



# Walt Whitman

MAY 31st, 1819

MARCH 26th, 1892

He lived and wrought with heart and pen,  
First-born of a new race of men.

He put himself into a book—

Man primitive—and bade us look!

Himself we scorned, his book we banned—

The prophets' fate in many a land.

Brave to the end, though shorn of strength;

Shut in; acquaint with pain; at length

He slept. Then, late, we better knew

The man how grand, his work how true.

—W. W. LOVEJOY.

May 31st, 1914.

