

I had a guinea golden—  
 I lost it in the sand—  
 And tho' the sum was simple  
 And pounds were in the land—

Still, had it such a value  
 Unto my frugal eye—  
 That when I could not find it—  
 I sat me down to sigh.

I had a crimson Robin—  
 Who sang full many a day—  
 But when the woods were painted,  
 He, too, did fly away—

Time brought me other Robins—  
 Their ballads were the same—  
 Still, for my missing Troubadour—  
 I kept the “house at hame.”

I had a star in heaven—  
 One “Pleiad” was its name—  
 And when I was not heeding,  
 It wandered from the same—

And tho' the skies are crowded—  
 And all the night ashine—  
 I do not care about it—  
 Since none of them are mine.

My Story has a moral—  
 I have a missing friend—  
 “Pleiad” its name, and Robin,  
 And guinea in the sand.

And when this mournful ditty—  
 Accompanied with tear—  
 Shall meet the eye of traitor—  
 In country far from here—

Grant that repentance solemn—  
 May seize upon his mind—  
 And he no consolation—  
 Beneath the sun may find.

It's all I have to bring today—  
This, and my heart beside—  
This, and my heart, and all the fields—  
And all the meadows wide—  
Be sure you count— should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell—  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

Adrift! A little boat adrift!  
And night is coming down!  
Will no one guide a little boat  
Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say– on yesterday–  
Just as the dusk was brown  
Away one little boat gave up its strife  
And gurgled down and down.

So angels say– on yesterday  
Just as the dawn was red  
One little boat– o’erspent with gales  
Retrimmed its masts– redecked its sails  
And shot– exultant on!

My River runs to thee–  
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?  
My River waits reply–  
Oh Sea– look graciously!  
I'll fetch thee Brooks  
From spotted nooks–  
Say– Sea– Take Me!

What is– “Paradise”–  
Who live there–  
Are they “Farmers”–  
Do they “hoe”–  
Do they know that this is “Amherst”–  
And that I– am coming– too?  
  
Do they wear “new shoes”– in “Eden”–  
Is It always pleasant– there?  
Won’t they scold us– when we’re homesick–  
Or tell God– how cross we are?  
  
You are sure there’s such a person–  
As “a Father”– in the sky–  
So if I get lost– there– ever–  
Or do what the Nurse calls “die”–  
  
I shan’t walk the “Jasper”– barefoot–  
Ransomed folks– won’t laugh at me–  
Maybe– “Eden” ain’t so lonesome–  
As New England used to be!

I came to buy a smile– today–  
But just a single smile–  
The smallest one upon your face  
Will suit me just as well–

The one that no one else would miss–  
It shone so very small–  
I'm pleading at the “counter”–sir–  
Could you afford to sell–

I've Diamonds– on my fingers–  
You know– what Diamonds– are?  
I've Rubies– like the Evening Blood–  
And Topaz– like the star!

'Twould be “a Bargain” for a Jew!  
Say– may I have it– Sir?

The Sun— just touched the Morning—  
The Morning— Happy thing—  
Supposed that He had come to dwell—  
And Life would all be Spring!

She felt herself supremer—  
A Raised— Ethereal Thing!  
Henceforth— for Her— What Holiday!  
Meanwhile— Her wheeling King—  
Trailed— slow— along the Orchards—  
His haughty— spangled Hems—  
Leaving a new necessity!  
The want of Diadems!

The Morning— fluttered— staggered—  
Felt feebly— for Her Crown—  
Her unanointed forehead—  
Henceforth— Her only One!

Why– do they shut Me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing– too loud?  
But– I can say a little “Minor”  
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn’t the Angels try me–  
Just– once– more–  
Just– see– if I troubled them–  
But don’t– shut the door!

Oh, If I– were the Gentleman  
In the White Robe–  
And they– were the little Hand– that knocked–  
Could– I– forbid?



It makes no difference abroad–  
The Seasons– fit– the same–  
The Mornings blossom into Noons–  
And split their Pods of Flame–

Wild Flowers– kindle in the Woods–  
The Brooks slam– all the Day–  
No Blackbird bates his Banjo–  
For passing Calvary–

Auto da Fe– and Judgment–  
Are nothing to the Bee–  
His separation from His Rose–  
To Him– sums Misery–

647

A little Road— not made of Man—  
Enabled of the Eye—  
Accessible to Thill of Bee—  
Or Cart of Butterfly—

If Town it have— beyond itself—  
'Tis that— I cannot say—  
I only know— no Curricie that rumble there  
Bear Me—

That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet,  
And said that I was strong—  
And could be mighty, If I liked—  
That Day— the Days among—

Glow Central— like a Jewel  
Between Diverging Golds—  
The Minor One— that gleamed behind—  
And Vaster— of the World's.

Victory comes late—  
And is held low to freezing lips  
Too rapt with frost  
To take it—  
How sweet it would have tasted—  
Just a Drop—  
Was God so economical?  
His Table's spread too high for Us—  
Unless We dine on tiptoe—  
Crumbs— fit such little mouths—  
Cherries— suit Robins—  
The Eagle's Golden Breakfast strangles— Them—  
God keep His Oath to Sparrows—  
Who of little Love— know how to starve—

You said that I “was Great”– one Day–  
Then “Great” it be– if that please Thee–  
Or Small– or any Size at all–  
Nay– I’m the size suit Thee–

Tall– like the Stag– would that?  
Or lower– like the Wren–  
Or other heights of Other Ones–  
I’ve seen?

Tell which– It’s dull to guess–  
And I must be Rhinoceros  
Or Mouse  
At once– for Thee–

So say– If Queen it be–  
Or Page– please Thee–  
I’m that– or nought–  
Or other thing– if other thing there be–  
With just this Stipulus–  
I suit Thee–

A Drop fell on the Apple Tree–  
Another– on the Roof–  
A Half a Dozen kissed the Eaves–  
And made the Gables laugh–

A few went out to help the Brook  
That went to help the Sea–  
Myself Conjectured were they Pearls–  
What Necklaces could be–

The Dust replaced, in Hoisted Roads–  
The Birds jocosely sung–  
The Sunshine threw his Hat away–  
The Bushes– spangles flung–

The Breezes brought dejected Lutes–  
And bathed them in the Glee–  
Then Orient showed a single Flag,  
And signed the Fête away–

She staked her Feathers– Gained an Arc–  
Debated– Rose again–  
This morn– beyond the estimate  
Of Envy, or of Men–

And now, among Circumference–  
Her steady Boat be seen–  
At home– among the Billows– As  
The Bough where she was born–

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers–  
Untouched by Morning–  
And untouched by Noon–  
Lie the meek members of the Resurrection–  
Rafter of satin,  
And Roof of stone.

Grand go the Years– in the Crescent– above them–  
Worlds scoop their Arcs–  
And Firmaments– row–  
Diadems– drop–  
And Doges– surrender–  
Soundless as dots– on a Disc of Snow.



Because the Bee may blameless hum—  
For Thee a Bee do I become—  
List even unto Me.

Because the Flowers unafraid—  
May lift a look on Thine, a Maid—  
Alway a Flower would be.

Nor Robins— Robins need not hide  
When Thou upon their Crypts intrude—  
So Wings bestow on Me—  
Or Petals, or a Dower of Buzz  
That Bee to ride, or Flower of Furze—  
I that way worship Thee.

Our little Kinsmen— after Rain  
In plenty may be seen,  
A Pink and Pulpy multitude  
The tepid Ground upon.

A needless life, it seemed to me  
Until a little Bird  
As to a Hospitality  
Advanced and breakfasted.

As I of He, so God of Me  
I pondered, may have Judged,  
And left the little Angle Worm  
With Modesties enlarged.

His Feet are shod with Gauze—  
His Helmet, is of Gold,  
His Breast, a Single Onyx  
With Chrysoprase, inlaid.

His Labor is a Chant—  
His Idleness— a Tune—  
Oh, for a Bee's experience  
Of Clovers, and of Noon!

1177

A prompt- executive Bird is the Jay-  
Bold as a Bailiff's Hymn-  
Brittle and Brief in quality-  
Warrant in every line-

Sitting a Bough like a Brigadier-  
Confident and straight-  
Much is the mien of him in March-  
As a Magistrate-

1198

A soft Sea washed around the House  
A Sea of Summer Air  
And rose and fell the magic Planks  
That sailed without a care—  
For Captain was the Butterfly  
For Helmsman was the Bee  
And an entire universe  
For the delighted crew.

1715

Consulting summer's clock,  
But half the hours remain.  
I ascertain it with a shock—  
I shall not look again.

The second half of joy  
Is shorter than the first.  
The truth I do not dare to know  
I muffle with a jest.

1739

Some say goodnight– at night–  
I say goodnight by day–  
Good-bye– the Going utter me–  
Goodnight, I still reply–

For parting, that is night,  
And presence, simply dawn–  
Itself, the purple on the height  
Denominated morn.