

I never told the buried gold
Upon the hill— that lies—
I saw the sun— his plunder done
Crouch low to guard his prize.

He stood as near
As stood you here—
A pace had been between—
Did but a snake bisect the brake
My life had forfeit been.

That was a wondrous booty—
I hope 'twas honest gained.
Those were the fairest ingots—
That ever kissed the spade!

Whether to keep the secret—
Whether to reveal—
Whether as I ponder
Kidd will sudden sail—

Could a shrewd advise me
We might e'en divide—
Should a shrewd betray me—
Atropos decide!

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity
The shutting of the eye.
Sleep is the station grand
Down which, on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree
The breaking of the Day
Morning has not occurred!
That shall Aurora be
East of Eternity—
One with the banner gay—
One in the red array—
That is the break of Day!

Whole Gulfs— of Red, and Fleets— of Red—
And Crews— of solid Blood—
Did place about the West— Tonight—
As 'twere specific Ground—

And They— appointed Creatures—
In Authorized Arrays—
Due promptly— as a Drama—
That bows— and disappears—