

O BITTER SPRIG! CONFESSION SPRIG!

In 1860 these verses begin the Poem "You Felons on Trial in Courts." See page 238.

O BITTER sprig! Confession sprig!
In the bouquet I give you place also—I bind you in,
Proceeding no further till, humbled publicly,
I give fair warning, once for all.

I own that I have been sly, thievish, mean, a prevaricator, greedy,
derelict,
And I own that I remain so yet.

What foul thought but I think it—or have in me the stuff out of
which it is thought?
What in darkness in bed at night, alone or with a companion?



SO FAR AND SO FAR, AND ON TOWARD THE END.

Published in edition of 1860.

So far, and so far, and on toward the end,
Singing what is sung in this book, from the irresistible impulses
of me;
But whether I continue beyond this book, to maturity,
Whether I shall dart forth the true rays, the ones that wait un-
fired,
(Did you think the sun was shining its brightest?
No—it has not yet fully risen;)
Whether I shall complete what is here started,
Whether I shall attain my own height, to justify these, yet un-
finished,
Whether I shall make THE POEM OF THE NEW WORLD, trans-
cending all others—depends, rich persons, upon you,
Depends, whoever you are now filling the current Presidential,
upon you,
Upon you, Governor, Mayor, Congressman,
And you, contemporary America.