

LONG I THOUGHT THAT KNOWLEDGE.

Published in 1860.

LONG I thought that knowledge alone would suffice me —O if I
 could but obtain knowledge !
 Then my lands engrossed me—Lands of the prairies, Ohio's
 land, the southern savannas, engrossed me—For them I
 would live—I would be their orator ;
 Then I met the examples of old and new heroes—I heard of
 warriors, sailors, and all dauntless persons—And it
 seemed to me that I too had it in me to be as dauntless
 as any—and would be so ;
 And then, to enclose all, it came to me to strike up the songs
 of the New World—And then I believed my life must be
 spent in singing ;
 But now take notice, land of the prairies, land of the south
 savannas, Ohio's land,
 Take notice, you Kanuck woods—and you Lake Huron—and
 all that with you roll toward Niagara—and you Niagara
 also,
 And you, Californian mountains—That you each and all find
 somebody else to be your singer of songs,
 For I can be your singer of songs no longer—One who loves me
 is jealous of me, and withdraws me from all but love,
 With the rest I dispense—I sever from what I thought would
 suffice me, for it does not—it is now empty and tasteless
 to me,
 I heed knowledge, and the grandeur of The States, and the
 example of heroes, no more, 10
 I am indifferent to my own songs—I will go with him I love,
 It is to be enough for us that we are together—We never separate
 again.



HOURS CONTINUING LONG, SORE AND HEAVY-HEARTED.

Published in 1860.

HOURS continuing long, sore and heavy-hearted,
 Hours of the dusk, when I withdraw to a lonesome and unfre-
 quented spot, seating myself, leaning my face in my
 hands ;
 Hours sleepless, deep in the night, when I go forth, speeding
 swiftly the country roads, or through the city streets, or
 pacing miles and miles, stifling plaintive cries ;