

# **The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.**

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.



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Songs of Many Seasons  
(1862-1874)

This etext was produced by David Widger widger@cecomet.net

## OPENING THE WINDOW

THUS I lift the sash, so long  
Shut against the flight of song;  
All too late for vain excuse,—  
Lo, my captive rhymes are loose

Rhymes that, flitting through my brain,  
Beat against my window-pane,  
Some with gayly colored wings,  
Some, alas! with venom'd stings.

Shall they bask in sunny rays?  
Shall they feed on sugared praise?  
Shall they stick with tangled feet  
On the critic's poisoned sheet?

Are the outside winds too rough?  
Is the world not wide enough?  
Go, my winged verse, and try,—  
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly!



## PROGRAMME

READER—gentle—if so be  
Such still live, and live for me,  
Will it please you to be told  
What my tenscore pages hold?

Here are verses that in spite  
Of myself I needs must write,  
Like the wine that oozes first  
When the unsqueezed grapes have burst.

Here are angry lines, “too hard!”  
Says the soldier, battle—scarred.  
Could I smile his scars away  
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,  
Read with placid wonder now.  
Throbbled such passion in my heart?  
Did his wounds once really smart?

Here are varied strains that sing  
All the changes life can bring,  
Songs when joyous friends have met,  
Songs the mourner's tears have wet.

See the banquet's dead bouquet,  
Fair and fragrant in its day;  
Do they read the selfsame lines,—  
He that fasts and he that dines?

Year by year, like milestones placed,  
Mark the record Friendship traced.  
Prisoned in the walls of time

Life has notched itself in rhyme

As its seasons slid along,  
Every year a notch of song,  
From the June of long ago,  
When the rose was full in blow,

Till the scarlet sage has come  
And the cold chrysanthemum.  
Read, but not to praise or blame;  
Are not all our hearts the same?

For the rest, they take their chance,—  
Some may pay a passing glance;  
Others,—well, they served a turn,—  
Wherefore written, would you learn?

Not for glory, not for pelf,  
Not, be sure, to please myself,  
Not for any meaner ends,—  
Always “by request of friends.”

Here's the cousin of a king,—  
Would I do the civil thing?  
Here 's the first-born of a queen;  
Here 's a slant-eyed Mandarin.

Would I polish off Japan?  
Would I greet this famous man,  
Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah?—  
Figaro gi and Figaro la!

Would I just this once comply?—  
So they teased and teased till I  
(Be the truth at once confessed)  
Wavered—yielded—did my best.

Turn my pages,—never mind  
If you like not all you find;  
Think not all the grains are gold  
Sacramento's sand-banks hold.

Every kernel has its shell,  
Every chime its harshest bell,  
Every face its weariest look,  
Every shelf its emptiest book,

Every field its leanest sheaf,  
Every book its dullest leaf,  
Every leaf its weakest line,—  
Shall it not be so with mine?

Best for worst shall make amends,  
Find us, keep us, leave us friends  
Till, perchance, we meet again.  
Benedicite.—Amen!

October 7, 1874.

## IN THE QUIET DAYS

### AN OLD-YEAR SONG

As through the forest, disarrayed  
By chill November, late I strayed,  
A lonely minstrel of the wood  
Was singing to the solitude  
I loved thy music, thus I said,  
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread  
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now  
Thy carol on the leafless bough.  
Sing, little bird! thy note shall cheer  
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue  
And morning filled their cups with dew,  
Thy slender voice with rippling trill  
The budding April bowers would fill,  
Nor passed its joyous tones away  
When April rounded into May:  
Thy life shall hail no second dawn,—  
Sing, little bird! the spring is gone.

And I remember—well—a-day!—  
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,  
As when behind a brodered screen  
Some holy maiden sings unseen  
With answering notes the woodland rung,  
And every tree-top found a tongue.  
How deep the shade! the groves how fair!  
Sing, little bird! the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done  
And mute the choral antiphon;  
The birds have left the shivering pines  
To flit among the trellised vines,  
Or fan the air with scented plumes  
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,

And thou art here alone,—alone,—  
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,  
At morn the running brook was still,  
From driven herds the clouds that rise  
Are like the smoke of sacrifice;  
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock  
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn rock,  
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb,—  
Sing, little bird! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,  
The songless fowls are half asleep,  
The air grows chill, the setting sun  
May leave thee ere thy song is done,  
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,  
Thy secret die with thee, untold  
The lingering sunset still is bright,—  
Sing, little bird! 't will soon be night.

1874.

**DOROTHY Q.**

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

I cannot tell the story of Dorothy Q. more simply in prose than I have told it in verse, but I can add something to it. Dorothy was the daughter of Judge Edmund Quincy, and the niece of Josiah Quincy, junior, the young patriot and orator who died just before the American Revolution, of which he was one of the most eloquent and effective promoters. The son of the latter, Josiah Quincy, the first mayor of Boston bearing that name, lived to a great age, one of the most useful and honored citizens of his time. The canvas of the painting was so much decayed that it had to be replaced by a new one, in doing which the rapier thrust was of course filled up.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,  
Thirteen summers, or something less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air;  
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;  
Lips that lover has never kissed;  
Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
Hold up the canvas full in view,—  
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—  
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—  
One whose best was not over well;  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;  
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
Dainty colors of red and white,  
And in her slender shape are seen

Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—  
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!  
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,  
England's annals have known her name;  
And still to the three-billed rebel town  
Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
For many a civic wreath they won,  
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;  
Such a gift as never a king  
Save to daughter or son might bring,—  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land;  
Mother and sister and child and wife  
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES  
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;  
But never a cable that holds so fast  
Through all the battles of wave and blast,  
And never an echo of speech or song  
That lives in the babbling air so long!  
There were tones in the voice that whispered then  
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
Your images hover,—and here we are,  
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—

DOROTHY Q.

Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—  
A goodly record for Time to show  
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—  
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!  
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,  
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,  
And gild with a rhyme your household name;  
So you shall smile on us brave and bright  
As first you greeted the morning's light,  
And live untroubled by woes and fears  
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

1871.



## THE ORGAN-BLOWER

DEVOUTEST of My Sunday friends,  
The patient Organ-blower bends;  
I see his figure sink and rise,  
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering eyes!)  
A moment lost, the next half seen,  
His head above the scanty screen,  
Still measuring out his deep salaams  
Through quavering hymns and panting psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,  
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;  
No sister, fresh from holy vows,  
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;  
His large obeisance puts to shame  
The proudest genuflecting dame,  
Whose Easter bonnet low descends  
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,  
How much we owe those bows of thine  
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,  
How vain the finger on the keys!  
Though all unmatched the player's skill,  
Those thousand throats were dumb and still:  
Another's art may shape the tone,  
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits  
Behind his temple's folded gates;  
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls  
Through rainbowed windows on the walls,  
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills  
The quivering air with rapturous thrills;  
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,  
And all the slumbering echoes wake!

The Preacher from the Bible—text  
With weary words my soul has vexed  
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray  
To find the lesson for the day);  
He tells us truths too plainly true,  
And reads the service all askew,—  
Why, why the—mischief—can't he look  
Beforehand in the service—book?

But thou, with decent mien and face,  
Art always ready in thy place;  
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,  
As steady as the strong monsoon;  
Thy only dread a leathery creak,  
Or small residual extra squeak,  
To send along the shadowy aisles  
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,  
Comes from the church's pulpit end!  
Not all that bend the knee and bow  
Yield service half so true as thou!  
One simple task performed aright,  
With slender skill, but all thy might,  
Where honest labor does its best,  
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many—diapasoned maze,  
Through which the breath of being strays,  
Whose music makes our earth divine,  
Has work for mortal hands like mine.  
My duty lies before me. Lo,  
The lever there! Take hold and blow  
And He whose hand is on the keys  
Will play the tune as He shall please.

1812.

## AT THE PANTOMIME

THE house was crammed from roof to floor,  
Heads piled on heads at every door;  
Half dead with August's seething heat  
I crowded on and found my seat,  
My patience slightly out of joint,  
My temper short of boiling-point,  
Not quite at \_Hate mankind as such\_,  
Nor yet at \_Love them overmuch\_.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew  
Were gathered Hebrews not a few,  
Black-bearded, swarthy,—at their side  
Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed:  
If scarce a Christian hopes for grace  
Who crowds one in his narrow place,  
What will the savage victim do  
Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew?

Next on my left a breathing form  
Wedge up against me, close and warm;  
The beak that crowned the bistred face  
Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race,—  
That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown hue,—  
Ah, cursed, unbelieving Jew  
I started, shuddering, to the right,  
And squeezed—a second Israelite

Then woke the evil brood of rage  
That slumber, tongueless, in their cage;  
I stabbed in turn with silent oaths  
The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,  
The snaky usurer, him that crawls  
And cheats beneath the golden balls,  
Moses and Levi, all the horde,  
Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,  
The grisly story Chaucer told,  
And many an ugly tale beside  
Of children caught and crucified;  
I heard the ducat-sweating thieves  
Beneath the Ghetto's slouching eaves,  
And, thrust beyond the tented green,  
The lepers cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,  
My sullen eye it could not please,  
In vain my conscience whispered, "Shame!  
Who but their Maker is to blame?"  
I thought of Judas and his bribe,  
And steeled my soul against their tribe  
My neighbors stirred; I looked again  
Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue  
The mantling blood shows faintly through;  
Locks dark as midnight, that divide  
And shade the neck on either side;  
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam  
Clear as a starlit mountain stream;—  
So looked that other child of Shem,  
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood  
That flows immingled from the Flood,—  
Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains  
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!  
The New World's foundling, in thy pride  
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,  
And lo! the very semblance there  
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,  
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,  
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows  
The blush of Sharon's opening rose,—  
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet  
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,  
Thy lips would press his garment's hem

That curl in wrathful scorn for them!

A sudden mist, a watery screen,  
Dropped like a veil before the scene;  
The shadow floated from my soul,  
And to my lips a whisper stole,—  
“Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,  
From thee the Son of Mary came,  
With thee the Father deigned to dwell,—  
Peace be upon thee, Israel!”

18—. Rewritten 1874.

## AFTER THE FIRE

WHILE far along the eastern sky  
I saw the flags of Havoc fly,  
As if his forces would assault  
The sovereign of the starry vault  
And hurl Him back the burning rain  
That seared the cities of the plain,  
I read as on a crimson page  
The words of Israel's sceptred sage :—

\_For riches make them wings, and they  
Do as an eagle fly away\_.

O vision of that sleepless night,  
What hue shall paint the mocking light  
That burned and stained the orient skies  
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,  
As if the sun had lost his way  
And dawned to make a second day,—  
Above how red with fiery glow,  
How dark to those it woke below!

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,  
Flashed the false jewels of the fire;  
Girt with her belt of glittering panes,  
And crowned with starry—gleaming vanes,  
Our northern queen in glory shone  
With new—born splendors not her own,  
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,  
A victim decked for sacrifice!

The cloud still hovers overhead,  
And still the midnight sky is red;  
As the lost wanderer strays alone  
To seek the place he called his own,  
His devious footprints sadly tell  
How changed the pathways known so well;

The scene, how new! The tale, how old  
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold!

Again I read the words that came  
Writ in the rubric of the flame  
Howe'r we trust to mortal things,  
Each hath its pair of folded wings;  
Though long their terrors rest unspread  
Their fatal plumes are never shed;  
At last, at last they spread in flight,  
And blot the day and blast then night!

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings  
Around us, never spreads her wings;  
Love, though he break his earthly chain,  
Still whispers he will come again;  
But Faith that soars to seek the sky  
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,  
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,  
The cloudless azure whence they came!

1872.

## A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

Read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

No! never such a draught was poured  
Since Hebe served with nectar  
The bright Olympians and their Lord,  
Her over-kind protector,—  
Since Father Noah squeezed the grape  
And took to such behaving  
As would have shamed our grandsire ape  
Before the days of shaving,—  
No! ne'er was mingled such a draught  
In palace, hall, or arbor,  
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed  
That night in Boston Harbor!  
The Western war-cloud's crimson stained  
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon;  
Full many a six-foot grenadier  
The flattened grass had measured,  
And many a mother many a year  
Her tearful memories treasured;  
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,  
The mighty realms were troubled,  
The storm broke loose, but first of all  
The Boston teapot bubbled!

An evening party,—only that,  
No formal invitation,  
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,  
No feast in contemplation,  
No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,  
No flowers, no songs, no dancing,—  
A tribe of red men, axe in hand,—  
Behold the guests advancing!  
How fast the stragglers join the throng,  
From stall and workshop gathered!  
The lively barber skips along  
And leaves a chin half-lathered;  
The smith has flung his hammer down,  
The horseshoe still is glowing;  
The truant tapster at the Crown



Has left a beer-cask flowing;  
The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,  
And trot behind their master;  
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads,—  
The crowd is hurrying faster,—  
Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush  
The streams of white-faced millers,  
And down their slippery alleys rush  
The lusty young Fort-Hillers—  
The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew,—  
The Tories seize the omen:  
“Ay, boys, you'll soon have work to do  
For England's rebel foemen,  
'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,  
That fire the mob with treason,—  
When these we shoot and those we hang  
The town will come to reason.”

On—on to where the tea-ships ride!  
And now their ranks are forming,—  
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side  
The Mohawk band is swarming!  
See the fierce natives! What a glimpse  
Of paint and fur and feather,  
As all at once the full-grown imps  
Light on the deck together!  
A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,  
A blanket hides the breeches,—  
And out the cursed cargo leaps,  
And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board  
So gracious, sweet, and purring,  
So happy while the tea is poured,  
So blest while spoons are stirring,  
What martyr can compare with thee,  
The mother, wife, or daughter,  
That night, instead of best Bohea,  
Condemned to milk and water!

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame  
Who plies with' rock and spindle  
The patient flax, how great a flame  
Yon little spark shall kindle!  
The lurid morning shall reveal

A fire no king can smother  
Where British flint and Boston steel  
Have clashed against each other!  
Old charters shrivel in its track,  
His Worship's bench has crumbled,

It climbs and clasps the union-jack,  
Its blazoned pomp is humbled,  
The flags go down on land and sea  
Like corn before the reapers;  
So burned the fire that brewed the tea  
That Boston served her keepers!

The waves that wrought a century's wreck  
Have rolled o'er whig and tory;  
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck  
Still live in song and story;  
The waters in the rebel bay  
Have kept the tea-leaf savor;  
Our old North-Enders in their spray  
Still taste a Hyson flavor;  
And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows  
With ever fresh libations,  
To cheat of slumber all her foes  
And cheer the wakening nations

1874.

## NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

SLOW toiling upward from' the misty vale,  
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;  
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,  
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;  
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,  
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow  
Along the margin of unmelting snow;  
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,  
White realm of peace above the flowering line;  
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!  
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,  
On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,  
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

1870.

## IN WARTIME

TO CANAAN

A PURITAN WAR SONG

This poem, published anonymously in the Boston Evening Transcript, was claimed by several persons, three, if I remember correctly, whose names I have or have had, but never thought it worth while to publish.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,  
With banner, gun, and sword?  
We 're marching South to Canaan  
To battle for the Lord  
What Captain leads your armies  
Along the rebel coasts?  
The Mighty One of Israel,  
His name is Lord of Hosts!  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To blow before the heathen walls  
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry  
Along the sea and shore?  
The same our grandsires lifted up,—  
The same our fathers bore  
In many a battle's tempest  
It shed the crimson rain,—  
What God has woven in his loom  
Let no man rend in twain!  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To plant upon the rebel towers  
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,  
All armed with picks and spades?  
These are the swarthy bondsmen,—  
The iron-skin brigades!  
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,  
They 'LL scoop out rebels' graves;  
Who then will be their owner  
And march them off for slaves?  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To strike upon the captive's chain  
The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?  
The same that Israel sung  
When Moses led the mighty choir,  
And Miriam's timbrel rung!  
To Canaan! To Canaan!  
The priests and maidens cried:  
To Canaan! To Canaan!  
The people's voice replied.  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To thunder through its adder dens  
The anthems of the North

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,  
And all her walls lie flat,  
What follows next in order?  
The Lord will see to that  
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—  
We 'll build the people's throne,—  
When half the world is Freedom's,  
Then all the world's our own  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,  
A whirlwind from the North

August 12, 1862.

**“THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER THEE THREE THINGS.”**

IN poisonous dens, where traitors hide  
Like bats that fear the day,  
While all the land our charters claim  
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,  
Dead to their country's woe and shame,  
The recreants whisper STAY!

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires  
On Love's own altars glow,  
The mother hides her trembling fear,  
The wife, the sister, checks a tear,  
To breathe the parting word of cheer,  
Soldier of Freedom, Go!

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,  
And Mammon keeps his state,  
Where flatterers fawn and menials crouch,  
The dreamer, startled from his couch,  
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,  
And murmurs faintly WAIT!

In weary camps, on trampled plains  
That ring with fife and drum,  
The battling host, whose harness gleams  
Along the crimson-flowing streams,  
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,  
We want you, Brother! COME!

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do,—  
To go, to wait, to stay!  
Sons of the Freedom-loving town,  
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,  
The servile yoke, the civic crown,  
Await your choice To-DAY!

The stake is laid! O gallant youth  
With yet unsilvered brow,  
If Heaven should lose and Hell should win,  
On whom shall lie the mortal sin,  
That cries aloud, It might have been?  
God calls you—answer NOW.

1862.

## NEVER OR NOW

### AN APPEAL

LISTEN, young heroes! your country is calling!  
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!  
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,  
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,  
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame  
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,  
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!  
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!  
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping,—  
“Off for the wars!” is enough for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!  
Hark! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn!  
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,  
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,  
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;  
Now is the day and the hour of salvation,—  
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon  
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;  
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon  
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!



From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,  
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,—  
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying  
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,—

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,  
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,  
Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,  
Hear the last Angel-trump,—Never or Now!

1862.

## ONE COUNTRY

ONE country! Treason's writhing asp  
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,  
And Hatred wrenched with might and main  
To rend its welded links in twain,  
While Mammon hugged his golden calf  
Content to take one broken half,  
While thankless churls stood idly by  
And heard unmoved a nation's cry!

One country! "Nay,"—the tyrant crew  
Shrieked from their dens,—“it shall be two!  
Ill bodes to us this monstrous birth,  
That scowls on all the thrones of earth,  
Too broad yon starry cluster shines,  
Too proudly tower the New-World pines,  
Tear down the 'banner of the free,'  
And cleave their land from sea to sea!”

One country still, though foe and “friend”  
Our seamless empire strove to rend;  
Safe! safe' though all the fiends of hell  
Join the red murderers' battle-yell!  
What though the lifted sabres gleam,  
The cannons frown by shore and stream,—  
The sabres clash, the cannons thrill,  
In wild accord, One country still!

One country! in her stress and strain  
We heard the breaking of a chain!  
Look where the conquering Nation swings  
Her iron flail,—its shivered rings!  
Forged by the rebels' crimson hand,  
That bolt of wrath shall scourge the land  
Till Peace proclaims on sea and shore  
One Country now and evermore!

1865.

## GOD SAVE THE FLAG

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the blooming,  
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,  
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,  
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,  
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;  
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,  
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,  
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,  
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,  
'Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,  
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,  
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,  
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,  
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,  
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,  
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

1865.

## HYMN AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

GIVER of all that crowns our days,  
With grateful hearts we sing thy praise;  
Through deep and desert led by Thee,  
Our promised land at last we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause!  
If we have kept thy holy laws,  
The sons of Belial curse in vain  
The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance! Israel's Lord!  
Break in their grasp the shield and sword,  
And make thy righteous judgments known  
Till all thy foes are overthrown!

Then, Father, lay thy healing hand  
In mercy on our stricken land;  
Lead all its wanderers to the fold,  
And be their Shepherd as of old.

So shall one Nation's song ascend  
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,  
While Heaven's wide arch resounds again  
With Peace on earth, good-will to men!

1865.

## HYMN FOR THE FAIR AT CHICAGO

O GOD! in danger's darkest hour,  
In battle's deadliest field,  
Thy name has been our Nation's tower,  
Thy truth her help and shield.

Our lips should fill the air with praise,  
Nor pay the debt we owe,  
So high above the songs we raise  
The floods of mercy flow.

Yet Thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,  
The song of praise we sing,—  
Thy children, who thine altar seek  
Their grateful gifts to bring.

Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,  
The home of woe and pain,  
The soldier's turfy pillow, red  
With battle's crimson rain.

No smoke of burning stains the air,  
No incense—clouds arise;  
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare  
A bloodless sacrifice.

Lo! for our wounded brothers' need,  
We bear the wine and oil;  
For us they faint, for us they bleed,  
For them our gracious toil!

O Father, bless the gifts we bring!  
Cause Thou thy face to shine,

Till every nation owns her King,  
And all the earth is thine.

1865.

## UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE

APRIL 27, 1861

EIGHTY years have passed, and more,  
Since under the brave old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore  
They would follow the sign their banners bore,  
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,  
Half is left to do,—  
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!  
When the battle is fought and won,  
What shall be told of you?

Hark!—'t is the south-wind moans,—  
Who are the martyrs down?  
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones  
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones  
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?  
What if the green leaves fall?  
Better the crashing tempest's throe  
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;  
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,  
And the land from traitors free,  
Our children shall tell of the strife begun  
When Liberty's second April sun  
Was bright on our brave old tree!



## FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,  
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,  
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;  
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew  
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true,—  
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,  
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight  
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,  
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the sign  
Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou' hast broken its chains,—  
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,  
Stand for the right till the nations shall own  
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,  
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!  
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,  
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast,—  
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!  
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,  
She shall reign over us, world without end!

## ARMY HYMN

"OLD HUNDRED"

O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King!  
Behold the sacrifice we bring  
To every arm thy strength impart,  
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires;  
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord  
In thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign,—  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

**PARTING HYMN  
"DUNDEE"**

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,  
We seek thy gracious throne;  
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,  
Our fainting hearts are known

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,  
From every plague that harms;  
In camp and march, in siege and fight,  
Protect our men—at—arms

Though from our darkened lives they take  
What makes our life most dear,  
We yield them for their country's sake  
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
Their wounds our breasts will share;  
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,  
Or grant us strength to bear!

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
The stern destroyer cease,  
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
And seraphs whisper Peace!

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,  
Stretch forth thy mighty hand,—  
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,  
Rule Thou our throneless land!

## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land  
Oh tell us what its name may be,—  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till Lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light,—  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
From tower and dome its glories spread;  
It waves where lonely sentries tread;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

## THE SWEET LITTLE MAN

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,  
Each at his post to do all that he can,  
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,  
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,  
All of them pressing to march with the van,  
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;  
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike mustaches,  
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,  
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,  
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!  
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;  
Muster the Apron-String Guards on the Common,  
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,  
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;  
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,  
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,  
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,  
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster,—  
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

Oh, but the Apron-String Guards are the fellows  
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—  
“Handle your walking-sticks!” “Shoulder umbrellas!”  
That is the style for the sweet little man!

Have we a nation to save? In the first place  
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan,—  
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place  
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!  
Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran!  
In the brigade of the Stay-at-Home Rangers  
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,  
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;  
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty Quakers,  
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!  
*Sauve qui peut!* Bridget, and right about! Ann;—  
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,  
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field's threshers  
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,  
While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,  
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,  
How will he look while his features they scan?  
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,  
Signed by his lady love? sweet little man!

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him,—  
Life is too precious to shorten its span;  
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,  
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-Home Ranger!  
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!  
First in the field that is farthest from danger,  
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man!



## UNION AND LIBERTY

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—  
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of her children, and honored afar,  
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,  
Then with the arms of thy millions united,  
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!  
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—  
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

## SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL

### AMERICA TO RUSSIA

AUGUST 5, 1866

Read by Hon. G. V. Fox at a dinner given to the Mission from the United States, St. Petersburg.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart  
The worlds of East and West,  
Still beats the selfsame human heart  
In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main  
And dares the howling blast  
To clasp more close the golden chain  
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,  
In vain the billows roar  
That chafe the wild and stormy steep  
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes! She comes! her banners dip  
In Neva's flashing tide,  
With greetings on her cannon's lip,  
The storm-god's iron bride!

Peace garlands with the olive-bough  
Her thunder-bearing tower,  
And plants before her cleaving prow  
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store  
To fill her sunless hold,  
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore  
Its hidden caves infold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings  
She floats the depths above,  
A breath of flame to lend her wings,  
Her freight a people's love!

When darkness hid the starry skies  
In war's long winter night,  
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,  
The far-off Northern light

And now the friendly rays return  
From lights that glow afar,  
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that burn  
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles  
We bear across the sea,  
O Neva of the banded isles,  
We moor our hearts in thee!

## WELCOME TO THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 6, 1871

Sung to the Russian national air by the children of the public schools.

SHADOWED so long by the storm—cloud of danger,  
Thou whom the prayers of an empire defend,  
Welcome, thrice welcome! but not as a stranger,  
Come to the nation that calls thee its friend!

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of December,  
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow;  
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that remember  
Who was our friend when the world was our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet thee,  
See the fresh flowers that a people has strewn  
Count them thy sisters and brothers that meet thee;  
Guest of the Nation, her heart is thine own!

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,  
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star!  
God bless the Empire that loves the Great Union;  
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

## AT THE BANQUET TO THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS

DECEMBER 9, 1871

ONE word to the guest we have gathered to greet!  
The echoes are longing that word to repeat,—  
It springs to the lips that are waiting to part,  
For its syllables spell themselves first in the heart.

Its accents may vary, its sound may be strange,  
But it bears a kind message that nothing can change;  
The dwellers by Neva its meaning can tell,  
For the smile, its interpreter, shows it full well.

That word! How it gladdened the Pilgrim yore,  
As he stood in the snow on the desolate shore!  
When the shout of the sagamore startled his ear  
In the phrase of the Saxon, 't was music to hear!

Ah, little could Samoset offer our sire,—  
The cabin, the corn-cake, the seat by the fire;  
He had nothing to give,—the poor lord of the land,—  
But he gave him a WELCOME,—his heart in his hand!

The tribe of the sachem has melted away,  
But the word that he spoke is remembered to-day,  
And the page that is red with the record of shame  
The tear-drops have whitened round Samoset's name.

The word that he spoke to the Pilgrim of old  
May sound like a tale that has often been told;  
But the welcome we speak is as fresh as the dew,—  
As the kiss of a lover, that always is new!

Ay, Guest of the Nation! each roof is thine own  
Through all the broad continent's star-bannered zone;  
From the shore where the curtain of morn is uprolled,  
To the billows that flow through the gateway of gold.

The snow-crested mountains are calling aloud;  
Nevada to Ural speaks out of the cloud,  
And Shasta shouts forth, from his throne in the sky,  
To the storm-splintered summits, the peaks of Altai!

You must leave him, they say, till the summer is green!  
Both shores are his home, though the waves roll between;  
And then we'll return him, with thanks for the same,  
As fresh and as smiling and tall as he came.

But ours is the region of arctic delight;  
We can show him auroras and pole-stars by night;  
There's a Muscovy sting in the ice-tempered air,  
And our firesides are warm and our maidens are fair.

The flowers are full-blown in the garlanded hall,—  
They will bloom round his footsteps wherever they fall;  
For the splendors of youth and the sunshine they bring  
Make the roses believe 't is the summons of Spring.

One word of our language he needs must know well,  
But another remains that is harder to spell;  
We shall speak it so ill, if he wishes to learn  
How we utter Farewell, he will have to return!

## AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY

AUGUST 21, 1868

BROTHERS, whom we may not reach  
Through the veil of alien speech,  
Welcome! welcome! eyes can tell  
What the lips in vain would spell,—  
Words that hearts can understand,  
Brothers from the Flowery Land!

We, the evening's latest born,  
Hail the children of the morn!  
We, the new creation's birth,  
Greet the lords of ancient earth,  
From their storied walls and towers  
Wandering to these tents of ours!

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,  
Who long hast shunned the staring day,  
Hid in mists of poet's dreams  
By thy blue and yellow streams,—  
Let us thy shadowed form behold,—  
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;  
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;  
Thine the compass that could guide  
A nation o'er the stormy tide,  
Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,  
Safe through thrice a thousand years!

Looking from thy turrets gray  
Thou hast seen the world's decay,—  
Egypt drowning in her sands,—  
Athens rent by robbers' hands,—



Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,  
Like a storm—cloud swept away:

Looking from thy turrets gray  
Still we see thee. Where are they?  
And to I a new—born nation waits,  
Sitting at the golden gates  
That glitter by the sunset sea,—  
Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold,  
To the Dragon's banner—fold!  
Builders of the mighty wall,  
Bid your mountain barriers fall!  
So may the girdle of the sun.  
Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan  
The snowy peaks of Ta Sieue—Shan,—  
Till Erie blends its waters blue  
With the waves of Tung—Ting—Hu,—  
Till deep Missouri lends its flow  
To swell the rushing Hoang—Ho!

## AT THE BANQUET TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY

AUGUST 2, 1872

WE welcome you, Lords of the Land of the Sun!  
The voice of the many sounds feebly through one;  
Ah! would 't were a voice of more musical tone,  
But the dog–star is here, and the song–birds have flown.

And what shall I sing that can cheat you of smiles,  
Ye heralds of peace from the Orient isles?  
If only the Jubilee—Why did you wait?  
You are welcome, but oh! you're a little too late!

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland and France,  
Round the fiddle of Strauss we have joined in the dance,  
We have lagered Herr Saro, that fine–looking man,  
And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is Dan.

What a pity! we've missed it and you've missed it too,  
We had a day ready and waiting for you;  
We'd have shown you—provided, of course, you had come—  
You 'd have heard—no, you would n't, because it was dumb.

And then the great organ! The chorus's shout  
Like the mixture teetotalers call “Cold without”—  
A mingling of elements, strong, but not sweet;  
And the drum, just referred to, that “couldn't be beat.”

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like your own,  
Where white Fusiyama lifts proudly its cone,  
(The snow–mantled mountain we see on the fan  
That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze from Japan.)

But ours the wide temple where worship is free  
As the wind of the prairie, the wave of the sea;  
You may build your own altar wherever you will,  
For the roof of that temple is over you still.

One dome overarches the star-bannered shore;  
You may enter the Pope's or the Puritan's door,  
Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway of bronze,  
For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword and the pen  
Is to all of God's children, "We also are men!  
If you wrong us we smart, if you prick us we bleed,  
If you love us, no quarrel with color or creed!"

You'll find us a well-meaning, free-spoken crowd,  
Good-natured enough, but a little too loud,—  
To be sure, there is always a bit of a row  
When we choose our Tycoon, and especially now.

You'll take it all calmly,—we want you to see  
What a peaceable fight such a contest can be,  
And of one thing be certain, however it ends,  
You will find that our voters have chosen your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first in the race,  
You will greet your old friend with the weed in his face;  
And if the white hat and the White House agree,  
You'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But oh, what a pity—once more I must say—  
That we could not have joined in a "Japanese day"!  
Such greeting we give you to-night as we can;  
Long life to our brothers and friends of Japan!

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

The Lord of the mountain looks down from his crest  
As the banner of morning unfurls in the West;  
The Eagle was always the friend of the Sun;  
You are welcome!—The song of the cage-bird is done.

## BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

O EVEN-HANDED Nature! we confess  
This life that men so honor, love, and bless  
Has filled thine olden measure. Not the less

We count the precious seasons that remain;  
Strike not the level of the golden grain,  
But heap it high with years, that earth may gain

What heaven can lose,—for heaven is rich in song  
Do not all poets, dying, still prolong  
Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,  
And England's heavenly minstrel sits between  
The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Florentine?

This was the first sweet singer in the cage  
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age  
Claims in his vesper song its heritage

Spare us, oh spare us long our heart's desire!  
Moloch, who calls our children through the fire,  
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun  
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have run;  
Rather, as on those flowers that one by one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom display  
Till evening's planet with her guiding ray  
Leads in the blind old mother of the day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a flower,  
The long, long daylight, numbering hour by hour,  
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?  
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?  
His evening primrose has not opened yet;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the skies  
In midnight from his century-laden eyes,  
Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song—bud open bright  
As the resplendent cactus of the night  
That floods the gloom with fragrance and with  
light?

How can we praise the verse whose music flows  
With solemn cadence and majestic close,  
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose?

How shall we thank him that in evil days  
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor praise,  
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
So to his youth his manly years were true,  
All dyed in royal purple through and through!

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven is strung  
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal tongue  
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung!

Marbles forget their message to mankind:  
In his own verse the poet still we find,  
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,

As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—  
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,  
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow  
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature so  
Holds their soft hands, and will not let them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet  
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses beat  
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their own  
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,  
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful throne!

O lover of her mountains and her woods,  
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,  
Where Love himself with tremulous step intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred fire  
Far be the day that claims thy sounding lyre  
To join the music of the angel choir!

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be filled,  
Since throbbing hearts must be forever stilled,  
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes  
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,  
Its smoke may vanish from these blackened skies!

Then, when his summons comes, since come it must,  
And, looking heavenward with unfaltering trust,  
He wraps his drapery round him for the dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his head  
The Northern fires beyond the zenith spread  
In lambent glory, blue and white and red,—

The Southern cross without its bleeding load,  
The milky way of peace all freshly strowed,  
And every white-throned star fixed in its lost  
abode!



## A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ

How the mountains talked together,  
Looking down upon the weather,  
When they heard our friend had planned his  
Little trip among the Andes!  
How they'll bare their snowy scalps  
To the climber of the Alps  
When the cry goes through their passes,  
"Here comes the great Agassiz!"  
"Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,  
"But I wait for him to say so,—  
That's the only thing that lacks,—he  
Must see me, Cotopaxi!"  
"Ay! ay!" the fire-peak thunders,  
"And he must view my wonders!  
I'm but a lonely crater  
Till I have him for spectator!"  
The mountain hearts are yearning,  
The lava-torches burning,  
The rivers bend to meet him,  
The forests bow to greet him,  
It thrills the spinal column  
Of fossil fishes solemn,  
And glaciers crawl the faster  
To the feet of their old master!  
Heaven keep him well and hearty,  
Both him and all his party!  
From the sun that broils and smites,  
From the centipede that bites,  
From the hail-storm and the thunder,  
From the vampire and the condor,  
From the gust upon the river,  
From the sudden earthquake shiver,  
From the trip of mule or donkey,  
From the midnight howling monkey,  
From the stroke of knife or dagger,  
From the puma and the jaguar,  
From the horrid boa-constrictor  
That has scared us in the pictur',  
From the Indians of the Pampas  
Who would dine upon their grampas,  
From every beast and vermin  
That to think of sets us squirmin',  
From every snake that tries on  
The traveller his p'ison,

From every pest of Natur',  
Likewise the alligator,  
And from two things left behind him,—  
(Be sure they'll try to find him,)  
The tax-bill and assessor,—  
Heaven keep the great Professor  
May he find, with his apostles,  
That the land is full of fossils,  
That the waters swarm with fishes  
Shaped according to his wishes,  
That every pool is fertile  
In fancy kinds of turtle,  
New birds around him singing,  
New insects, never stinging,  
With a million novel data  
About the articulata,  
And facts that strip off all husks  
From the history of mollusks.  
And when, with loud Te Deum,  
He returns to his Museum,  
May he find the monstrous reptile  
That so long the land has kept ill  
By Grant and Sherman throttled,  
And by Father Abraham bottled,  
(All specked and streaked and mottled  
With the scars of murderous battles,  
Where he clashed the iron rattles  
That gods and men he shook at,)  
For all the world to look at

God bless the great Professor!  
And Madam, too, God bless her!  
Bless him and all his band,  
On the sea and on the land,  
Bless them head and heart and hand,  
Till their glorious raid is o'er,  
And they touch our ransomed shore!  
Then the welcome of a nation,  
With its shout of exultation,  
Shall awake the dumb creation,  
And the shapes of buried aeons  
Join the living creatures' poeans,  
Till the fossil echoes roar;  
While the mighty megalosaurus  
Leads the palaeozoic chorus,—  
God bless the great Professor,  
And the land his proud possessor,—  
Bless them now and evermore!

1865.

## AT A DINNER TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT

JULY 6, 1865

Now, smiling friends and shipmates all,  
Since half our battle 's won,  
A broadside for our Admiral!  
Load every crystal gun  
Stand ready till I give the word,—  
You won't have time to tire,—  
And when that glorious name is heard,  
Then hip! hurrah! and fire!

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft,—  
Our eyes not sadly turn  
And see the pirates huddling aft  
To drop their raft astern;  
Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey  
The lifted wave shall close,—  
So perish from the face of day  
All Freedom's banded foes!

But ah! what splendors fire the sky  
What glories greet the morn!  
The storm-tost banner streams on high,  
Its heavenly hues new-born!  
Its red fresh dyed in heroes' blood,  
Its peaceful white more pure,  
To float unstained o'er field and flood  
While earth and seas endure!

All shapes before the driving blast  
Must glide from mortal view;  
Black roll the billows of the past  
Behind the present's blue,  
Fast, fast, are lessening in the light  
The names of high renown,—  
Van Tromp's proud besom fades from sight,

AT A DINNER TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT

And Nelson's half hull down!

Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea  
Or skirts the safer shores  
Of all that bore to victory  
Our stout old commodores;  
Hull, Bainbridge, Porter,—where are they?  
The waves their answer roll,  
“Still bright in memory's sunset ray,—  
God rest each gallant soul!”

A brighter name must dim their light  
With more than noontide ray,  
The Sea-King of the “River Fight,”  
The Conqueror of the Bay,—  
Now then the broadside! cheer on cheer  
To greet him safe on shore!  
Health, peace, and many a bloodless year  
To fight his battles o'er!

## AT A DINNER TO GENERAL GRANT

JULY 31, 1865

WHEN treason first began the strife  
That crimsoned sea and shore,  
The Nation poured her hoarded life  
On Freedom's threshing-floor;  
From field and prairie, east and west,  
From coast and hill and plain,  
The sheaves of ripening manhood pressed  
Thick as the bearded grain.

Rich was the harvest; souls as true  
As ever battle tried;  
But fiercer still the conflict grew,  
The floor of death more wide;  
Ah, who forgets that dreadful day  
Whose blot of grief and shame  
Four bitter years scarce wash away  
In seas of blood and flame?

Vain, vain the Nation's lofty boasts,—  
Vain all her sacrifice!  
“Give me a man to lead my hosts,  
O God in heaven!” she cries.  
While Battle whirls his crushing flail,  
And plies his winnowing fan,—  
Thick flies the chaff on every gale,—  
She cannot find her man!

Bravely they fought who failed to win,—  
Our leaders battle-scarred,—  
Fighting the hosts of hell and sin,  
But devils die always hard!  
Blame not the broken tools of God  
That helped our sorest needs;  
Through paths that martyr feet have trod

The conqueror's steps He leads.

But now the heavens grow black with doubt,  
The ravens fill the sky,  
"Friends" plot within, foes storm without,  
Hark,—that despairing cry,  
"Where is the heart, the hand, the brain  
To dare, to do, to plan?"  
The bleeding Nation shrieks in vain,—  
She has not found her man!

A little echo stirs the air,—  
Some tale, whate'er it be,  
Of rebels routed in their lair  
Along the Tennessee.  
The little echo spreads and grows,  
And soon the trump of Fame  
Has taught the Nation's friends and foes  
The "man on horseback"'s name.

So well his warlike wooing sped,  
No fortress might resist  
His billets-doux of lispings lead,  
The bayonets in his fist,—  
With kisses from his cannons' mouth  
He made his passion known  
Till Vicksburg, vestal of the South,  
Unbound her virgin zone.

And still where'er his banners led  
He conquered as he came,  
The trembling hosts of treason fled  
Before his breath of flame,  
And Fame's still gathering echoes grew  
Till high o'er Richmond's towers  
The starry fold of Freedom flew,  
And all the land was ours.

Welcome from fields where valor fought  
To feasts where pleasure waits;  
A Nation gives you smiles unbought

At all her opening gates!  
Forgive us when we press your hand,—  
Your war-worn features scan,—  
God sent you to a bleeding land;  
Our Nation found its man!



## TO H. W. LONGFELLOW

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE, MAY 27, 1868

OUR Poet, who has taught the Western breeze  
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,  
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach  
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech  
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be  
That finds a nest for him in every tree?  
How shall he travel who can never go  
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,  
Where his own garden flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign  
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,  
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,  
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,  
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;  
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;  
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,  
And save that tenderer moments make us bold  
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below  
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,  
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;  
After the snows no freshening dews descend,  
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days,  
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,  
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;  
And one has shaped a breath in artless rhyme  
That sighs, " We track thee still through each remotest clime."

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be  
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!  
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find,—  
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind,—  
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!

## TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED EHRENBERG

FOR HIS "JUBILAEUM" AT BERLIN, NOVEMBER 5, 1868

This poem was written at the suggestion of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian.

THOU who hast taught the teachers of mankind  
How from the least of things the mightiest grow,  
What marvel jealous Nature made thee blind,  
Lest man should learn what angels long to know?  
Thou in the flinty rock, the river's flow,  
In the thick-moted sunbeam's sifted light  
Hast trained thy downward-pointed tube to show  
Worlds within worlds unveiled to mortal sight,  
Even as the patient watchers of the night,—  
The cyclope gleaners of the fruitful skies,—  
Show the wide misty way where heaven is white  
All paved with suns that daze our wondering eyes.

Far o'er the stormy deep an empire lies,  
Beyond the storied islands of the blest,  
That waits to see the lingering day-star rise;  
The forest-tinctured Eden of the West;  
Whose queen, fair Freedom, twines her iron crest  
With leaves from every wreath that mortals wear,  
But loves the sober garland ever best  
That science lends the sage's silvered hair;—  
Science, who makes life's heritage more fair,  
Forging for every lock its mastering key,  
Filling with life and hope the stagnant air,  
Pouring the light of Heaven o'er land and sea!  
From her unsceptred realm we come to thee,  
Bearing our slender tribute in our hands;  
Deem it not worthless, humble though it be,  
Set by the larger gifts of older lands  
The smallest fibres weave the strongest bands,—  
In narrowest tubes the sovereign nerves are spun,—  
A little cord along the deep sea-sands  
Makes the live thought of severed nations one

TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED EHRENBERG

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

Thy fame has journeyed westering with the sun,  
Prairies and lone sierras know thy name  
And the long day of service nobly done  
That crowns thy darkened evening with its flame!

One with the grateful world, we own thy claim,—  
Nay, rather claim our right to join the throng  
Who come with varied tongues, but hearts the same,  
To hail thy festal morn with smiles and song;  
Ah, happy they to whom the joys belong  
Of peaceful triumphs that can never die  
From History's record,—not of gilded wrong,  
But golden truths that, while the world goes by  
With all its empty pageant, blazoned high  
Around the Master's name forever shine  
So shines thy name illumined in the sky,—  
Such joys, such triumphs, such remembrance thine!

## A TOAST TO WILKIE COLLINS

FEBRUARY 16, 1874

THE painter's and the poet's fame  
Shed their twinned lustre round his name,  
To gild our story-teller's art,  
Where each in turn must play his part.

What scenes from Wilkie's pencil sprung,  
The minstrel saw but left unsung!  
What shapes the pen of Collins drew,  
No painter clad in living hue!

But on our artist's shadowy screen  
A stranger miracle is seen  
Than priest unveils or pilgrim seeks,—  
The poem breathes, the picture speaks!

And so his double name comes true,  
They christened better than they knew,  
And Art proclaims him twice her son,—  
Painter and poet, both in one!

MEMORIAL VERSES

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865

CHORAL: "LUTHER'S JUDGMENT HYMN."

O THOU of soul and sense and breath  
The ever-present Giver,  
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,  
All flesh thou dost deliver;  
What most we cherish we resign,  
For life and death alike are thine,  
Who reignest Lord forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust  
With him so true and tender,  
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,  
The shield of the offender;  
Yet every murmuring voice is still,  
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,  
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold  
This martyr generation,  
Which thou, through trials manifold,  
Art showing thy salvation  
Oh let the blood by murder spilt

Wash out thy stricken children's guilt  
And sanctify our nation!

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,  
Forsake thy people never,  
In One our broken Many blend,  
That none again may sever!  
Hear us, O Father, while we raise  
With trembling lips our song of praise,  
And bless thy name forever!

## FOR THE COMMEMORATION SERVICES

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865

FOUR summers coined their golden light in leaves,  
Four wasteful autumns flung them to the gale,  
Four winters wore the shroud the tempest weaves,  
The fourth wan April weeps o'er hill and vale;

And still the war-clouds scowl on sea and land,  
With the red gleams of battle staining through,  
When lo! as parted by an angel's hand,  
They open, and the heavens again are blue!

Which is the dream, the present or the past?  
The night of anguish or the joyous morn?  
The long, long years with horrors overcast,  
Or the sweet promise of the day new-born?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms infold  
Thy belted first-born in their fast embrace,  
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch breathed of old,—  
“Now let me die, for I have seen thy face!”

Tell us, O mother,—nay, thou canst not speak,  
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed with joy,—  
Press thy mute lips against the sunbrowned cheek,  
Is this a phantom,—thy returning boy?

Tell us, O maiden,—ah, what canst thou tell  
That Nature's record is not first to teach,—  
The open volume all can read so well,  
With its twin rose-hued pages full of speech?



And ye who mourn your dead,—how sternly true  
The crushing hour that wrenched their lives away,  
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for you,  
For them the dawning of immortal day!

Dream—like these years of conflict, not a dream!  
Death, ruin, ashes tell the awful tale,  
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam  
No dream, but truth that turns the nations pale

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands  
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,

Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands,—  
Thrones look a century older in its light!

Rome had her triumphs; round the conqueror's car  
The ensigns waved, the brazen clarions blew,  
And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war  
With outspread wings the cruel eagles flew;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains  
Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed and scarred,  
And wild-eyed wonders snared on Lybian plains,  
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that praetors clutched, that consuls brought  
When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord;  
Less than the least brave deed these hands have wrought,  
We clasp, unclinking from the bloody sword.

Theirs was the mighty work that seers foretold;  
They know not half their glorious toil has won,  
For this is Heaven's same battle,—joined of old  
When Athens fought for us at Marathon!

Behold a vision none hath understood!  
The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal;  
Twice rings the summons.—Hail and fire and blood!  
Then the third angel blows his trumpet—peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled coasts,  
The green savannas swell the maddened cry,  
And with a yell from all the demon hosts  
Falls the great star called Wormwood from the sky!

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow  
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore,  
Thousands must drink the waves of death and woe,  
But the star Wormwood stains the heavens no more!

Peace smiles at last; the Nation calls her sons  
To sheathe the sword; her battle—flag she furls,  
Speaks in glad thunders from unspotted guns,  
No terror shrouded in the smoke—wreath's curls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living, dead,  
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,  
For every holy, drop your veins have shed  
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of green!

Welcome, ye living! from the foeman's gripe  
Your country's banner it was yours to wrest,—  
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner—stripe,  
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's bed  
Mark when your old battalions form in line,  
Move in their marching ranks with noiseless tread,  
And shape unheard the evening countersign,

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Come with your comrades, the returning brave;  
Shoulder to shoulder they await you here;  
These lent the life their martyr-brothers gave,—  
Living and dead alike forever dear!

## EDWARD EVERETT

### "OUR FIRST CITIZEN"

Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society,  
January 30, 1865.

WINTER'S cold drift lies glistening o'er his breast;  
For him no spring shall bid the leaf unfold  
What Love could speak, by sudden grief oppressed,  
What swiftly summoned Memory tell, is told.

Even as the bells, in one consenting chime,  
Filled with their sweet vibrations all the air,  
So joined all voices, in that mournful time,  
His genius, wisdom, virtues, to declare.

What place is left for words of measured praise,  
Till calm-eyed History, with her iron pen,  
Grooves in the unchanging rock the final phrase  
That shapes his image in the souls of men?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his name,  
While countless tongues his full-orbed life rehearse,  
Love, by his beating pulses taught, will claim  
The breath of song, the tuneful throb of verse,—

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and flow,  
Moves, like the laboring heart, with rush and rest,  
Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and slow,  
Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn breast.

This was a mind so rounded, so complete,  
No partial gift of Nature in excess,  
That, like a single stream where many meet,  
Each separate talent counted something less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,  
Holds o'er the fields an undisputed reign;  
While the broad summit of the table-land  
Seems with its belt of clouds a level plain.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful slave,  
Unsleeping Memory, strengthening with his toils,  
To every ruder task his shoulder gave,  
And loaded every day with golden spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned supreme  
O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling, thought;  
True as the dial's shadow to the beam,  
Each hour was equal to the charge it brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill  
That weighs the world of science grain by grain;  
All realms of knowledge owned the mastering will  
That claimed the franchise of its whole domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,  
Art, history, song,—what meanings lie in each  
Found in his cunning hand a stringless lyre,  
And poured their mingling music through his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our festal days,  
Whose ravishing division held apart  
The lips of listening throngs in sweet amaze,  
Moved in all breasts the selfsame human heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

To press some care, some haunting sadness down;  
His smile half shadow; and to stranger eyes  
The kingly forehead wore an iron crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the storm,  
To fight for homely truth with vulgar power;  
Grace looked from every feature, shaped his form,  
The rose of Academe,—the perfect flower!

Such was the stately scholar whom we knew  
In those ill days of soul—enslaving calm,  
Before the blast of Northern vengeance blew  
Her snow—wreathed pine against the Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us! did we hold too cheap  
The heart we might have known, but would not see,  
And look to find the nation's friend asleep  
Through the dread hour of her Gethsemane?

That wrong is past; we gave him up to Death  
With all a hero's honors round his name;  
As martyrs coin their blood, he coined his breath,  
And dimmed the scholar's in the patriot's fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we raise,—  
Telling our grief, our pride, to unborn years, ——  
“He who had lived the mark of all men's praise  
Died with the tribute of a Nation's tears.”

## SHAKESPEARE

### TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

APRIL 23, 1864

“Who claims our Shakespeare from that realm unknown,  
Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the deep,  
Where Genoa's roving mariner was blown?  
Her twofold Saint's-day let our England keep;  
Shall warring aliens share her holy task?”  
The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare! ours with all thy past,  
Till these last years that make the sea so wide;  
Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast  
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous pride  
In every noble word thy sons bequeathed  
The air our fathers breathed!

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the strife,  
We turn to other days and far-off lands,

Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,  
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered hands  
To wreath his bust, and scatter purple flowers,—  
Not his the need, but ours!

We call those poets who are first to mark  
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,—  
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,  
While others only note that day is gone;  
For him the Lord of light the curtain rent  
That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half known,  
Stretching beyond our narrow quadrant—lines,—  
As in that world of Nature all outgrown  
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,  
And cast from Mariposa's mountain—wall  
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,  
Throbbing its radiance like a beating heart;  
In the wide compass of angelic powers  
The instinct of the blindworm has its part;  
So in God's kingliest creature we behold  
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone—carved name  
Stamped once on dust that moved with pulse and breath,  
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame  
Whose undimmed glories gild the night of death:  
We praise not star or sun; in these we see  
Thee, Father, only thee!

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love:  
We read, we reverence on this human soul,—  
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—  
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,  
When o'er his page the effluent splendors poured,  
Thine own "Thus saith the Lord!"

This player was a prophet from on high,  
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet, sage,  
For him thy sovereign pleasure passed them by;  
Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened age,  
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind  
Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' Te Deum rise,  
Nor fear to make thy worship less divine,  
And hear the shouted choral shake the skies,



The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

Counting all glory, power, and wisdom thine;  
For thy great gift thy greater name adore,  
And praise thee evermore!

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost need,  
Thanks for these unstained drops of freshening dew!  
Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,  
Keep us to every sweet remembrance true,  
Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-born  
Our Nation's second morn!

## IN MEMORY OF JOHN AND ROBERT WARE

Read at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society,  
May 25, 1864.

No mystic charm, no mortal art,  
Can bid our loved companions stay;  
The bands that clasp them to our heart  
Snap in death's frost and fall apart;  
Like shadows fading with the day,  
They pass away.

The young are stricken in their pride,  
The old, long tottering, faint and fall;  
Master and scholar, side by side,  
Through the dark portals silent glide,  
That open in life's mouldering wall  
And close on all.

Our friend's, our teacher's task was done,  
When Mercy called him from on high;  
A little cloud had dimmed the sun,  
The saddening hours had just begun,  
And darker days were drawing nigh:  
'T was time to die.

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,  
A life with purer course and aim,  
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,  
We may not look on earth to find.  
The love that lingers o'er his name  
Is more than fame.

These blood-red summers ripen fast;  
The sons are older than the sires;  
Ere yet the tree to earth is cast,

The sapling falls before the blast;  
Life's ashes keep their covered fires,—  
Its flame expires.

Struck by the noiseless, viewless foe,  
Whose deadlier breath than shot or shell  
Has laid the best and bravest low,  
His boy, all bright in morning's glow,  
That high-souled youth he loved so well,  
Untimely fell.

Yet still he wore his placid smile,  
And, trustful in the cheering creed  
That strives all sorrow to beguile,  
Walked calmly on his way awhile  
Ah, breast that leans on breaking reed  
Must ever bleed!

So they both left us, sire and son,  
With opening leaf, with laden bough  
The youth whose race was just begun,  
The wearied man whose course was run,  
Its record written on his brow,  
Are brothers now.

Brothers!—The music of the sound  
Breathes softly through my closing strain;  
The floor we tread is holy ground,  
Those gentle spirits hovering round,  
While our fair circle joins again  
Its broken chain.

1864.

## HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER 14, 1869

BONAPARTE, AUGUST 15, 1769.—HUMBOLDT, SEPTEMBER 14, 1769

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight sound,  
Set back the flaming index of the year,  
Track the swift—shifting seasons in their round  
Through fivescore circles of the swinging sphere!

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea  
That cleaves the storm—cloud with its snowy crest,  
The embryo—heir of Empires yet to be,  
A month—old babe upon his mother's breast.

Those little hands that soon shall grow so strong  
In their rude grasp great thrones shall rock and fall,  
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song  
Holds the world's master in its slender thrall.

Look! a new crescent bends its silver bow;  
A new—lit star has fired the eastern sky;  
Hark! by the river where the lindens blow  
A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror! His the vast domain,  
Wider than widest sceptre—shadowed lands;  
Earth and the weltering kingdom of the main  
Laid their broad charters in his royal hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or porch;  
He read the record of the planet's page  
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods;  
On the salt steppes he saw the starlight shine;  
He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,  
And trod the galleries of the breathless mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung lyre,  
No problem vague, by torturing schoolmen vexed;  
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,  
Nor skulked and scowled behind a Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly robe  
That priestly shoulders counted all their own,  
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe  
And led young Science to her empty throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins  
One fruitful year shall boast its double birth,  
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,  
Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never fade,  
Sweet with fair memories that can never die?  
Ask not the marbles where their bones are laid,  
But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers' cry:—

“Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,  
Like mandrakes, shrieking as they quit the soil!  
Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit  
That sucks its crimson from the heart of Toil!

“We claim the food that fixed our mortal fate,—  
Bend to our reach the long-forbidden tree!  
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern gate,—

Its western portal is forever free!

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning year,  
Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror's shrine  
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's tear!  
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute thine!”

**POEM**

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HALLECK MONUMENT, JULY 8, 1869

SAY not the Poet dies!  
Though in the dust he lies,  
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,  
Unsphered by envious death!  
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;  
Their fate he cannot share,  
Who, in the enchanted air  
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,  
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

We o'er his turf may raise  
Our notes of feeble praise,  
And carve with pious care for after eyes  
The stone with "Here he lies;"  
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,  
Whose walls of stately rhyme  
Roll back the tides of time,  
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets shine  
That wear his name inwrought with many a golden line!

Call not our Poet dead,  
Though on his turf we tread!  
Green is the wreath their brows so long have worn,—  
The minstrels of the morn,  
Who, while the Orient burned with new-born flame,  
Caught that celestial fire  
And struck a Nation's lyre  
These taught the western winds the poet's name;  
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers of fame!

Count not our Poet dead!  
The stars shall watch his bed,  
The rose of June its fragrant life renew  
His blushing mound to strew,

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

And all the tuneful throats of summer swell  
With trills as crystal-clear  
As when he wooed the ear  
Of the young muse that haunts each wooded dell,  
With songs of that "rough land" he loved so long and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!  
As evening's long-drawn sigh,  
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,  
Spreads all their sweets around,  
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow  
From where the rustling sedge  
Frets our rude ocean's edge  
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow.  
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but dust below!



## HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE  
OF HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE,  
OCTOBER 6, 1870

NOT with the anguish of hearts that are breaking  
Come we as mourners to weep for our dead;  
Grief in our breasts has grown weary of aching,  
Green is the turf where our tears we have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are creeping,  
Stealing each name and its legend away,  
Give their proud story to Memory's keeping,  
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their marches,  
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of morn,—

Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and arches  
Tell their bright deeds to the ages unborn!

Emblem and legend may fade from the portal,  
Keystone may crumble and pillar may fall;  
They were the builders whose work is immortal,  
Crowned with the dome that is over us all!

## HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL AT CAMBRIDGE,  
JUNE 23, 1874

WHERE, girt around by savage foes,  
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,  
Behold, the lofty temple stands,  
Reared by her children's grateful hands!

Firm are the pillars that defy  
The volleyed thunders of the sky;  
Sweet are the summer wreaths that twine  
With bud and flower our martyrs' shrine.

The hues their tattered colors bore  
Fall mingling on the sunlit floor  
Till evening spreads her spangled pall,  
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's hour,  
Sweet was their manhood's morning flower,  
Their hopes with rainbow hues were bright,—  
How swiftly winged the sudden night!

O Mother! on thy marble page  
Thy children read, from age to age,  
The mighty word that upward leads  
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

TRUTH, heaven-born TRUTH, their fearless guide,  
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes died;  
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,  
Their glory be forever thine!

## HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES SUMNER,  
APRIL 29, 1874

SUNG BY MALE VOICES TO A NATIONAL AIR OF HOLLAND

ONCE more, ye sacred towers,  
Your solemn dirges sound;  
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,  
Once more to deck his mound.  
A nation mourns its dead,  
Its sorrowing voices one,  
As Israel's monarch bowed his head  
And cried, "My son! My son!"

Why mourn for him?—For him  
The welcome angel came  
Ere yet his eye with age was dim  
Or bent his stately frame;  
His weapon still was bright,  
His shield was lifted high  
To slay the wrong, to save the right,—  
What happier hour to die?

Thou orderest all things well;  
Thy servant's work was done;  
He lived to hear Oppression's knell,  
The shouts for Freedom won.  
Hark!! from the opening skies  
The anthem's echoing swell,—  
"O mourning Land, lift up thine eyes!  
God reigneth. All is well!"

RHYMES OF AN HOUR

ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE,  
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1873

HANG out our banners on the stately tower  
It dawns at last—the long—expected hour I  
The steep is climbed, the star—lit summit won,  
The builder's task, the artist's labor done;  
Before the finished work the herald stands,  
And asks the verdict of your lips and hands!

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget  
The golden sun that yester—evening set?  
Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away  
Ere the last headaches born of New Year's Day;  
With blasting breath the fierce destroyer came  
And wrapped the victim in his robes of flame;  
The pictured sky with redder morning blushed,  
With scorching streams the naiad's fountain gushed,  
With kindling mountains glowed the funeral pyre,  
Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire,—  
The scenes dissolved, the shrivelling curtain fell,—  
Art spread her wings and sighed a long farewell!

Mourn o'er the Player's melancholy plight,—  
Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white,—  
Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet cost,  
And Juliet whimpering for her dresses lost,—  
Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all undrawn,  
Their cues cut short, their occupation gone!

“Lie there in dust,” the red-winged demon cried,  
“Wreck of the lordly city's hope and pride!”  
Silent they stand, and stare with vacant gaze,  
While o'er the embers leaps the fitful blaze;  
When, to! a hand, before the startled train,  
Writes in the ashes, “It shall rise again,—  
Rise and confront its elemental foes! “  
The word was spoken, and the walls arose,  
And ere the seasons round their brief career  
The new-born temple waits the unborn year.

Ours was the toil of many a weary day  
Your smiles, your plaudits, only can repay;  
We are the monarchs of the painted scenes,  
You, you alone the real Kings and Queens!  
Lords of the little kingdom where we meet,  
We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet,  
Place in your grasp our portal's silvered keys  
With one brief utterance: We have tried to please.  
Tell us, ye sovereigns of the new domain,  
Are you content—or have we toiled in vain?

With no irreverent glances look around  
The realm you rule, for this is haunted ground!  
Here stalks the Sorcerer, here the Fairy trips,  
Here limps the Witch with malice-working lips,  
The Graces here their snowy arms entwine,  
Here dwell the fairest sisters of the Nine,—  
She who, with jocund voice and twinkling eye,  
Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly;  
She of the dagger and the deadly bowl,  
Whose charming horrors thrill the trembling soul;  
She who, a truant from celestial spheres,  
In mortal semblance now and then appears,  
Stealing the fairest earthly shape she can—  
Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran;  
With these the spangled houri of the dance,—  
What shaft so dangerous as her melting glance,  
As poised in air she spurns the earth below,  
And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe!

What were our life, with all its rents and seams,  
Stripped of its purple robes, our waking dreams?  
The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,

The tinselled shows that cheat us on the stage  
Lead all our fancies captive at their will;  
Three years or threescore, we are children still.  
The little listener on his father's knee,  
With wandering Sindbad ploughs the stormy sea,  
With Gotham's sages hears the billows roll  
(Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl,  
Too early shipwrecked, for they died too soon  
To see their offspring launch the great balloon);  
Tracks the dark brigand to his mountain lair,  
Slays the grim giant, saves the lady fair,  
Fights all his country's battles o'er again  
From Bunker's blazing height to Lundy's Lane;  
Floats with the mighty captains as they sailed,  
Before whose flag the flaming red-cross paled,  
And claims the oft-told story of the scars  
Scarce yet grown white, that saved the stripes and  
stars!

Children of later growth, we love the PLAY,  
We love its heroes, be they grave or gay,  
From squeaking, peppery, devil-defying Punch  
To roaring Richard with his camel-hunch;  
Adore its heroines, those immortal dames,  
Time's only rivals, whom he never tames,  
Whose youth, unchanging, lives while thrones decay  
(Age spares the Pyramids—and Dejazet);  
The saucy-aproned, razor-tongued soubrette,  
The blond-haired beauty with the eyes of jet,  
The gorgeous Beings whom the viewless wires  
Lift to the skies in strontian-crimsoned fires,  
And all the wealth of splendor that awaits  
The throng that enters those Elysian gates.

See where the hurrying crowd impatient pours,  
With noise of trampling feet and flapping doors,  
Streams to the numbered seat each pasteboard fits  
And smooths its caudal plumage as it sits;  
Waits while the slow musicians saunter in,  
Till the bald leader taps his violin;  
Till the old overture we know so well,  
Zampa or Magic Flute or William Tell,  
Has done its worst—then hark! the tinkling bell!  
The crash is o'er—the crinkling curtain furled,  
And to! the glories of that brighter world!

Behold the offspring of the Thespian cart,  
This full-grown temple of the magic art,  
Where all the conjurers of illusion meet,  
And please us all the more, the more they cheat.  
These are the wizards and the witches too  
Who win their honest bread by cheating you  
With cheeks that drown in artificial tears  
And lying skull-caps white with seventy years,  
Sweet-tempered matrons changed to scolding Kates,  
Maids mild as moonbeams crazed with murderous hates,  
Kind, simple souls that stab and slash and slay  
And stick at nothing, if it 's in the play!

Would all the world told half as harmless lies!  
Would all its real fools were half as wise  
As he who blinks through dull Dundreary's eyes I  
Would all the unchanced bandits of the age  
Were like the peaceful ruffians of the stage!  
Would all the cankers wasting town and state,  
The mob of rascals, little thieves and great,  
Dealers in watered milk and watered stocks,  
Who lead us larks to pasture on the rocks,—  
Shepherds—Jack Sheppards—of their city flocks,—  
The rings of rogues that rob the luckless town,  
Those evil angels creeping up and down  
The Jacob's ladder of the treasury stairs,—  
Not stage, but real Turpins and Macaires,—  
Could doff, like us, their knavery with their clothes,  
And find it easy as forgetting oaths!

Welcome, thrice welcome to our virgin dome,  
The Muses' shrine, the Drama's new-found home  
Here shall the Statesman rest his weary brain,  
The worn-out Artist find his wits again;  
Here Trade forget his ledger and his cares,  
And sweet communion mingle Bulls and Bears;  
Here shall the youthful Lover, nestling near  
The shrinking maiden, her he holds most dear,  
Gaze on the mimic moonlight as it falls  
On painted groves, on sliding canvas walls,  
And sigh, "My angel! What a life of bliss  
We two could live in such a world as this!"  
Here shall the timid pedants of the schools,  
The gilded bores, the labor-scorning fools,  
The grass-green rustic and the smoke-dried cit,  
Feel each in turn the stinging lash of wit,

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

And as it tingles on some tender part  
Each find a balsam in his neighbor's smart;  
So every folly prove a fresh delight  
As in the picture of our play to-night.

Farewell! The Players wait the Prompter's call;  
Friends, lovers, listeners! Welcome one and all!



## A SEA DIALOGUE

Cabin Passenger. Man at Wheel.

CABIN PASSENGER.

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder much  
That he who sails the ocean should be sad.  
I am myself reflective. When I think  
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has sucked  
Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy waves,  
What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls;  
What piles of shekels, talents, ducats, crowns,  
What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,  
Of laces that have blanked the weavers' eyes,  
Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man,  
The half-starved workman, and the well-fed worm;  
What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parchments, books;  
What many-lobuled, thought-engendering brains;  
Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw,—  
I, too, am silent; for all language seems  
A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.  
O mariner, we look upon the waves  
And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!" they say,—  
"Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is hushed,  
And with my trembling finger on my lips  
My soul exclaims in ecstasy—

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay!

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes! "Delay,"—it calls, "nor haste to break  
The charm of stillness with an idle word!"  
O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought  
Strides even with my own, nay, flies before.  
Thou art a brother to the wind and wave;  
Have they not music for thine ear as mine,  
When the wild tempest makes thy ship his lyre,  
Smiting a cavernous basso from the shrouds  
And climbing up his gamut through the stays,

The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes, Volume 7.

Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it shrills  
An alto keener than the locust sings,  
And all the great Aolian orchestra  
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?  
Is not the scene a wondrous and—

MAN AT WHEEL.

A vast!

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene!  
I see thy soul is open as the day  
That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl  
To all the solemn glories of the deep.  
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel  
The grandeur of thine office,—to control  
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife  
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam  
In the great shining garment of the world?

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss—marine!  
(To the Captain.)  
Ay, ay, Sir! Stiddy, Sir! Sou'wes' b' sou'!

November 10, 1864.

## CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD AND LIVE LANGUAGES

PHI BETA KAPPA.—CAMBRIDGE, 1867

You bid me sing,—can I forget  
The classic ode of days gone by,—  
How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette  
Exclaimed, “Anacreon, geron ei”?  
“Regardez done,” those ladies said,—  
“You're getting bald and wrinkled too  
When summer's roses all are shed,  
Love 's nullum ite, voyez—vous!”

In vain ce brave Anacreon's cry,  
“Of Love alone my banjo sings”  
(Erota mounon). “Etiam si,—  
Eh b'en?” replied the saucy things,—  
“Go find a maid whose hair is gray,  
And strike your lyre,—we sha'n't complain;  
But parce nobis, s'il vous plait,—  
Voila Adolphe! Voila Eugene!”

Ah, j eune Lisette! Ah, belle Fifine!  
Anacreon's lesson all must learn;  
O kairos oxiiis; Spring is green,  
But Acer Hyems waits his turn  
I hear you whispering from the dust,  
“Tiens, mon cher, c'est toujours so,—  
The brightest blade grows dim with rust,  
The fairest meadow white with snow!”

You do not mean it! \_Not\_ encore?  
Another string of playday rhymes?

You 've heard me—nonne est?—before,  
Multoties,—more than twenty times;  
Non possum,—vraiment,—pas du tout,  
I cannot! I am loath to shirk;  
But who will listen if I do,  
My memory makes such shocking work?

Ginosko. Scio. Yes, I 'm told  
Some ancients like my rusty lay,  
As Grandpa Noah loved the old  
Red—sandstone march of Jubal's day.  
I used to carol like the birds,  
But time my wits has quite unfixed,  
Et quoad verba,—for my words,—  
Ciel! Eheu! Whe—ew!—how they're mixed!

Mehercle! Zeu! Diable! how  
My thoughts were dressed when I was young,  
But tempus fugit! see them now  
Half clad in rags of every tongue!  
O philoi, fratres, chers amis  
I dare not court the youthful Muse,  
For fear her sharp response should be,  
“Papa Anacreon, please excuse!”

Adieu! I 've trod my annual track  
How long!—let others count the miles,—  
And peddled out my rhyming pack  
To friends who always paid in smiles.  
So, laissez—moi! some youthful wit  
No doubt has wares he wants to show;  
And I am asking, “Let me sit,”  
Dum ille clamat, “Dos pou sto!”

## FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF BOSTON PIER, OR THE LONG WHARF,  
APRIL 16, 1873

DEAR friends, we are strangers; we never before  
Have suspected what love to each other we bore;  
But each of us all to his neighbor is dear,  
Whose heart has a throb for our time-honored pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's face,  
I could open my arms in a loving embrace;  
What wonder that feelings, undreamed of so long,  
Should burst all at once in a blossom of song!

While I turn my fond glance on the monarch of piers,  
Whose throne has stood firm through his eightscore of years,  
My thought travels backward and reaches the day  
When they drove the first pile on the edge of the bay.

See! The joiner, the shipwright, the smith from his forge,  
The redcoat, who shoulders his gun for King George,  
The shopman, the 'prentice, the boys from the lane,  
The parson, the doctor with gold-headed cane,

Come trooping down King Street, where now may be seen  
The pulleys and ropes of a mighty machine;  
The weight rises slowly; it drops with a thud;  
And, to! the great timber sinks deep in the mud!

They are gone, the stout craftsmen that hammered the piles,  
And the square-toed old boys in the three-cornered tiles;  
The breeches, the buckles, have faded from view,

And the parson's white wig and the ribbon-tied queue.

The redcoats have vanished; the last grenadier  
Stepped into the boat from the end of our pier;  
They found that our hills were not easy to climb,  
And the order came, "Countermarch, double-quick time!"

They are gone, friend and foe,—anchored fast at the pier,  
Whence no vessel brings back its pale passengers here;  
But our wharf, like a lily, still floats on the flood,  
Its breast in the sunshine, its roots in the mud.

Who—who that has loved it so long and so well—  
The flower of his birthright would barter or sell?  
No: pride of the bay, while its ripples shall run,  
You shall pass, as an heirloom, from father to son!

Let me part with the acres my grandfather bought,  
With the bonds that my uncle's kind legacy brought,  
With my bank-shares,—old "Union," whose ten per cent stock  
Stands stiff through the storms as the Eddystone rock;

With my rights (or my wrongs) in the "Erie,"—alas!  
With my claims on the mournful and "Mutual Mass.;"  
With my "Phil. Wil. and Balt.," with my "C. B. and Q.;"  
But I never, no never, will sell out of you.

We drink to thy past and thy future to-day,  
Strong right arm of Boston, stretched out o'er the bay.  
May the winds waft the wealth of all nations to thee,  
And thy dividends flow like the waves of the sea!

## A POEM SERVED TO ORDER

PHI BETA KAPPA, JUNE 26, 1873

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,  
And, scowling with a fearful look  
That meant,—We stand no gammon,—  
“To-morrow, just at two,” he said,  
“Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,  
Or serve us up a salmon.”

“Great sire,” the trembling chef replied,  
“Lord of the Earth and all beside,  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on  
(Look in Eothen,—there you'll find  
A list of titles. Never mind;  
I have n't time to go on:)

“Great sire,” and so forth, thus he spoke,  
“Your Highness must intend a joke;  
It doesn't stand to reason  
For one to order salmon brought,  
Unless that fish is sometimes caught,  
And also is in season.

“Our luck of late is shocking bad,  
In fact, the latest catch we had  
(We kept the matter shady),  
But, hauling in our nets,—alack!  
We found no salmon, but a sack  
That held your honored Lady!”

“Allah is great!” the Caliph said,  
“My poor Zuleika, you are dead,  
I once took interest in you.”  
“Perhaps, my Lord, you'd like to know

We cut the lines and let her go.”  
“Allah be praised! Continue.”

“It is n't hard one's hook to bait,  
And, squatting down, to watch and wait,  
To see the cork go under;  
At last suppose you've got your bite,  
You twitch away with all your might,—  
You've hooked an eel, by thunder!”

The Caliph patted Hassan's head  
“Slave, thou hast spoken well,” he said,  
“And won thy master's favor.  
Yes; since what happened t' other morn  
The salmon of the Golden Horn  
Might have a doubtful flavor.

“That last remark about the eel  
Has also justice that we feel  
Quite to our satisfaction.  
To-morrow we dispense with fish,  
And, for the present, if you wish,  
You'll keep your bulbous fraction.”

“Thanks! thanks!” the grateful chef replied,  
His nutrient feature showing wide  
The gleam of arches dental:  
“To cut my head off wouldn't pay,  
I find it useful every day,  
As well as ornamental.”

.....

Brothers, I hope you will not fail  
To see the moral of my tale  
And kindly to receive it.  
You know your anniversary pie  
Must have its crust, though hard and dry,  
And some prefer to leave it.



How oft before these youths were born  
I've fished in Fancy's Golden Horn  
For what the Muse might send me!  
How gayly then I cast the line,  
When all the morning sky was mine,  
And Hope her flies would lend me!

And now I hear our despot's call,  
And come, like Hassan, to the hall,—  
If there's a slave, I am one,—  
My bait no longer flies, but worms!  
I 've caught—Lord bless me! how he squirms!  
An eel, and not a salmon!

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HARVARD ALUMNI  
ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25, 1873

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain  
Through all the land of flowers  
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain  
Our classic grove embowers;  
Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,  
Here dwells eternal spring,  
And warm from Hope's elysian isles  
The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,  
Each singing throat in tune,  
And bright o'er evening's silver flood  
Shines the young crescent moon.  
What wonder Age forgets his staff  
And lays his glasses down,  
And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh  
As when their locks were brown!

With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim  
They greet the joyous day  
That calls them to the fountain's brim  
To wash their years away.  
What change has clothed the ancient sire  
In sudden youth? For, to!  
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire  
Are Jack and Bill and Joe!

And be his titles what they will,  
In spite of manhood's claim  
The graybeard is a school-boy still  
And loves his school-boy name;  
It calms the ruler's stormy breast  
Whom hurrying care pursues,

And brings a sense of peace and rest,  
Like slippers after shoes.—

And what are all the prizes won  
To youth's enchanted view?  
And what is all the man has done  
To what the boy may do?  
O blessed fount, whose waters flow  
Alike for sire and son,  
That melts our winter's frost and snow  
And makes all ages one!

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,  
That flings its golden shower  
With age to fill and youth to guide,  
Still fresh in morning flower  
Flow on with ever-widening stream,  
In ever-brightening morn,—  
Our story's pride, our future's dream,  
The hope of times unborn!

## NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,  
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!  
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,  
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,  
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn  
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that  
bore,  
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,  
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise  
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;  
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride;  
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,  
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times,—they shall never be forgot!  
There is no place like the old place,—keep green the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like our old friends,—may Heaven prolong their  
lives  
There are no loves like our old loves,—God bless our loving wives!

1865.

## A HYMN OF PEACE

SUNG AT THE "JUBILEE," JUNE 15, 1869,  
TO THE MUSIC OF SELLER'S "AMERICAN HYMN"

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!  
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!  
Come while our voices are blended in song,—  
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!  
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—  
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,  
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—  
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,  
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—  
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!  
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,  
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,  
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!  
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!—  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main  
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—  
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—  
Roll its long surge like the-earth-shaking main!  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!  
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

NOTES.

THE BOYS.

The members of the Harvard College class of 1829 referred to in this poem are: "Doctor," Francis Thomas; "Judge," G. T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; "O Speaker," Hon. Francis B. Crowninshield, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; "Mr. Mayor," G. W. Richardson, of Worcester, Mass.; "Member of Congress," Hon. George T. Davis; "Reverend," James Freeman Clarke; "boy with the grave mathematical look," Benjamin Peirce; "boy with a three-decker brain," Judge Benjamin R. Curtis, of the Supreme Court of the United States; "nice youngster of excellent pith," S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 't is of Thee."

"That lovely, bright-eyed boy." William Sturgis.

"Who faced the storm so long." Francis B. Crowninshield.

"Our many featured friend." George T. Davis.

"The close-clinging dulcamara." The "bitter-sweet" of New England is the *Celastrus scandens*, "boureau des arbres" of the Canadian French.

"All armed with picks and spades." The captured slaves were at this time organized as pioneers.