the place.
- 107 Many cross the Rhine  
 In this cup of mine.  
 Sip old Frankfort air  
 From my brown Cigar.
- 108 In lands I never saw - they say  
 Immortal Alps look down -  
 Whose Bonnets touch the firmament -  
 Whose sandals touch the town;  
 Meek at whose everlasting feet 5  
 A myriad Daisy play -  
 Which, Sir, are you, and which am I -  
 Opon an August day?
- 109 For each extatic instant  
 We must an anguish pay  
 In keen and quivering ratio  
 To the extasy -  
 For each beloved hour 5  
 Sharp pittances of Years -  
 Bitter contested farthings -  
 And Coffers heaped with tears!
- 110 So from the mould  
 Scarlet and Gold  
 Many a Bulb will rise -  
 Hidden away, cunningly,  
 From sagacious eyes. 5  
 □

- So from Cocoon  
 Many a Worm  
 Leap so Highland gay,  
*Peasants* like me -  
 Peasants like Thee,  
 Gaze perplexedly! 10
- 111 Artists wrestled here!  
 Lo, a tint Cashmere!  
 Lo, a Rose!  
 Student of the Year!  
 For the Easel here  
 Say Repose! 5
- 112 Success is counted sweetest  
 By those who ne'er succeed.  
 To comprehend a nectar  
 Requires sorest need.  
  
 Not one of all the purple Host  
 Who took the Flag today  
 Can tell the definition  
 So clear of Victory  
  
 As he defeated - dying -  
 On whose forbidden ear  
 The distant strains of triumph  
 Burst agonized and clear! 10
- 113 The Bee is not afraid of me.  
 I know the Butterfly -  
 The pretty people in the Woods  
 Receive me cordially -  
  
 The Brooks laugh louder  
 When I come -  
 The Breezes madder play; 5



Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,  
Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

- 114     Where bells no more affright the morn -  
          Where scrabble never comes -  
          Where very nimble Gentlemen  
          Are forced to keep their rooms -  
  
          Where tired Children placid sleep                             5  
          Thro' centuries of noon  
          This place is Bliss - this town is Heaven -  
          Please, Pater, pretty soon!  
  
          "Oh could we climb where Moses stood,  
          And view the Landscape o'er"                             10  
          Not Father's bells - nor Factories -  
          Could scare us any more!
- 115     Ambition cannot find him -  
          Affection does'nt know  
          How many leagues of nowhere  
          Lie between them now!  
  
          Yesterday, undistinguished!                             5  
          Eminent Today  
          For our mutual honor,  
          Immortality!
- 116     Our share of night to bear -  
          Our share of morning -  
          Our blank in bliss to fill,  
          Our blank in scorning -  
  
          Here a star, and there a star,                             5  
          Some lose their way!  
          Here a mist - and there a mist -  
          Afterwards - Day!



- Perhaps a squirrel may remain -  
 My sentiments to share -  
 Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind - 15  
 Thy windy will to bear!
- 124 Safe in their Alabaster Chambers -  
 Untouched by Morning -  
 And untouched by noon -  
 Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection,  
 Rafter of Satin and Roof of Stone - 5
- Grand go the Years,  
 In the Crescent above them -  
 Worlds scoop their Arcs -  
 And Firmaments - row -  
 Diadems - drop - 10  
 And Doges - surrender -  
 Soundless as Dots,  
 On a Disc of Snow.
- 125 A poor - torn heart - a tattered heart -  
 That sat it down to rest -  
 Nor noticed that the ebbing Day  
 Flowed silver to the west -  
 Nor noticed night did soft descend - 5  
 Nor Constellation burn -  
 Intent upon the vision  
 Of latitudes unknown.
- The angels - happening that way  
 This dusty heart espied - 10  
 Tenderly took it up from toil  
 And carried it to God -  
 There - sandals for the Barefoot -  
 There - gathered from the gales -  
 Do the blue havens by the hand 15  
 Lead the wandering Sails.

- 126 I bring an unaccustomed wine  
 To lips long parching  
 Next to mine,  
 And summon them to drink;  
  
 Crackling with fever, they essay, 5  
 I turn my brimming eyes away,  
 And come next hour to look.  
  
 The hands still hug the tardy glass -  
 The lips I w'd have cooled, alas,  
 Are so superfluous Cold - 10  
  
 I w'd as soon attempt to warm  
 The bosoms where the frost has lain  
 Ages beneath the mould -  
  
 Some other thirsty there may be  
 To whom this w'd have pointed me 15  
 Had it remained to speak -  
  
 And so I always bear the cup  
 If, haply, mine may be the drop  
 Some pilgrim thirst to slake -  
  
 If, haply, any say to me 20  
 "Unto the little, unto me,"  
 When I at last awake -
- 127 As children bid the Guest "Good night"  
 And then reluctant turn -  
 My flowers raise their pretty lips -  
 Then put their nightgowns on.  
  
 As children caper when they wake - 5  
 Merry that it is Morn -  
 My flowers from a hundred cribs  
 Will peep, and prance again.
- 128 Going to Heaven!  
 I dont know when -

Pray do not ask me how!  
 Indeed I'm too astonished  
 To think of answering you! 5  
 Going to Heaven!  
 How dim it sounds!  
 And yet it will be done  
 As sure as flocks go home at night  
 Unto the Shepherd's arm! 10  
  
 Perhaps you're going too!  
 Who knows?  
 If you sh'd get there first  
 Save just a little place for me  
 Close to the two I lost - 15  
 The smallest "Robe" will fit me  
 And just a bit of "Crown" -  
 For you know we do not mind our dress  
 When we are going home -  
  
 I'm glad I dont believe it 20  
 For it w'd stop my breath -  
 And I'd like to look a little more  
 At such a curious Earth!  
 I am glad they did believe it  
 Whom I have never found 25  
 Since the mighty autumn afternoon  
 I left them in the ground.

129 Our lives are Swiss -  
 So still - so Cool -  
 Till some odd afternoon  
 The Alps neglect their Curtains  
 And we look farther on! 5  
  
*Italy* stands the other side!  
 While like a guard between -  
 The solemn Alps -  
 The siren Alps  
 Forever intervene! 10

- 130 "Mama" never forgets her birds -  
Though in another tree.  
She looks down just as often  
And just as tenderly,  
As when her little mortal nest 5  
With cunning care she wove -  
If either of her "sparrows fall",  
She "notices" above.
- 131 Tho' my destiny be Fustian -  
Her's be damask fine -  
Tho' she wear a silver apron -  
I, a less divine -  
  
Still, my little Gipseey being 5  
I would far prefer -  
Still, my little sunburnt bosom  
To her Rosier -  
  
For, when Frosts, their punctual fingers  
On her forehead lay, 10  
You and I, and Dr Holland,  
Bloom Eternally!  
  
Roses of a steadfast summer  
In a steadfast land -  
Where no Autumn lifts her pencil - 15  
And no Reapers stand!
- 132 Just lost, when I was saved!  
Just felt the world go by!  
Just girt me for the onset with Eternity,  
When breath blew back,  
And on the other side 5  
I heard recede the disappointed tide!  
  
□

- The neighbors do not yet suspect!  
 The woods exchange a smile!  
 Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird -  
 In such a little while!  
 10
- And yet, how still the Landscape stands!  
 How nonchalant the Hedge!  
 As if the "Resurrection"  
 Were nothing very strange!  
 15
- 138 To fight aloud, is very brave -  
 But *gallanter*, I know  
 Who charge within the bosom  
 The Cavalry of Wo -  
 Who win, and nations do not see -  
 Who fall - and none observe -  
 Whose dying eyes, no Country  
 Regards with patriot love -  
 5
- We trust, in plumed procession  
 For such, the Angels go -  
 Rank after Rank, with even feet -  
 And Uniforms of snow.  
 10
- 139 'Houses' - so the Wise men tell me -  
 'Mansions'! Mansions must be warm!  
 Mansions cannot let the tears in -  
 Mansions must exclude the storm!  
 'Many Mansions', by 'his Father' -  
 I dont know him; snugly built!  
 Could the children find the way there -  
 Some, would even trudge tonight!  
 5
- 140 Bring me the sunset in a cup -  
 Reckon the morning's flagons up  
 And say how many Dew -  
 Tell me how far the morning leaps -

- Tell me what time the weaver sleeps  
Who spun the breadths of blue! 5
- Write me how many notes there be  
In the new Robin's ecstasy  
Among astonished boughs -  
How many trips the Tortoise makes - 10  
How many cups the Bee partakes,  
The Debauchee of Dews!
- Also, Who laid the Rainbow's piers,  
Also, Who leads the docile spheres  
By withes of supple blue? 15  
Whose fingers string the stalactite -  
Who counts the wampum of the night  
To see that none is due?
- Who built this little Alban House  
And shut the windows down so close 20  
My spirit cannot see?  
Who'll let me out some gala day  
With implements to fly away,  
Passing Pomposity?
- 141 She died at play -  
Gambolled away  
Her lease of spotted hours,  
Then sank as gaily as a Turk  
Upon a Couch of flowers - 5
- Her ghost strolled softly o'er the hill -  
Yesterday, and Today -  
Her vestments as the silver fleece -  
Her countenance as spray -
- 142 Cocoon above! Cocoon below!  
Stealthy Cocoon, why hide you so  
What all the world suspect?  
An hour, and gay on every tree



- Your secret, perched in ecstasy  
Defies imprisonment! 5
- An hour in chrysalis to pass -  
Then gay above receding grass  
A Butterfly to go!  
A moment to interrogate, 10  
Then wiser than a "Surrogate,"  
The Universe to know!
- 143 Exultation is the going  
Of an inland soul to sea -  
Past the Houses -  
Past the Headlands -  
Into deep Eternity - 5
- Bred as we, among the mountains,  
Can the sailor understand  
The divine intoxication  
Of the first league out from Land?
- 144 I never hear the word "Escape"  
Without a quicker blood,  
A sudden expectation -  
A flying attitude!
- I never hear of prisons broad 5  
By soldiers battered down,  
But I tug childish at my bars  
Only to fail again!
- 145 A little East of Jordan,  
Evangelists record,  
A Gymnast and an Angel  
Did wrestle long and hard -
- Till morning touching mountain - 5  
And Jacob, waxing strong,

- The Angel begged permission  
To Breakfast - to return!
- Not so, said cunning Jacob!  
“I will not let thee go  
Except thou bless me” - Stranger!  
The which acceded to - 10
- Light swung the silver fleeces  
“Peniel” Hills beyond,  
And the bewildered Gymnast  
Found he had worsted God! 15
- 146 All overgrown by cunning moss,  
All interspersed with weed,  
The little cage of “Curren Bell”  
In quiet “Haworth” laid.
- This Bird - observing others  
When frosts too sharp became  
Retire to other latitudes -  
Quietly did the same - 5
- But differed in returning -  
Since Yorkshire hills are green -  
Yet not in all the nests I meet -  
Can Nightingale be seen - 10
- 147 A science - so the Savans say,  
“Comparative Anatomy” -  
By which a single bone -  
Is made a secret to unfold  
Of some rare tenant of the mold -  
Else perished in the stone - 5
- So to the eye prospective led,  
This meekest flower of the mead  
Upon a winter’s day,  
Stands representative in gold 10

Of Rose and Lily, manifold,  
And countless Butterfly!

- 148 Will there really be a “morning”?  
Is there such a thing as “Day”?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?  
  
Has it feet like Water lilies? 5  
Has it feathers like a Bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries  
Of which I have never heard?  
  
Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!  
Oh some Wise Man from the skies! 10  
Please to tell a little Pilgrim  
Where the place called “morning” lies!

- 149 Great Caesar! Condescend  
The Daisy, to receive,  
Gathered by Cato’s Daughter,  
With your majestic leave!

- 150 Like her the Saints retire,  
In their Chapeaux of fire -  
Martial as she!  
  
Like her the evenings steal  
Purple and Cochineal 5  
After the Day!  
  
“Departed” - both - they say!  
i.e, gathered away,  
Not found,  
  
Argues the Aster still - 10  
Reasons the Daffodil  
Profound!

- And if I dont - the little Bird  
 Within the Orchard, is not heard,  
 And I omit to pray 15  
 'Father, thy will be done' today  
 For my will goes the other way,  
 And it were perjury!
- 158 Where I have lost, I softer tread -  
 I sow sweet flower from garden bed -  
 I pause above that vanished head  
 And mourn.
- Whom I have lost, I pious guard 5  
 From accent harsh, or ruthless word -  
 Feeling as if their pillow heard,  
 Though stone!
- When I have lost, you'll know by this -  
 A Bonnet black - A dusk surplice - 10  
 A little tremor in my voice  
 Like this!
- Why, I have lost, the people know  
 Who dressed in frocks of purest snow  
 Went home a century ago 15  
 Next Bliss!
- 159 She went as quiet as the Dew  
 From an Accustomed flower.  
 Not like the Dew, did she return  
 At the Accustomed hour!
- She dropt as softly as a star 5  
 From out my summer's eve -  
 Less skillful than Le Verriere  
 It's sorer to believe!
- 160 To hang our head - ostensibly -  
 And subsequent, to find

- That such was not the posture  
Of our immortal mind -
- Affords the sly presumption 5  
That in so dense a fuzz -  
You - too - take Cobweb attitudes  
Upon a plane of Gauze!
- 161 The Daisy follows soft the Sun -  
And when his golden walk is done -  
Sits shily at his feet -  
He - waking - finds the flower there -  
Wherefore - Marauder - art thou here? 5  
Because, Sir, love is sweet!
- We are the Flower - Thou the Sun!  
Forgive us, if as days decline -  
We nearer steal to Thee!  
Enamored of the parting West - 10  
The peace - the flight - the amethyst -  
Night's possibility!
- 162 Some Rainbow - coming from the Fair!  
Some Vision of the World Cashmere -  
I confidently see!  
Or else a Peacock's purple Train  
Feather by feather - on the plain 5  
Fritters itself away!
- The dreamy Butterflies bestir!  
Lethargic pools resume the whirr  
Of last year's Sundered tune!  
From some old Fortress on the sun 10  
Baronial Bees - march - one by one -  
In murmuring platoon!
- The Robins stand as thick today  
As flakes of snow stood yesterday -  
On fence - and Roof - and Twig! 15  
The Orchis binds her feather on

- For her old lover - Don the sun!  
Revisiting the Bog!
- Without Commander! Countless! Still!  
The Regiments of Wood and Hill 20  
In bright detachment stand!  
Behold, Whose multitudes are these?  
The children of whose turbaned seas -  
Or what Circassian Land?
- 163 By a flower - By a letter  
By a nimble love -  
If I weld the Rivet faster -  
Final fast - above -
- Never mind my breathless Anvil! 5  
Never mind Repose!  
Never mind the sooty faces  
Tugging at the Forge!
- 164 I cant tell you - but you feel it -  
Nor can you tell me -  
Saints, with ravished slate and pencil  
Solve our April Day!
- Sweeter than a vanished frolic 5  
From a vanished green!  
Swifter than the hoofs of Horsemen  
Round a Ledge of dream!
- Modest, let us walk among it  
With our faces veiled - 10  
As they say polite Archangels  
Do in meeting God!
- Not for me - to prate about it!  
Not for you - to say  
To some fashionable Lady 15  
“Charming April Day”!
-

	Rather - Heaven's "Peter Parley"! By which children slow To sublimer Recitation Are prepared to go!	20
165	I have never seen 'Volcanoes' - But, when Travellers tell How those old - phlegmatic mountains Usually so still -  Bear within - appalling Ordnance, Fire, and smoke, and gun - Taking Villages for breakfast, And appalling Men -  If the stillness is Volcanic In the human face When upon a pain Titanic Features keep their place -  If at length, the smouldering anguish Will not overcome, And the palpitating Vineyard In the dust, be thrown?  If some loving Antiquary, On Resumption Morn, Will not cry with joy, "Pompeii!" To the Hills return!	5  10  15  20
166	Dust is the only Secret. Death, the only One You cannot find out all about In his "native town."  Nobody knew "his Father" - Never was a Boy - Had'nt any playmates, Or "Early history" -	5   □

- Industrious! Laconic!  
 Punctual! Sedate! 10  
 Bold as a Brigand!  
 Stillter than a Fleet!
- Builds, like a Bird, too!  
 Christ robs the Nest -  
 Robin after Robin 15  
 Smuggled to Rest!
- 167 I'm the little "Heart's Ease"!  
 I dont care for pouting skies!  
 If the Butterfly delay  
 Can I, therefore, stay away?  
  
 If the Coward Bumble Bee 5  
 In his chimney corner stay,  
 I, must resoluter be!  
 Who'll apologize for me?
- Dear - Old fashioned, little flower!  
 Eden is old fashioned, too! 10  
 Birds are antiquated fellows!  
 Heaven does not change her blue.  
 Nor will I, the little Heart's Ease -  
 Ever be induced to do!
- 168 Ah, Necromancy Sweet!  
 Ah, Wizard erudite!  
 Teach me the skill,  
  
 That I instill the pain  
 Surgeons assuage in vain, 5  
 Nor Herb of all the plain  
 Can heal!
- 169 Wait till the Majesty of Death  
 Invests so mean a brow!



- Unnoticed as a single dew  
That on the Acre lies.
- The smallest Housewife in the grass,  
Yet take her from the Lawn 10  
And somebody has lost the face  
That made Existence - Home!
- 174 Portraits are to daily faces  
As an Evening West,  
To a fine - pedantic sunshine -  
In a satin Vest!
- 175 I cautious, scanned my little life -  
I winnowed what would fade  
From what w'd last till Heads like mine  
Should be a'dreaming laid.
- I put the latter in a Barn - 5  
The former, blew away.  
I went one winter morning  
And lo, my priceless Hay
- Was not opon the "Scaffold" -  
Was not opon the "Beam" - 10  
And from a thriving Farmer -  
A Cynic, I became.
- Whether a Thief did it -  
Whether it was the wind -  
Whether Deity's guiltless - 15  
My business is, to find!
- So I begin to ransack!  
How is it Hearts, with Thee?  
Art thou within the little Barn  
Love provided Thee? 20

176 If I could bribe them by a Rose  
I'd bring them every flower that grows  
From Amherst to Cashmere!  
I would not stop for night, or storm -  
Or frost, or death, or anyone - 5  
My business were so dear!

If they w'd linger for a Bird  
My Tamborin were soonest heard  
Among the April Woods!  
Unwearied, all the summer long, 10  
Only to break in wilder song  
When Winter shook the boughs!

What if they hear me!  
Who shall say  
That such an importunity 15  
May not at last avail?  
That, weary of this Beggar's face -  
They may not finally say, Yes -  
To drive her from the Hall?

177 As if some little Arctic flower  
Upon the polar hem -  
Went wandering down the Latitudes  
Until it puzzled came  
To continents of summer - 5  
To firmaments of sun -  
To strange, bright crowds of flowers -  
And birds, of foreign tongue!  
I say, As if this little flower  
To Eden, wandered in - 10  
What then? Why nothing,  
Only, your *inference* therefrom!

178 To learn the Transport by the Pain -  
As Blind Men learn the sun!  
To die of thirst - suspecting  
That Brooks in Meadows run!  
□

	To stay the homesick - homesick feet Upon a foreign shore - Haunted by native lands, the while - And blue - beloved Air!	5
	This is the sovereign Anguish! This - the signal wo! These are the patient "Laureates" Whose voices - trained - below -	10
	Ascend in ceaseless Carol - Inaudible, indeed, To us - the duller scholars Of the Mysterious Bard!	15
179	If the foolish, call them " <i>flowers</i> " - Need the wiser, <i>tell</i> ? If the Savans "Classify" them It is just as well!	
	Those who read the "Revelations" Must not criticize Those who read the same Edition - With beclouded Eyes!	5
	Could we stand with that Old "Moses" - "Canaan" denied - Scan like him, the stately landscape On the other side -	10
	Doubtless, we should deem superfluous Many Sciences, Not pursued by learned Angels In scholastic skies!	15
	Low amid that glad Belles lettres Grant that we may stand - <i>Stars</i> , amid profound <i>Galaxies</i> - At that grand "Right hand"!	20

- 180 In Ebon Box, when years have flown  
 To reverently peer -  
 Wiping away the velvet dust  
 Summers have sprinkled there!
- To hold a letter to the light - 5  
 Grown Tawny - now - with time -  
 To con the faded syllables  
 That quickened us like Wine!
- Perhaps a Flower's shrivelled cheek  
 Among it's stores to find - 10  
 Plucked far away, some morning -  
 By gallant - mouldering hand!
- A curl, perhaps, from foreheads  
 Our constancy forgot -  
 Perhaps, an antique trinket - 15  
 In vanished fashions set!
- And then to lay them quiet back -  
 And go about it's care -  
 As if the little Ebon Box  
 Were none of our affair! 20
- 181 A *wounded* Deer - leaps highest -  
 I've heard the Hunter tell -  
 'Tis but the extasy of *death* -  
 And then the Brake is still!
- The *smitten* Rock that gushes! 5  
 The *trampled* Steel that springs!  
 A Cheek is always redder  
 Just where the Hectic stings!
- Mirth is the mail of Anguish -  
 In which it cautious Arm, 10  
 Lest Anybody spy the blood  
 And "you're hurt" exclaim!

- 182 The Sun kept stooping - stooping - low!  
 The Hills to meet him rose!  
 On his side, what Transaction!  
 On their side, what Repose!
- Deeper and deeper grew the stain 5  
 Opon the window pane -  
 Thicker and thicker stood the feet  
 Until the Tyrian
- Was crowded dense with Armies -  
 So gay - So Brigadier - 10  
 That *I* felt martial stirrings  
 Who once the Cockade wore -
- Charged, from my chimney Corner -  
 But Nobody was there!
- 183 I met a King this Afternoon!  
 He had not on a Crown indeed -  
 A little Palm leaf Hat was all,  
 And he was barefoot, I'm afraid!
- But sure I am he Ermine wore 5  
 Beneath his faded Jacket's blue -  
 And sure I am, the crest he bore  
 Within that Jacket's pocket too!
- For 'twas too stately for an Earl -  
 A Marquis would not go so grand! 10  
 'Twas possibly a Czar petite -  
 A Pope, or something of that kind!
- If I must tell you, of a Horse  
 My freckled Monarch held the rein -  
 Doubtless, an estimable Beast, 15  
 But not at all disposed to run!
- And such a wagon! While I live  
 Dare I presume to see  
 Another such a vehicle  
 As then transported me! 20
-

Harmless as Streaks of Meteor -  
Opon a Planet's Bond -

Their faith the Everlasting Troth -  
Their Expectation - fair -  
The Needle to the North Degree  
Wades so - through Polar Air -

10

188      Could *I* - then - shut the door -  
Lest *my* beseeching face - at last -  
Rejected - be - of *Her*?

189      Is it true, dear Sue?  
Are there *two*?  
I should'nt like to come  
For fear of joggling Him!  
If you could shut him up  
In a Coffee Cup,  
Or tie him to a pin  
Till I got in -  
Or make him fast  
To "Toby's" fist -  
Hist! Whist! I'd come!

5

10

190      No Rose, yet felt myself a'bloom,  
No Bird - yet rode in Ether -

191      "Morning" - means "Milking" - to the Farmer -  
Dawn - to the Teneriffe -  
Dice - to the Maid -  
Morning means just Risk - to the Lover -  
Just Revelation - to the Beloved -

5

Epicures - date a Breakfast - by it -  
Brides - an Apocalypse -  
Worlds - a Flood -

- Faint-going Lives - Their lapse from Sighing -  
 Faith - The Experiment of Our Lord - 10
- 192 'Tis Anguish grander than Delight  
 'Tis Resurrection Pain -  
 The meeting Bands of smitten Face  
 We questioned to, again -  
 'Tis Transport wild as thrills the Graves 5  
 When Cerements let go  
 And Creatures clad in Miracle  
 Go up by Two and Two -
- 193 *Speech* - is a prank of *Parliament* -  
*Tears* - a trick of the *nerve* -  
 But the Heart with the heaviest freight on -  
 Does'nt - always - move -
- 194 Title divine, is mine.  
 The Wife without the Sign -  
 Acute Degree conferred on me -  
 Empress of Calvary -  
 Royal, all but the Crown - 5  
 Betrothed, without the Swoon  
 God gives us Women -  
 When You hold Garnet to Garnet -  
 Gold - to Gold -  
 Born - Bridalled - Shrouded - 10  
 In a Day -  
 Tri Victory -  
 "My Husband" - Women say  
 Stroking the Melody -  
 Is this the way - 15
- 195 Victory comes late -  
 And is held low to freezing lips -

- Too rapt with frost  
 To take it -  
 How sweet it would have tasted - 5  
 Just a Drop -  
 Was God so economical?  
 His Table's spread too high for Us -  
 Unless We dine on Tiptoe -  
 Crumbs - fit such little mouths - 10  
 Cherries - suit Robins -  
 The Eagle's Golden Breakfast strangles - Them -  
 God keep His Oath to Sparrows -  
 Who of little Love - know how to starve -
- 196 I'll send the feather from my Hat!  
 Who knows - but at the sight of *that*  
 My Sovereign will relent?  
 As trinket - worn by faded Child -  
 Confronting eyes long - comforted - 5  
 Blisters the Adamant!
- 197 Jesus! thy Crucifix  
 Enable thee to guess  
 The smaller size!  
  
 Jesus! thy second face  
 Mind thee in Paradise 5  
 Of our's!
- 198 Baby -  
  
 Teach Him - when He makes the *names* -  
 Such an one - to say -  
 On his babbling - Berry - lips -  
 As should sound - to me -  
 Were my Ear - as near his nest - 5  
 As my *thought* - today -  
 As should sound -



“Forbid us not” -  
Some like “Emily.”

- 199 Tho' I get home how late - how late -  
So I get home - 'twill compensate -  
Better will be the Extasy  
That they have done expecting me -  
When night - descending - dumb - and dark - 5  
They hear my unexpected knock -  
Transporting must the moment be -  
Brewed from decades of Agony!
- To think just how the fire will burn -  
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn - 10  
To wonder what myself will say,  
And what itself, will say to me -  
Beguiles the Centuries of way!
- 200 The Rose did caper on her cheek -  
Her Boddice rose and fell -  
Her pretty speech - like drunken men -  
Did stagger pitiful -
- Her fingers fumbled at her work - 5  
Her needle would not go -  
What ailed so smart a little maid -  
It puzzled me to know -
- Till opposite - I spied a cheek  
That bore *another* Rose - 10  
*Just* opposite - another speech  
That like the Drunkard goes -
- A Vest that like her Boddice, danced -  
To the immortal tune -  
Till those two troubled - little Clocks 15  
Ticked softly into one.

- 201 With thee, in the Desert -  
 With thee in the thirst -  
 With thee in the Tamarind wood -  
 Leopard breathes - at last!
- 202 “Faith” is a fine invention  
 For Gentlemen who *see!*  
 But Microscopes are prudent  
 In an Emergency!
- 203 The thought beneath so slight a film -  
 Is more distinctly seen -  
 As laces just reveal the surge -  
 Or Mists - the Appenine -
- 204 I'll tell you how the Sun rose -  
 A Ribbon at a time -  
 The Steeples swam in Amethyst -  
 The news, like Squirrels, ran -  
 The Hills untied their Bonnets - 5  
 The Bobolinks - begun -  
 Then I said softly to myself -  
 “That must have been the Sun”!  
 But how he set - I know not -  
 There seemed a purple stile 10  
 That little Yellow boys and girls  
 Were climbing all the while -  
 Till when they reached the other side -  
 A Dominie in Gray -  
 Put gently up the evening Bars - 15  
 And led the flock away -
- 205 Come slowly - Eden!  
 Lips unused to Thee -