

“Sic transit gloria mundi,”  
 “How doth the busy bee,”  
 “Dum vivimus vivamus,”  
 I stay mine enemy!

Oh “veni, vidi, vici”  
 Oh caput cap-a-pie!  
 And oh “memento mori”  
 When I am far from thee!

Hurrah for Peter Parley!  
 Hurrah for Daniel Boone!  
 Three cheers, Sir, for the gentleman  
 Who first observed the moon!

Peter, put up the sunshine;  
 Patti, arrange the stars,  
 Tell Luna, tea is waiting,  
 And call your brother Mars!

Put down the apple, Adam,  
 And come away with me,  
 So shalt thou have a pippin  
 From off my father’s tree!

I climb the “Hill of Science,”  
 I “view the landscape o’er;”  
 Such transcendental prospect,  
 I ne’er beheld before!

Unto the Legislature  
 My country bids me go;  
 I’ll take my india rubbers,  
 In case the wind should blow!

During my education,  
 It was announced to me  
 That gravitation, stumbling,  
 Fell from an apple tree!

The earth upon an axis  
 Was once supposed to turn,  
 By way of a gymnastic  
 In honor of the sun!

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

Mortality is fatal—  
Gentility is fine,  
Rascality, heroic;  
Insolvency, sublime!

Our Fathers being weary,  
Laid down on Bunker Hill;  
And tho' full many a morning,  
Yet they are sleeping still.

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

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

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

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

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

St. Valentine—'52

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.

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand,  
Until a sudden sky  
Reveals the fact that One is rapt  
Forever from the Eye—

Members of the Invisible,  
Existing, while we stare,  
In Leagueless Opportunity,  
O’ertakeless, as the Air—

Why didn’t we detain Them?  
The Heavens, with a smile,  
Sweep by our disappointed Heads  
Without a syllable—

I saw no Way– The Heavens were stitched–  
I felt the Columns close–  
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres–  
I touched the Universe–

And back it slid– and I alone–  
A Speck upon a Ball–  
Went out upon Circumference–  
Beyond the Dip of Bell–

The Red- Blaze- is the Morning-  
The Violet- is Noon-  
The Yellow- Day- is falling-  
And after that- is none-

But Miles of Sparks- at Evening-  
Reveal the Width that burned-  
The Territory Argent- that  
Never yet- consumed-

Some such Butterfly be seen  
On Brazilian Pampas—  
Just at noon— no later— Sweet—  
Then— the License closes—

Some such Spice— express and pass—  
Subject to Your Plucking—  
As the Stars— You knew last Night—  
Foreigners— This Morning—

No Crowd that has occurred  
Exhibit, I suppose,  
That General Attendance  
That Resurrection— does—

Circumference be full—  
The long restricted Grave  
Assert her Vital Privilege—  
The Dust— connect— and live—

On Atoms— features place—  
All Multitudes that were  
Efface in the Comparison—  
As Suns— dissolve a Star—

Solemnity— prevail—  
Its Individual Doom  
Possess each separate Consciousness—  
August— Absorbed— Numb—

What Duplicate— exist—  
What Parallel can be  
Of the Significance of This  
To Universe— and Me?



The Moon was but a Chin of Gold  
A Night or two ago—  
And now she turns Her perfect Face  
Upon the World below—

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde—  
Her Cheek— a Beryl hewn—  
Her Eye unto the Summer Dew  
The likest I have known—

Her Lips of Amber never part  
But what must be the smile  
Upon Her Friend she could confer  
Were such Her Silver Will—

And what a privilege to be  
But the remotest Star—  
For Certainty She takes Her Way  
Beside Your Palace Door—

Her Bonnet is the Firmament—  
The Universe— Her Shoe—  
The Stars— the Trinkets at Her Belt—  
Her Dimities— of Blue—

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Superfluous were the Sun  
When Excellence be dead  
He were superfluous every Day  
For every Day be said—

That syllable whose Faith  
Just saves It from Despair  
And whose “I’ll meet You” hesitates  
If Love inquire “Where?”

Upon His dateless Fame  
Our Periods may lie  
As Stars that drop anonymous  
From an abundant sky.