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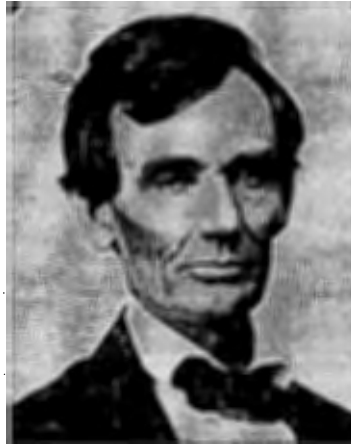
10

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3

Abraham Lincoln's Favorite Poem

by Karen Lundegaard



At a talk I gave not long ago, I mentioned that Abraham Lincoln was fond of poetry and often memorized long passages from Shakespeare and other poets such as Robert Burns and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was particularly fond of a poem called *Mortality*, a copy of which was given to him by Dr. Jason Duncan, a physician in New Salem, Illinois. David Herbert Donald in his biography of Lincoln says that "Lincoln memorized all fifty-six lines, each more doleful than the last, and recited it so often that people began to think he was the author. Not until many years later did he learn that the poem was the work of William Knox, a Scotsman, who was a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott."

A few people have asked me for copies of the poem so I said I would post it here on my Web site.

Mortality

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,

Be scattered around, and together be laid;

And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest, --
Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure, -- her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes - like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes - even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

Kennedy Jr.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling; --
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved -- but the story we cannot unfold;
The scorned -- but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved -- but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed - but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

The died - ay, they died; -- we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,

Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye -- 'tis the draught of a breath --
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud: --
Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

-- William Knox

[On to Next Section](#) | [Back to Previous Section](#)

[Back to Questions & Comments](#)

[Back to Home Page](#)

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RB
 But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Least neebors might say I was saucy:
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow, tomorrow,
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow.—

504. *Fragment*

Tune, The Caledonian Hunt's delight—

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy;
 Why, why undecieve him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

Virtue alone who dost revere,
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.

506. [*To Chlois*]

Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my Poems,
 presented to the lady whom in so many fictitious reveries of Passion but
 with the most ardent sentiments of *real* friendship, I have so often sung
 under the name of—CHLOIS—

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair FRIEND;
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst Peace in constant arms)
 To join the Friendly Few:

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lour;
 (And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast

UNDATED POEMS AND DUBIA

The cob-webb'd, Gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The Pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning Vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors, entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The Pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast;
In helpless infant's tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him EU, and kick'd him from his sight.

621. *The Henpeck'd Husband*

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

622. *On a dog of Lord Eglintons*

I NEVER barked when out of season,
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother,
Nor wronged by force or fraud another.
We brutes are placed a rank below;
Happy for man could he say so.

UNDATED POEMS AND DUBIA

623. *[Epitaph]*

Lo worms enjoy the seat of bliss
Where Lords and Lairds afore did kiss.

624. *Delia*

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the Lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy Bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss!
For Oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

625. *The Tree of Liberty*

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
I watna what 's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel, man.

UNDATED POEMS AND DUBIA

Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He 's greater than a lord, man,
 An' wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' a' he can afford, man.

15

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 An' mak us a' content, man.
 It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
 Maks high and low gude friends, man;
 And he wha acts the traitor's part
 It to perdition sends, man.

20

My blessings aye attend the chiel
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yont the western waves, man.
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

25

But vicious folks aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin 's banned the tree,
 And grat to see it thrive, man;
 King Loui' thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco sma', man;
 For this the watchman cracked his crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

30

35

40

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
 Did tak a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
 I wat they pledged their faith, man.
 Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,
 But soon grew weary o' the trade
 And wished they'd been at hame, man.

45

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
 Her sons did loudly ca', man;
 She sang a sang o' liberty,
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.

50

UNDATED POEMS AND DUBIA

By her inspired, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
 The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
 And banged the despot weel, man.

55

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar and her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man.
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree can not be found,
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

60

Without this tree, alake this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man;
 A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man.
 We labour soon, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man;
 And a' the comfort we're to get
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

65

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The world would live in peace, man;
 The sword would help to mak a plough,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

80

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
 And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.

85

RB

17

Holy Will*, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saint,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour, &c.

18

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Tho' your Muse is a gipsy, yet were she even tipsey,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are, Poet Burns,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.—

70

[19a]

[Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, when your pen can be spar'd,
A copy o' this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score as I mention'd before,
To that trusty auld Worthy, Clackleith, Afton's Laird,
To that trusty auld Worthy, Clackleith.]

[19b]

[Factor John, Factor John, whom the Lord made alone,
And ne'er made another thy peer,
Thy poor servant, the Bard, in respectful regard,
Presents thee this token sincere, Factor John,
Presents thee this token sincere.]

265. *To Mr. Graham of Fintry, On being appointed
to my Excise Division—*

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a Bard that feigns:
'Friend of my life!' my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The Gift still dearer, as the Giver You.—

* An E[lder] in M[auchlin]e—

Thou Orb of Day! Thou Other Paler Light!
And all ye many-sparkling Stars of Night!
If aught that Giver from my mind efface;
If I that Giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll, to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out A VILLAIN'S YEARS!

10

I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would—but cannot speak the rest.—

266. *A Grace before dinner, Extempore*

O, THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord bless us with content!
Amen!!!

5

267. *Grace after Meat*

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore.

And if it please thee, Pow'r above,
Still grant us with such store;
The *Friend* we trust; the *Fair* we love;
And we desire no more.

5

JGW

John Greenleaf Whittier

1807-92

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES

271

Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?
 The politic statesman looks back with a
 sigh,
 There is doubt in his heart, there is fear in
 his eye.
 Oh, haste, lest that doubting and fear shall
 prevail,
 And the head of his steed take the place of
 the tail.
 Oh, haste, ere he leave us! for who will
 ride then,
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of
 men?

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES

The "Times" referred to were those evil
 times of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil
 Hall, August 21, 1835, in which a demand was
 made for the suppression of free speech, lest it
 should endanger the foundation of commercial
 society.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
 The freedom which they toiled to win?
 Is this the soil whereon they moved?
 Are these the graves they slumber in?
 Are we the sons by whom are borne
 The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fettered lip?
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
 And tremble at the driver's whip?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
 Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,
 The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirit roused to save
 The Truth, our Country, and the slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
 Round which the priests of Mexico
 Before their loathsome idol prayed;
 Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
 And must we yield to Freedom's God,
 As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongue be mute, when deeds are
 wrought
 Which well might shame extremest hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
 Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
 Shall Honor bleed? — shall Truth suc-
 cumb?
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No; by each spot of haunted ground,
 Where Freedom weeps her children's
 fall;
 By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound;
 By Griswold's stained and shattered
 wall;
 By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade;
 By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
 The bands and fetters round them set;
 By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,
 By all above, around, below,
 Be ours the indignant answer, — No!

No; guided by our country's laws,
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,
 Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
 As Christians may, as freemen can!
 Still pouring on unwilling ears
 That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,
 While woman shrieks beneath his rod,
 And while he tramples down at will
 The image of a common God?
 Shall watch and ward be round him set,
 Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him
 The danger and the growing shame?
 And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
 Which should have filled the world with
 flame?

And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
 A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?
 And asks our haughty neighbor more?
 Must fetters which his slaves have worn
 Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?
 Must he be told, beside his plough,
 What he must speak, and when, and how?

Must he be told his freedom stands
 On Slavery's dark foundations strong;
 On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
 On robbery, and crime, and wrong?

SLAVERY POEMS

Of those high words of truth which search
and burn
In warning and rebuke ;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the
Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray ?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down !
To all who plunder from the immortal
mind
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of
blood ;
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they
go,
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might
Shall perish ; and their very names shall
be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and
Love
And Truth and Right throughout the earth
be known
As in their home above.

A SUMMONS

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Reso-
lutions in the House of Representatives, and
the passage of Calhoun's " Bill for excluding
Papers written or printed, touching the sub-
ject of Slavery, from the U. S. Post-office," in
the Senate of the United States.

Mr. Pinckney's
Congress had no
way with slavery ;
not to interfere wi
lumbia, and that
should be laid on
Mr. Calhoun's bill
postmasters in any
" knowingly to del
any pamphlet, ne
printed paper or pi
ing the subject of
of the said State.
circulation was p
titled *Lines*.]

MEN of the North
spirit
Of the true-he
gone ?
Sons of old freen
Their na

Is the old Pilgrim
Stoops the str
so low,
That Mammon's
win us
To silen

Now, when our
verging,
In God's name
is time !
Now, when the
forging,
Silence

What ! shall we
as favors
Rights all our
we barter,
For treacherous
gave us,
God and

Here shall the st
fettors,
Here the false
And in the chure
abettors
Make t:

Torture the page
To sanction
blood ?

the bay of thine own hounds,
 leash, and leaping o'er their
 ds?
 d statesman! when thy eager
 afoot, unslipped the hungry
 wn Freedom in her chosen land,
 no fear, that, ere long, doubling
 of thine might snuff on Sla-
 's track?
 ow the boast, which even thy
 ded tongue,
 and proud, in the teeth o' the
 te flung,
 filment of thy baleful plan,
 's triumph at the fall of man?
 st thou then, thy feet on Free-
 planting,
 ng to the lurid heaven afar,
 could see, through the south
 flows slanting,
 's blood, the beams of that Lone
 !
 are just; they give us but our
 ;
 pens what our hands have sown.
 Eastern story, not unknown,
 to thee, of one whose magic
 ons up his water-jars to fill;
 silently, they did his will,
 the task was done, kept pouring
 th spell and charm the wizard
 ight,
 faster were the buckets brought,
 d higher rose the flood around,
 ends clapped their hands above
 r master drowned!
 an, it may prove with thee,
 ill overrules man's schemes, and
 s
 in its self-set snare, and makes
 of man to praise Him. It may
 oused spirits of Democracy
 to freer States the same wide
 hich thy slave-cursed Texas en-
 d in,
 he blood and fire, the wrong and
 med city and the ghastly plain,

JGW

Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody rain,
 The myriad-handed pioneer may pour,
 And the wild West with the roused North
 combine
 And heave the engineer of evil with his
 mine.

AT WASHINGTON

Suggested by a visit to the city of Washing-
 ton, in the 12th month of 1845. [Originally en-
 titled *Lines*.]

With a cold and wintry noon-light
 On its roofs and steeples shed,
 Shadows weaving with the sunlight
 From the gray sky overhead,
 Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the
 half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,
 Ebbs and flows a human tide,
 Wave on wave a living river;
 Wealth and fashion side by side;
 Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same
 quick current glide.

Underneath you dome, whose coping
 Springs above them, vast and tall,
 Grave men in the dust are groping
 For the largess, base and small,
 Which the hand of Power is scattering,
 crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter
 Honor's wealth for party's place;
 Step by step on Freedom's charter
 Leaving footprints of disgrace;
 For to-day's poor pittance turning from the
 great hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing
 Glory round the dancer's hair,
 Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing
 Backward on the sunset air;
 And the low quick pulse of music beats its
 measure sweet and rare:

There to-night shall woman's glances,
 Star-like, welcome give to them;
 Fawning fools with shy advances
 Seek to touch their garments' hem,
 With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds
 which God and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision
 Takes a broader, sadder range,
 Full before me have arisen
 Other pictures dark and strange;
 From the parlor to the prison must the
 scene and witness change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging
 On its hinges, harsh and slow;
 One pale prison lamp is flinging
 On a fearful group below
 Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er
 it does not show.

Pitying God! Is that a woman
 On whose wrist the shackles clash?
 Is that shriek she utters human,
 Underneath the stinging lash?
 Are they men whose eyes of madness from
 that sad procession flash?

Still the dance goes gayly onward!
 What is it to Wealth and Pride
 That without the stars are looking
 On a scene which earth should hide?
 That the slave-ship lies in waiting, rocking
 on Potomac's tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition
 Which, upon a rival's fall,
 Winds above its old condition,
 With a reptile's slimy crawl,
 Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the
 slave in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,
 Giving to ideal woe
 Graceful luxury of compassion,
 Shall the stricken mourner go;
 Hatred seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful
 the hollow show!

Nay, my words are all too sweeping:
 In this crowded human mart,
 Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;
 Man's strong will and woman's heart,
 In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall
 bear their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,
 Southward in the distance lost,
 Freedom yet shall summon allies
 Worthier than the North can boast,
 With the Evil by their hearth-stones grap-
 pling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :
Faint the heart and weak the knee ;
And as yet no lip is thrilling
With the mighty words, "Be Free !"
Tarry long the land's Good Angel, but
his advent is to be !

Meanwhile, turning from the revel
To the prison-cell my sight,
For intenser hate of evil,
For a keener sense of right,
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of
the Slaves, to-night !

~~"To thy duty now and ever !
Dream no more of rest or stay ;
Give to Freedom's great endeavor
All thou art and hast to-day !"~~
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a
Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted
To discern and love the right,
Whose worn faces have been lifted
To the slowly-growing light,
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted
slowly back the murk of night !

Ye who through long years of trial
Still have held your purpose fast,
While a lengthening shade the dial
From the westerling sunshine cast,
And of hope each hour's denial seemed an
echo of the last !

O my brothers ! O my sisters !
Would to God that ye were near,
Gazing with me down the vistas
Of a sorrow strange and drear ;
Would to God that ye were listeners to the
Voice I seem to hear !

With the storm above us driving,
With the false earth mined below,
Who shall marvel if thus striving
We have counted friend as foe ;
Unto one another giving in the darkness
blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures
Have grown sterner and more hard,
And the freshness of their features
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,
And their harmonies of feeling overtaken
and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us
From a purpose true and brave ;
Dearer Freedom's rugged service
Than the pastime of the slave ;
Better is the storm above it than the quiet
of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust ;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother
is most just.

~~From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here ;
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, fall
ins on the inward ear.~~

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes ?
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall we
cloud their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way ;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and
with us it is not day !

THE BRANDED HAND

Captain Jonathan Walker, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to carry them in his vessel to the British West Indies. Although well aware of the great hazard of the enterprise he attempted to comply with the request, but was seized at sea by an American vessel, consigned to the authorities at Key West, and thence sent back to Pensacola, where, after a long and rigorous confinement in prison, he was tried and sentenced to be branded on his right hand with the letters "S. S." (slave-stealer) and amerced in a heavy fine.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman !
with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier
better day ;

With that front
whose stead
Pressed the iron
fiery shafts

Is the tyrant's bra
brutal crave
To make God's t
holiest work
When, all blood-
ture the iron
How laughed the
fools to scorn

They change to wr
hath written
On the great heart
for doubt !
They, the loathsome
from footsoll
Give to shame wh
honor and r

Why, that brand
its traces ne
Upon old armor
prouder bla
And thy unborn g
our rocky st
Shall tell with p
father's bra

As the Templar l
ing back fro
The scars of Arab
scimitars,
The pallor of the
crimson spa
So we meet thee,
friend of Go

He suffered for th
Redeemer's
Thou for His living
and bleeding
He for a soil no l
gels trod,
Thou for the true
home of Go

For, while the
slave-whip
From the tortured
lie of slave

OCCASIONAL POEMS

who turned the
le,
gh the grates of
unseen, old com-
pass, within your
y Coates, brave
l,
nnock, the stead-
er to name, the
rue,
youth and maid,
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e'er their names,
one !
d again the old-
h once more and
faces !
ssons your fifty
der speak than
thing ;
courage in that
s treason, and to
me ;
of refuge when
his track,
urch and state,
d him back.

What you did for
one,
naked, unto our
asant vales and
ways
lives, friends of

May many more of quiet years be added to
your sum,
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the
beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there,
alike below, above ;
Our friends are now in either world, and
love is sure of love.

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee ;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;
For human needs and longings grew
This house of prayer, this home of rest,
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small ;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless,
Fill with Thy love their emptiness,
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

LEXINGTON

1775

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways ;
They loved not strife, they dreaded
pain ;

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Many more of quiet years be added to
your sum,
Late at last, in tenderest love, the
beckoning angel come.

Hearts are here, dear hearts are there,
Alike below, above ;
Friends are now in either world, and
Love is sure of love.

HYMN

THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Things are Thine : no gift have we,
Of all gifts, to offer Thee ;
Hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Own before Thy feet we lay.

Still was in the builders' thought ;
Unseen amidst us wrought ;
High mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Use eternal purpose ran.

Thy perfect fulness knew ;
Man needs and longings grew
House of prayer, this home of rest,
Fair garden of the West.

Weakness and in want we call
See for whom the heavens are small ;
Blessed is Thy children's good,
Blessed Thy tender Fatherhood.

Ever ! deign these walls to bless,
With Thy love their emptiness,
At their door a gateway be
Lead us from ourselves to Thee !

LEXINGTON

1775

Thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Homespun breasts in that old day.

Feet had trodden peaceful ways ;
They loved not strife, they dreaded
Pain ;

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN"

233

They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath His
praise.

No seers were they, but simple men ;
Its vast results the future hid :
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plough mid-furrow standing
still,
The half-ground corn grist in the
mill
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why ;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all !

Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give, they
gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their
grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as
well ;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb :
The nations listening to its sound
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove ! —

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain-crag,
The lion of our Motherland !

THE LIBRARY

Sung at the opening of the Haverhill Library,
November 11, 1875.

"LET there be light !" God spake of old,
And over chaos dark and cold,
And through the dead and formless frame
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran
The earth, uplifting brute and man ;
And mind, at length, in symbols dark
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll ;
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thoughts ; the ages passed,
And lo ! the Press was found at last !

Then dead souls woke ; the thoughts of men
Whose bones were dust revived again ;
The cloister's silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,
The kings of mind again we crown ;
We hear the voices lost so long,
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves ;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call !

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN"

An incident in St. Augustine, Florida.

'NEATH skies that winter never knew
The air was full of light and balm,

And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew
Through orange bloom and groves of
palm.

A stranger from the frozen North,
Who sought the fount of health in vain,
Sank homeless on the alien earth,
And breathed the languid air with pain.

God's angel came! The tender shade
Of pity made her blue eye dim;
Against her woman's breast she laid
The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,
Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea air,
And watched beside his bed, for whom
His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and smoothed
Its lines of pain with tenderest touch.
With holy hymn and prayer she soothed
The trembling soul that feared so much.

Through her the peace that passeth sight
Came to him, as he lapsed away
As one whose troubled dreams of night
Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers
Upon his lonely grave she laid:
The jasmine dropped its golden showers,
The orange lent its bloom and shade.

And something whispered in her thought,
More sweet than mortal voices be:
"The service thou for him hast wrought
O daughter! hath been done for me."

CENTENNIAL HYMN

Written for the opening of the International
Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. The
music for the hymn was written by John K.
Paine, and may be found in *The Atlantic
Monthly* for June, 1876.

I

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

II

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

III

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

IV

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

V

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

VI

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON, 1877

THE end has come, as come it must
To all things; in these sweet June
days
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They p:
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Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's *pictur'd beuks*;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony *unhang'd blackguard*.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night:
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtan i' the loan;
 When up they gat, an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
 An' each took off his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

72. *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*
*Inscribed to R. A****, Esq.*

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

I

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
 No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The *lowly train* in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
 What A**** in a *Cottage* would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

II

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:

Burns

225

230

235

The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his *spades*, his *mattocks* and his *hoes*,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the muir, his course does hameward bend.

III

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher thro'
 To meet their *Dad*, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wifie's* smile,
 The *lisping infant*, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV

Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,
 At *Service* out, among the Farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor toun:
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hardship be.

V

With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *sisters* meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd, fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
 The *Parents* partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
 The *Mother* wi' her needle and her sheers
 Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new;
 The *Father* mixes a', wi' admonition due.

VI

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
 The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:

'And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
 'And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night!
 'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 'Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 'They never sought in vain, that sought the LORD aright.'

VII

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the muir,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily Mother sees the *conscious flame*
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless *Rake*.

VIII

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben;
 A *strappan youth*, he takes the Mother's eye;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the *visit's* no ill-taen;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
 The *youngster's* artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the *youth* sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

IX

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
 And sage EXPERIENCE bids me this declare—
 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 'One *cordial* in this melancholly *Vale*,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, *modest Pair*,
 'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

X

Is there, in human-form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?

50

55

60

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80

85

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smoothe!
 Are *Honor, Virtue, Conscience*, all exil'd?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
 Then paints the *ruin'd Maid*, and *their* distraction wild!

XI

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA's food:
 The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The *Dame* brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell;
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal *Wife*, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

XIII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of SCOTIA's holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, *Italian trills* are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they, with our CREATOR's praise.

XIV

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the Friend of GOD on high;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;

90

95

100

105

110

115

120

Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isiah's* wild, seraphic fire;
Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *sacred lyre*.

125

XV

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme;
How *guiltless blood* for *guilty man* was shed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first *followers* and *servants* sped;
The *Precepts sage* they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos*, banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

130

XVI

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,*
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There, ever bask in *uncreated rays*,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their CREATOR's praise
In *such society*, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

136

140

XVII

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the *Soul*;
And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

145

150

XVIII

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling *Cottagers* retire to rest:
The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

155

* Popes Windsor Forest.

That 'He who stills the *raven's* clam'rous nest,
'And decks the *lily* fair in flow'ry pride,
'Would, in the way His *Wisdom* sees the best,
'For *them* and for their *little ones* provide;
'But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.'

160

XIX

From Scenes like these, old SCOTIA's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man 's the noble work of God:'
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the *wretch* of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

165

170

XX

O SCOTIA! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of *rustic toil*
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content!
And O may Heaven their simple lives pre-nt
From *Luxury's* contagion, weak and vil-
Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire, around their much-lov'd ISLE.

175

180

XXI

O THOU! who pour'd the *patriotic tide*,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE' heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or *nobly die*, the second glorious part:
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His *friend*, *inspircr*, *guardian* and *reward*!)
O never, never SCOTIA's realm desert,
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-bard*,
In bright succession raise, her *Ornament* and *Guard*!

185

320. *Song*—

Tune, Banks of Banna



1

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.—
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hiney bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.—

5

2

Ye Monarchs take the East and West,
 Frae Indus to Savannah!
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.—
 There I'll despise Imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna!!!

10

15

Robert Burns 1759-96

3

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
 Awa, thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star, gae hide thy twinkling ray!
 When I'm to meet my Anna.—
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night;
 Sun, moon and stars withdrawn a';
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna.—

20

321. *Tam o' Shanter. A Tale*

Of Brownies and of Bogillies full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

5

10

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

15

O *Tam*! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;

20

Tam o' Shanter. Introductory note in the Glenriddell MS: When Captain Grose was at Friars-Carse in Summer 1790 Collecting materials for his Scottish Antiquities he applied to M^r Burns then living in the neighbourhood to write him an account of the Witches Meetings at Alloway Church near Ayr who complied with his request and wrote for him the following Poem.

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 T'o think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, *Meg*,
 A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—
 Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn*!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!—
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie*'s noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantraip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

142 Additional lines in MSS:

Three Lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
 Three Priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk.—

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As *Tammie* glow'rd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

145

150

Now, *Tam*, O *Tam*! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

155

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

160

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bony boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear.)
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

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But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang),

180

And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! Ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane* of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin clauht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.— It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

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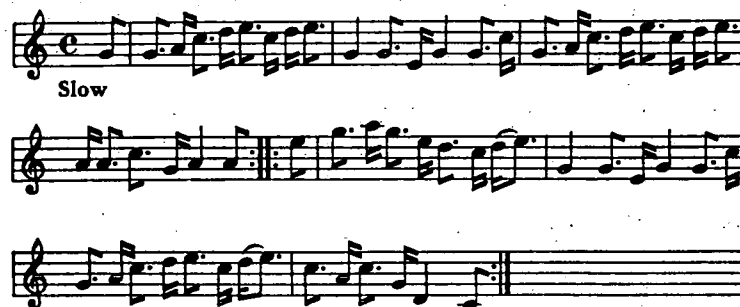
220

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember *Tam* o' Shanter's mare.

322. [*Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?*]

Written in a wrapper inclosing a letter to Captⁿ Grose, to be left with
 M^r Cardonnel Antiquarian—

Tune, Sir John Malcolm—



KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
 Igo and ago—
 If he 's amang his friends or foes?
 Iram coram dago.—

Is he South, or is he North?
 Igo and ago—
 Or drowned in the river Forth?
 Iram coram dago.—

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
 Igo and ago—
 And eaten like a wether-haggis?
 Iram coram dago.—

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
 Igo and ago—
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
 Iram coram dago.—

5

10

15

101

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!
 Tamám

1859

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809–1894)

Holmes was a professor of anatomy at the Harvard Medical School for thirty-five years, where his courses were enormously popular because of his liveliness and wit. Although literature was only a side interest, he wrote several volumes of poems and essays, as well as three novels. He was the most famous after-dinner speaker of his time. "Old Ironsides," a "classroom classic" for generations, was written in response to the decision in 1830 to dismantle the frigate *Constitution*, noted for its role in the War of 1812. The poem, reprinted in newspapers throughout the country, aroused enough public support to save the ship, which is still preserved in Boston Harbor. "The Chambered Nautilus" is remembered as Holmes's best attempt at a more fanciful and "romantic" subject.

Old Ironsides

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

405. Tamám: It is ended.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

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O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every thread-bare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,—
 The lightning and the gale!

20

1830

The Last Leaf

I saw him once before
 As he passed by the door,
 And again,
 The pavement stones resound
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

5

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

10

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
 As he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

15

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom,

20

THE LAST LEAF. Title: Holmes said the poem was suggested by the sight of Major Thomas Melville (1751–1832), one of the "Indians" of the famous Boston Tea Party of 1774 and grandfather of Herman Melville.

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady—she is dead
Long ago;
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
That last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

1831

The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS: Title: The nautilus (from the Greek word for sailor) is a mollusk found in the Indian and South Pacific oceans. It is given its name because its webbed legs were thought to serve as a sail.

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.
Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

1858

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809–1849)

The son of an actor, Poe was orphaned at the age of two. He was brought up in the family of a Virginia merchant, John Allan. As a student at the University of Virginia and later at West Point, he quarrelled with his foster father over money, and eventually lost all prospect of financial assistance. He had already begun to drink excessively. He took up a literary career, but he was unable to earn enough from his writings and also unable, because of alcoholism, to keep the editorial jobs he obtained on magazines. He lived henceforth in or close to poverty.

26. Triton: Greek sea god who blew a trumpet made of a conch shell. (See Wordsworth's "The World Is Too Much with Us," line 14.)

was questioned as to the authorship and where it could be found. He had forgotten the author, but said that to him it sounded as much like true poetry as anything he had ever heard. He was particularly pleased with the last two stanzas."

Beyond a limited acquaintance with Shakespeare, Byron, and Burns, Mr. Lincoln, comparatively speaking, had no knowledge of literature. He was familiar with the Bible, and now and then evinced a fancy for some poem or short sketch to which his attention was called by some one else, or which he happened to run across in his cursory reading of books or newspapers. He never in his life sat down and read a book through, and yet he could readily quote any number of passages from the few volumes whose pages he had hastily scanned. In addition to his well-known love for the poem "Immortality" or "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," he always had a great fondness for Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Last Leaf," the fourth stanza of which, beginning with the verse, "The mossy marbles rest," I have often heard him repeat. He once told me of a song a young lady had sung in his hearing at a time when he was laboring under some dejection of spirits. The lines struck his fancy, and although he did not know the singer—having heard her from the sidewalk as he passed her house—he sent her a request to write the lines out for him. Within a day or two he came into the office, carrying in his hand a delicately perfumed envelope which bore the address, "Mr. Lincoln—Present," in an unmistakable female hand. In it, written on gilt-edged paper, were the lines of the song. The plaintive strain of the piece and its melancholy sentiment struck a responsive chord in a heart already filled with gloom and sorrow. Though ill-adapted to dissipate one's depression, something about it charmed Lincoln, and he read and re-read it with increasing relish. I had forgotten the circumstance until recently, when, in going over some old papers and letters turned over to me by Mr. Lincoln, I ran across the manuscript, and the incident was brought vividly to my mind. The envelope, still retaining a faint reminder of the per-

fumed scent given it thirty years before, bore the laconic endorsement, "Poem—I like this," in the handwriting of Mr. Lincoln. Unfortunately no name accompanied the manuscript, and unless the lady on seeing this chooses to make herself known, we shall probably not learn who the singer was. The composition is headed, "The Inquiry." I leave it to my musical friends to render it into song. Following are the lines:

"Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant vale
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, No.

"Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knows't thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow
Stopped for awhile and sighed to answer, No.

"And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in Night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet but sad responded, No.

"Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,

Is there no resting-place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot
 Where mortals may be blessed,
 Where grief may find a balm
 And weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boon to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings and whispered, Yes, in Heaven."

Persons familiar with literature will recognize this as a poem written by Charles Mackay, an English writer who represented a London newspaper in the United States during the Rebellion as its war correspondent. It was set to music as a chant, and as such was frequently rendered in public by the famous Hutchinson family of singers. I doubt if Mr. Lincoln ever knew who wrote it.

Judge S. H. Treat, recently deceased, thus describes Lincoln's first appearance in the Supreme Court of Illinois. "A case being called for hearing, Mr. Lincoln stated that he appeared for the appellant and was ready to proceed with the argument. He then said: 'This is the first case I have ever had in this court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give these authorities to the Court, and then submit the case.'"¹³

A lawyer in Beardstown (J. Henry Shaw) relates this: "Lincoln came into my office one day with the remark: 'I see you've been suing some of my clients, and I've come down to see about it.' He had reference to a suit I

¹³ John T. Richards (*Abraham Lincoln: The Lawyer-Statesman*, pp. 56-58) shows that this episode could not have occurred in connection with Lincoln's first case before the Supreme Court, nor in connection with his first case before the court after Treat's appointment as a Justice. In view of this fact, and because of its general appearance of improbability, he describes it as a myth, a characterization which seems sound.

had brought to enforce the specific performance of a contract. I explained the case to him, and showed my proofs. He seemed surprised that I should deal so frankly with him, and said he would be as frank with me; that my client was justly entitled to a decree, and he should so represent it to the court; and that it was against his principles to contest a clear matter of right. So my client got a deed for a farm which, had another lawyer been in Mr. Lincoln's place, would have been consumed by the costs of litigation for years, with the result probably the same in the end." A young man once wrote to Lincoln, inquiring for the best mode of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the law. "The mode is very simple," he responded, "though laborious and tedious. It is only to get books and read and study them carefully. Begin with Blackstone's Commentaries, and after reading carefully through, say twice, take up Chitty's Pleadings, Greenleaf's Evidence, and Story's Equity in succession. Work, work, work, is the main thing."

Lincoln never believed in suing for a fee. If a client would not pay on request he never sought to enforce collection.¹⁴ I remember once a man who had been indicted for forgery or fraud employed us to defend him. The illness of the prosecuting attorney caused some delay in the case, and our client, becoming dissatisfied at our conduct of the case, hired some one else, who superseded us most effectually. The defendant declining to pay us the fee demanded, on the ground that we had not represented him at the trial of the cause, I brought suit against him in Lincoln's absence and obtained judgment for our fee. After Lincoln's return from the circuit the fellow hunted him up and by means of a carefully constructed tale prevailed on him to release the judgment without receiving a cent of pay. The man's unkind treatment of us

¹⁴ Lincoln sued for fees at least six different times. In view of the fact, however, that only one suit was brought in the name of Lincoln & Herndon, Herndon's contrary statement is not surprising. See William H. Townsend, *Lincoln the Litigant*.